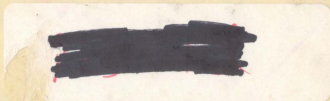
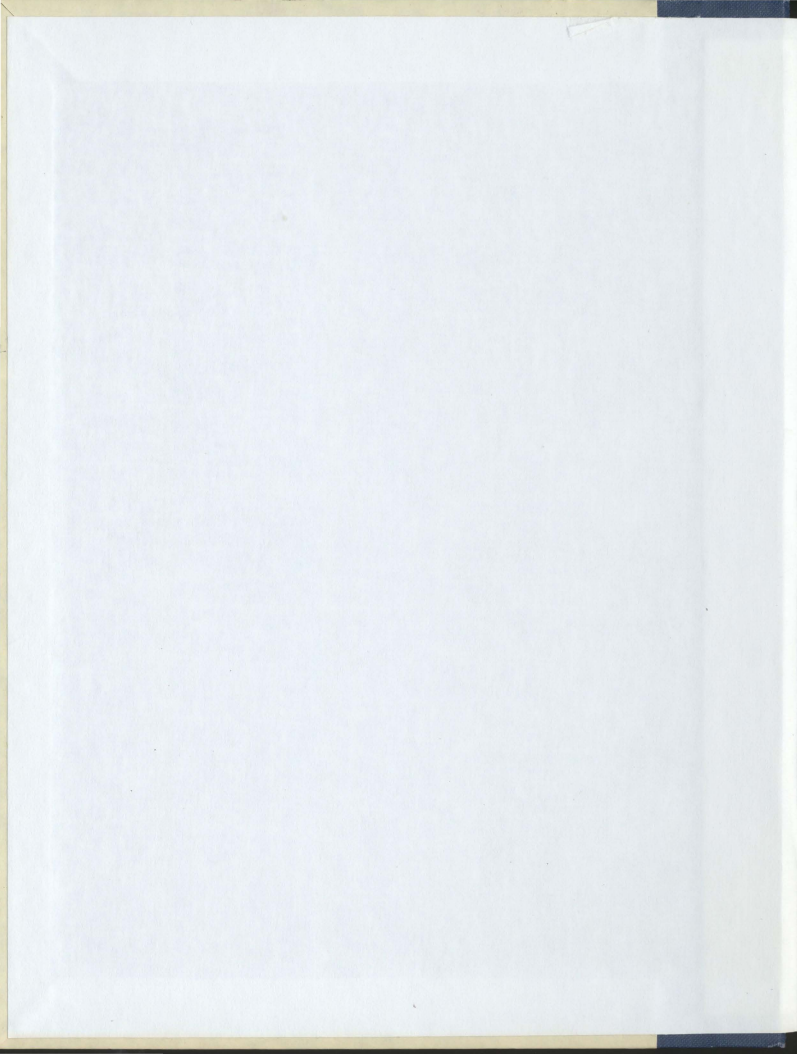


PATTERNS IN PERSONAL EXPERIENCE NARRATIVES:
STORYTELLING AT COD HARBOUR —
A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING COMMUNITY



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PATTERNS IN PERSONAL EXPERIENCE NARRATIVES:

STORYTELLING AT COD HARBOUR--A

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING COMMUNITY

by

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ABSTRACT

This study is concerned with storytelling as a part of the folk culture of a fishing community on the north east coast of Newfoundland. The study is based on field work done in the community throughout the summer of 1969 during which I tape recorded oral narratives along with other folklore and folklife material. The principal genre discussed is the personal experience narrative which is an account of the experiences of either the narrator, someone in his kin network, or his friends.

It was found that a large number of community residents communicate in narrative form and that the narratives function to substantiate conversation preceding the narrative; have a didactic function; function as a means of entertainment; and reflect the narrators' and the community's value system.

The methods employed in collecting the material were the directive and the non-directive interview techniques and participant observation. Collecting was done mainly among fishermen between fifty and eighty years of age and who, on the average, had not gone beyond the sixth grade in school.

Since the narratives are so much a part of the

environment, I give an account of the community culture. The principal things that I deal with are the community's history, economy, education, religion, and social life which includes rites of passage, calendar customs, social events, visiting patterns, and gossip. Information in each of these categories is based primarily on oral reports, narratives and documented materials.

After a discussion of the storytelling process in the community, I deal specifically with four male narrators. For each I give biographical information, discuss his repertoire, telling situations, style, and give a sampling of his narratives. The fourth narrator is discussed in more detail than the first three. The narratives of the latter comprise the final chapter in the study, and have been analyzed to show what they tell us about the narrator's style, his value system, and the community culture.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the Provincial Government of Newfoundland, I am indebted for a two year fellowship for the period 1968-1970, during which research was done for this study.

To Professor Herbert Halpert of the Memorial University of Newfoundland's Department of Folklore, I owe a very great debt of gratitude. It was he who introduced me to Folklore when I was an undergraduate. He directed this study and advised me in many ways connected with organizing and interpreting my field materials.

To Dr. Neil V. Rosenberg, also of Memorial University, I owe grateful thanks for reading my manuscript and making numerous suggestions. I have also benefited from discussions with Dr. John Mannion and Richard Buehler of Memorial University and John Widdowson, of Sheffield University.

My thanks also go to my fellow students, Wilfred Wareham and George Casey, who have studied other Newfoundland communities and who have provided me with valuable comparative information and insights.

Even greater than these obligations, is my debt to my informants at Cod Harbour, particularly my four

narrators, without whose cooperation this study would not have been possible. It was with deep regret that I received the news of the death of my chief narrator in December, 1970. His death occurred after an evening of storytelling.

Joyce Pelley is due special thanks for being satisfied to type earlier drafts of this paper from a barely readable manuscript each time she visited my home for a leisurely evening or weekend. Finally, my deep appreciation to my wife and daughter for their patience during the whole period of study.

LAWRENCE GEORGE SMALL

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INTRODUCTION

This study is an account of the storytelling process in a Newfoundland fishing community and is the result of research done during a four month period (May-August) in 1969. The community is divided into three physical areas and my research was confined mainly to one area which is primarily Methodist.

My generalizations are based on approximately 200 naratives collected from twelve male informants. I worked extensively with four narrators and have attempted to study one narrator in depth using three others for a contrast of narrative types and styles.

At the university I had familiarized myself with the traditional folklore genres and when I began my field work I was advised to get as full a range as possible of the community repertoire. This I started to do and feel I could have done. After some time in the field, however, I found that I was collecting interesting narratives which took the form of personal experience stories. Such narratives were obviously a fundamental part of the people's communication system. When I became interested in the personal experience narrative I discussed it with Professor Halpert. He gave me some references and advised

me to continue my research on this narrative form.

For some time there has been an awareness of the personal experience narrative. Kroeber, for example, in describing the different kinds of narratives among the Yurok explains that "the first concerns specifically known people and their doings . . . These might be called case histories of actual individuals. . . ." (Kroeber, 1942:v) Carl Wilhem von Sydow (1948) uses the term "memorat" to describe narratives which are about actual personal happenings. Professor Halpert points out that reports from Kentucky and Newfoundland show "that there are some informants who report nearly all aspects of their past experience . . . as narrative." (Halpert, 1971:Forthcoming) From research in the Placentia Bay area of Newfoundland a fellow folklore student, Wilfred Wareham, informs me that he has collected personal experience narratives which are similar to those collected by me. A short study of personal experience narratives is "Narrative Analysis: Oral Versions of Personal Experience" by William Labov of Columbia University and Joshua Waletzky of Harvard University.

Recent folklore scholarship, however, shows that some folklorists show an uneasy recognition of the personal experience narrative as a form of folklore. Linda Dégh (1969) and Jan Harold Brunvand (1961), for example, make reference to this specific genre but leave it at

that. In the past the folklorist has usually limited himself to traditional genres and, in so doing, has, I feel, missed whole areas of folklore.

This study attempts to show that out of their experiences within the environment, people have moulded or patterned narratives which reflect that experience; that it is a community tradition that most people communicate in narrative form; that such narratives are patterned works of art and function primarily to lend credence to non-narrative statements; that these narratives serve as a means of entertainment; that there is a relationship between narrative type and occupational role; and that the narratives are an expression of the narrators' and the community's value system.

In this thesis the names of the informants, persons about whom they speak, the community of study and nearby places have been altered to protect the identity of the individuals involved.

In the first chapter which deals with methodology I outline the advantages and disadvantages of doing research in one's own community. Next I describe the various field techniques used and give details on the course of one interview with one of my storytellers.

Chapter II is a description of the culture, since the narratives are based on experience within the environment. I give an account of the early settlement of the

community, formal and informal education, and the economic life of Cod Harbour. Actually the narratives are so much a part of the culture that I probably include more than the usual amount of detail on the community in order that the outsider would be better able to appreciate the stories. In The Content and Style of an Oral Literature Melville Jacobs (1959) stresses information about the Indian culture. Likewise I think that a description of the culture is necessary for a fishing community or any relatively closed group. While furnishing the cultural context, I am unable to adequately supply the emotional background. Before one could develop a full appreciation it is necessary for one to hear the narrator at work.

Chapter III is an account of religion and the social life in Cod Harbour. I discuss the beginning of organized religion and the effects of religion on daily life. The rites of passage are discussed from a religious and a social point of view. I give an account of the calendar customs and social events during the year since some people tell stories about these occasions. Finally I discuss visiting patterns and gossip in Cod Harbour.

In the fourth chapter I outline both from memory and research, some aspects of the storytelling process in the community. First, I deal with the traditional genres which I collected, then I define and discuss the personal experience narrative. In the discussion I discuss such

things as storytelling situations, storytelling groups, some recognized tellers and possible functions of the narratives.

The fifth chapter is an examination of three male narrators from whom I collected extensively. For each of the three I include a biographical sketch, a discussion of their repertoire, telling situations and style, and a sampling of their narratives.

Chapter VI deals with my principal narrator. For him I have endeavoured to do a study more in depth than I have with the narrators in the fifth chapter. Since I deal with his narratives in the next chapter I discuss him as a person, examine his repertoire, and describe his telling situations and style. I think it is advisable to give this information before presenting the narratives because otherwise they would lose much of their significance.

The seventh chapter contains an analysis of ten narratives from the repertoire of the narrator discussed in the preceeding chapter. Explanation of narrative content is carried out in the narrative text by means of square brackets. The same is done for periods of laughter. The narratives are arranged in the order in which they were told wherever possible. When comment occurred, it is given before and after each narrative. Each narrative is analyzed to show some of the things it indicates about

the narrator, his style and value system; and the community culture.

For the narratives in Chapters V and VII I have used the notation method suggested by Dr. George Herzog to Professor Halpert and shown by the latter in an article, "The Cante Fable in New Jersey" where he says:

In the transcribed texts three dots immediately after a word indicate hesitation; a dash after a word shows that the narrator paused for definite artistic effect. Italics show that the word was emphasized. Commas are used only when the speech flow actually contained a break as well as the suspension usually implied by a comma. The period is used only where the narrators voice definitely dropped. (Halpert, 1942:133)

The only exception which I have made to this method is underscoring for emphasis instead of using italics.

All narratives belong to Accession Number 71-3 of the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive (hereafter cited as MUNFLA) and in the thesis has been given the tape number to which it belongs.

In Cod Harbour dialect an "h" at the beginning of a word is usually dropped and a word beginning with "a" is usually pronounced as if it began with an "h." For example, "halter" is pronounced as "alter" and "apple" as "happle." While this is not indicated in the text, I have selectively left in the pronunciation of some words since it adds a special flavor to the style. Of course these pronunciations are not used by all the people to the same degree nor by the same people at all times. While the

less frequently used words are explained in the text, some of the words most often used by the informants are presented in the following legend so that the reader may better understand what the speakers mean.

a	have, of, to	dey	they
a'clock	o'clock	dis	this
agin	again, against	dose	those
an	and	'em	them
bate	beaten, tired	fer	for
'd	would	'fore	before
da, dat	that	harse	horse
dan	than	hees	his
de	the, to	lef	leave, left
dem	them	'n	him, it
den	then	sot	set, sat
der	there	the	to
		wouldn't	wasn't, weren't

It is evident too in the text that very often residents do not pronounce the "g" in a word which ends in "ing." Going is thus pronounced as "goin'."

CHAPTER I

METHODOLOGY

In this chapter I present an account of my preparation for field work, the advantages and disadvantages of doing research in one's own community, and other problems which were a result of the research itself. Finally, I discuss the research techniques which I used, including a description of an interview with one of my narrators.

Preparation for Fieldwork

Before starting my field work I had taken several folklore courses at the university and had done some collecting. However, I had only a little experience with tape recording. I gathered what information I could from documented sources about the community. This information, however, was scanty, the main source being the Journal of the House of Assembly Records which were located in Memorial University's Newfoundland Studies Centre. Next, I read whatever field and collecting techniques material that I could obtain. Kenneth S. Goldstein's A Guide for Field Workers in Folklore and Seán Ó'Súilleabháin's A Handbook

of Irish Folklore proved invaluable throughout the entire research period.

In spite of preparation it was with fear and trepidation that I entered the field with tape recorder and notebooks. My technical equipment included one Telefunken 300 tape recorder, microphone (stand type), two power pack batteries, and one electric power supply unit. The recorder operated at a speed of 3 3/4 ips; tapes used were Scotch heavy duty Tenzar 1/4" x 600', and recording was done on only one track of the tape. For each tape a 3" X 5" card was used to record the place and date of the recording, informants' names, name of collector, type of machine used, speed of tape, brand of tape, and number of tracks. Each tape, card, and tape box was numbered chronologically. For each informant a form containing biographical information was completed. These forms were the property of MUNFLA. Throughout the research period I taped 28,200 feet of tape or 23 1/2 playing hours. The material was transcribed on a Tandberg recorder, with foot pedal.

Advantages and Disadvantages of Studying One's Own Community

Since the researcher was born and brought up in the community, I shall now examine the advantages which this gave me. From birth until high school graduation the

community under study was my permanent residence. Without any intention to exaggerate my own position in the eyes of the community, I think I can say that I was accepted while I was growing up in the community. I enjoyed school, but being a fisherman's son and existing just above the subsistence level, it was necessary for me to work hard outside of school.

From the time that I was six or seven years of age I joined my father in his motor boat. I was considered a good worker at such activities as cutting, sawing, and cleaving wood, bringing water from the well to the house, cutting hay, caring for animals, planting and harvesting vegetables, helping at the cod in the fishing stage and on the flake, and lobster catching. Obtaining a little income by these means was all a part of growing up in the community.

Lobster traps were hauled in the morning between five and eight o'clock before I went to school during the months of May and June. Other chores such as bringing water and getting wood (bringing it to the house) was done either before school in the morning, during the noon lunch break, or after school was out in the afternoon. July and August, when school was not in session, provided the time to fish for cod on a full time basis, usually with my father. The period from October to March provided the opportunity to snare rabbits. During November--after

I reached age 16--I was allowed to shoot turrs seven or eight miles out in the bay from the community. I was around the age of 16 or 17 when I got my first trip on the arctic ice hunting seals between five and ten miles from the community. I do not want to imply that I was the only fellow who did these things, for other fishermen's sons did the same. Every fellow who was worth his salt (good at something, especially industrious at work) was expected to participate in such labor since this was the accepted way of life.

The ability to work hard and do most jobs placed one in a fairly prestigious position. Each task had its own sanctioned folkways and it was these which tested a young man. For example, there is a particular way considered correct, to head¹ and split a cod, and spread it on the flake. To be able to help carry a hand barrow (locally referred to as 'bar') of fish was evidence of one's strength.

A young fellow (fifteen or sixteen years of age) was expected to hold up and carry his share of the load which totalled about 150 pounds. Sometimes the strain on one's arms would be almost unbearable but a young fellow would never want to let go of the bar. Usually he held

¹An explanation of fishing terms such as stage, flake, heading, splitting and salting will be given in Chapter II.

the front stays (handles) of the bar and the older man held those behind. If the older man detected that the load was too heavy for the young fellow he would "take in" (catch hold of the stays nearer the load) and thus lighten the load for the fellow in front. But once a fellow is older (18-25 years of age) and is considered a man by the community, the older man will seldom "take in" while carrying a barrow of fish. One was not considered a man until he had achieved a reasonable amount of success at the various tasks. This informal education or socialization process is part of the initiation into the community culture. The degree to which one succeeds is soon evaluated by the community.

While going through this process, I became aware of the lore associated with different tasks. For example, nothing was so forcefully impressed upon me as what happened one morning when my father instructed me with authority and concern. We were leaving the fishing wharf in a punt to haul our lobster traps and I had turned the punt against the sun. Immediately he stopped me and ordered that the punt be turned with the sun² before we continued on our way. The expression on his face

²It is a widespread belief that to turn a boat against the direction of the sun would bring bad luck. There are many reports of this belief from different areas of Newfoundland in the MUNFLA.

indicated that I should not question him.

Being a member of the community also meant that I was a part of the primary relationship network. All people were known by their first names and some were known intimately. Actually it is my family's close and long association with specific families in the community which helped place me in a favorable position when I began my research. This is especially true concerning my chief narrator who is discussed extensively in Chapter VI.

After my father's accidental death I sold all of his fishing gear, including even a small punt which he had bought for me. I was nineteen years of age when I sold the punt to my chief narrator. Even though my future plans were uncertain, I had reached a decision that I would not fish for a livelihood. During the period of my research one informant remarked, "Everyone wondered what you were going to do. You must have been some determined to do something else (other than fish) for a man to sell his fishing gear."

After high school graduation I attended a six-week summer school course for teachers at Prince of Wales College in St. John's after which I taught school for a period of three years. Until the early 1960's these minimum requirements were accepted by most school boards. Today boards prefer that a teacher have a minimum of two years of university training and in many instances one or

more university degrees, but will hire those with lesser qualifications if suitable applicants are not available.

After teaching I worked for the United Church of Canada for two and one half years in the provinces of Newfoundland and New Brunswick. Some of this work was done while I was an undergraduate student at Memorial University.

At the university I attempted to understand my community by studying Newfoundland History, Geography, Sociology, Anthropology, and Folklore. It was, however, my introduction to Folklore which made me more aware than ever of my community culture and the culture of other areas. After my first year of graduate work I returned to my home community to begin my research.

What were the problems connected with doing folklore research in my home community? The principal problem throughout the research period and the writing of this report was the presentation of adequate information so that the outsider would get a clear perspective on the material. Because I was a part of the culture most things in the community seemed obvious to me. As far as I was concerned, little was strange or unique.

Next, because I was a member of the community my informants expected me to know everything about it, but I did not. Sometimes it was difficult to convince my informants of this. I would often say, "I am only young and

cannot remember that far back." "No, I suppose you can't," was usually the standard but consoling reply. When they realized that I could not remember, they would tell me.

Since I had been a member of the community, certain role expectations were formulated for me even before I arrived there to begin my research. Many expected me to act like the church worker I had been, e.g., not drink alcoholic beverages. Visiting patterns had to be changed to facilitate my research whereas in years past when I visited the community I would visit one house, then another so that the latter would not be offended. From the start of my research, prospective informants governed my behavior; who I talked with, visited, helped, or anything else I did was open to the scrutiny of a number of local people. On one occasion I spent a full day transporting a relative of mine--a second cousin--to a town 100 miles away in order for her to do some shopping only to be subtly met by my boarding mistress with the charge of having done something which she did not condone. I was reminded that I would not have done it for her (the boarding mistress).

Even within some close kinship networks there are such fierce antagonistic feelings that it is easy to cause heated arguments. Because I was familiar with the community there were certain biases which I found I had to

obliterate before a congenial atmosphere could be created--at least on my behalf. But I was able to visit some of those people during the period of my field work.

Additional Research Problems

Apart from the problems encountered because I was raised in the culture of the community, there were others which were a result of the research itself. First, in a community where the Protestant ethic of work is high on the value scale, I might not have measured up to their standards while doing research. I found that the majority of the people were much concerned with the urgencies of their situation, of earning enough to buy food for and to otherwise provide for their families. For the fisherman, it was a day of working hard from daylight until after dark. How could I reasonably justify my situation when to many it looked like a prolonged holiday? One rumor circulated--luckily within a limited area--that I was working for the government and receiving quite a substantial amount of money. One person thought of me as a spy, but accepted me because of my having once been a member of the community.

Before any collecting is done, the first essential requirement is to establish good rapport with any people with whom you may make contact, especially with prospective informants. Lack of rapport can not only spoil a

recording session with an informant but create the wrong impression of you and your work within the community.

The researcher must always be on the alert to clarify any misunderstanding or suspicion that the community residents may have. It is difficult for the researcher to be able to present an account of his work which is clear enough for most of the people to understand when the research is not something concrete and having relevance to their everyday lives, for almost all are governed by the contingencies of their environment. They are caught up in an economic system in which hard work sometimes offers little financial return.

During the summer of my research the inshore cod fishery was a failure. When this happens the fishermen involved have to seek work elsewhere to supplement their income or resort to government welfare, which many are unwilling to do. Usually any job that is within the range of a person's capabilities is accepted as a chance to provide for a man's family. Most people assume that anyone working in the community should be working for the welfare of the people therein. Since I was not fishing I was expected to be doing something to help the people.

Another problem encountered during the summer was the difficulty of meeting with informants. Those who were fishing were busy every day of the week except Sunday which was considered a day of rest. Those who were not

fishing were usually busy around their premises, repairing, painting, or making hay. Sometimes it took several days before I could carry out an interview. In one instance a man and his family who frequently visited my chief narrator proved to be a deterrent. I tried for two or three weeks to conduct an interview at his house, but each evening the same man, his wife, and children would be present. The male was my informant's sister's son and visited each evening to see if his wife could do anything to help around the house since my informant's wife was elderly and not feeling well and his daughter-in-law was also ailing. In such a situation I found it difficult to communicate freely with my informant. On one occasion I tried but the male visitor was incessantly calling attention to my recorder by saying to my informant, "You don't know he got that machine on." (He did, of course.) This used to interrupt my narrator. Though my informant wanted to help me, it would not be considered proper for him to tell the visitor to stop talking. Neither was I as a visiting friend in a favorable position to do so. I was, however, able to interview him again at a later date. I do not wish to imply that an audience is always an obstacle to collecting for in some cases it is an asset. This is so for example, when they listen to a narrator, share in the laughter, or remind him of particular incidents or stories.

My research compelled me to talk with the older men in the community, some of whom were not given a very high position by some of the more educated members who had little interest in or knowledge of the folk ways. One sophisticated lady, for example, said to me, "How can you spend so much time down to Reub's?" This caused some stress and I had to justify why I had to go there.

Another thing which bothered me during the summer was the obligatory position in which collecting put me. I was getting information from the people and was not paying them directly. Nevertheless, in retrospect, I was able to do some things which, I hope, prevented people from thinking that I was taking advantage of them. Such things included transporting people to the island's only doctor (a distance of seven miles); to the hospital (twenty miles away); taking one person to the airport, sixty miles away--she was enroute to see a medical specialist in Montreal--transporting people to other parts of the harbour or to nearby communities to visit friends; helping men ship fish (loading it aboard the boat to sell to a Seatown merchant); and spreading or making up hay. A bottle of whisky which I gave one of my narrators put me in good stead with him for the summer.

I will now describe some of the interview techniques used.

Interview Techniques

Before I began most interviews I consulted Ó'Súilleabháin's Handbook. For example, if I intended to collect fishing lore, I read the appropriate section and on a couple of 3" X 5" cards I made an outline of some questions I should ask. The cards were not conspicuously displayed in front of the informant, but did guide my questioning. However, I did not need to refer to them often for once an interview began, the informant and the situation generally directed the course of events.

Since only a few collectors have given details on the course of interviews, I have included below an account of an early interview with Harry Long. It shows how I broke the ice with him and elicited information.

For several days during the month of July 1969 I wanted to interview Harry, who was a fisherman. Days passed and I had not talked with him. Then one morning I arose at around 7 o'clock and, without breakfast, went to his fishing store where he and three other men were preparing to ship (sell) dried cod fish to a Seatown merchant. They were in the midst of a decision-making process; the problem was whether they should transport their fish by boat or by truck. The wind was northern and it could be rough crossing Seatown Bight with a load of dried cod. Finally, they decided to use a truck.

I had gone to the store to break the ice with

Harry. I also wanted to observe men handling dry cod fish since it was almost a thing of the past, most fish now being sold fresh and green heavy salted. In addition, I wanted to get the smell of the cod and recollect the 1950's when all fishermen dried cod and shipped it to the local merchant.

In Harry's fish store that morning the men were seated on coils of rope, wooden trap buoys and trap kegs. In contrast to factory workers, they were yarning among themselves--sometimes they talk with visitors--without any fear of reprimand. They had spread some of the fish they intended to ship and had a few hand barrows of fish laid out on the flake to kill its dampness and whiten it up a bit. They were complaining because it took the sun so long to rise (there was a high mountain by the fish store and it took the sun longer to rise there than anywhere else in the harbour). They also passed a few comments on the then recent (and first United States) moon landing, but were more concerned about whether it was going to rain or blow.

After an hour or so had passed I went home for breakfast. Later in the morning I drove by Harry's store again on my way to the Post Office. I noticed that he was alone so I stepped from the car with my camera and said to Harry, "I want a picture of you now just like you are." He was sitting on the steps of his flake with his long

rubbers off and placed by him. He was delighted at the prospect of having his picture taken and said, "Hold on now 'til I'm ready." He wanted to prepare himself but I said, "No, just as you are." However, he removed his cap.

I also wanted a picture of a round pile of dried cod which was on the flake for this was now a rare sight. Not only did Harry want to be included in this picture, but also in a picture of a killick (a large rock [average 75 pounds] enclosed in a cone-shaped wooden frame comprising of four small poles joined to a cross-like base and tied at the top and which is sometimes used instead of an anchor to moor nets and boats) and other fishing gear. What could I do but include him! To have done otherwise would have been a serious offence. Harry showed a deep interest in what I was doing--after some explanation by me--and arranged the killick before I took a picture of it. Of course, there is the danger of an informant's posing to such an extent as to make part of or even the whole situation unreal. For example, when I was taking the picture of the fish pile, Harry put on an apron-like garment which he called a barbel (a water-proofed cloth apron which covers the chest, waist, and legs). While it was worn by some fishermen while they washed out fish, it was not the thing to wear while spreading fish. However, he said, "Wait a minute while I

put on me barbel." I waited. Trying to manipulate an informant after he decides to act is indeed difficult.

After I had taken the pictures I yarned with Harry for only ten or fifteen minutes for I knew he had work to do. Before leaving I said to him, "Harry, I want to have a talk with you one of these days. I want you to tell me all about fishing." Immediately he replied, "Ah, I got to have two or three beer to talk." I said, "I will take care of that." I set no official time to talk with Harry for this would have made me look like the doctor or a government employee. Too, it was typical for community residents not to set specific times in most relationships, e.g., when a couple is invited to another's house at night. This too, points out some of the difficulties I encountered.

Of course on a few occasions previous to this I tried to converse with him, but I never felt the time was opportune to have an interview. There were a number of reasons for this, but the fundamental one was that someone had told Harry that I was a government man, driving a government car, with the government paying my salary, travel expenses, and board. This was a difficult obstacle for me to overcome and required subtle tactics on my part so that neither Harry nor the one who had spread the rumors would be offended. In the presence of Harry and the one who spread the rumor, I stated that this was not

so. I also told Harry that the man who had given him the information about me was only joking and pulling his leg. Several people used to tell lies to Harry because of his dramatic reaction if he were shocked by what he heard. This brought enjoyment and laughter to those who fabricated the stories. Harry's reaction to much of what he heard was probably because of his own position as a fisherman; he had to work hard to obtain little, and so resented others' good fortune.

Two or three days after my picture-taking session with him, I taped Harry. Before recording him I as usual, wrote out an outline from Ó'Súilleabháin's Handbook. After optimistically getting seven or eight tapes ready and putting a fully charged battery in the recorder, I was ready for the interview. I preferred to use the power pack (battery) while at my boarding house because each day I heard several lectures on economizing, not aimed at me but which made me feel guilty if I indulged in excessive use of electrical power (the batteries were charged while everyone was asleep).

It was about 5:30 p.m. on a warm Friday in July. I had finished supper (the evening meal) and was soon going to contact Harry for I knew he was not busy on this particular evening. However, I got trapped into going to another part of the harbour to help Hiram, the fellow with whom I boarded, make up his hay. Luckily we encountered

Harry before we left and he went with us. Because I helped at the hay, Harry saw me as a member of the work group, and therefore as a part of the community. If I were a paid government man I might have been too proud to work outside my job. Thus, working in the garden and helping Harry in his stage probably helped my relationship with him.

After the hay was made up we returned to my boarding house and drank cool beer which I had put in the refrigerator beforehand. I asked Harry what he was doing that night and he replied, "Not much, why?" I told him that I wanted to have a yarn with him about fishing. "Well," he said, "we'll have to go to Squid Cove." Squid Cove is a community about two miles from Cod Harbour and there one can purchase beer. So, Harry, Hiram and I went there, arriving at the store just before it closed, and bought a half dozen bottles each. This gave the appearance that I was one of the boys. Upon our return Hiram wanted all of us to visit a certain man and give him a bottle of beer. I thought my night would be ruined. Fortunately for me, Hiram went alone, the reason being that he did not want to be around when I was using the recorder for I had previously taped him secretly without having gotten his prior consent, during a drinking session.

After Hiram left I brought the recorder to the

living room and Harry and I sat and sipped beer. I told Harry that I wanted to tape him because I would not be able to write down all he would say. Nevertheless, I was afraid of the recorder during the entire summer. After a short while Harry said, "Now Larry, you'll have to ask me the questions and I'll give you whatever answers I can." "Oh, I'll do that," I replied. Then I turned on the recorder.

I had planned to run two or three tapes on fishing, preparing for fishing and fishing itself, along with any lore I could get.

At the beginning of the interview, Harry talked in a stilted, rhetorical manner which I did not expect. He was anxious to express his opinions about the fishery and the mess he felt it was in. He talked as if my recording what he said would have some political consequences. He proceeded at a fairly fast rate, giving me little opportunity to interrupt. Nevertheless, with a little difficulty, I managed to change his talk to my line of concern by gradually interjecting short questions.

My boarding mistress was present for the first few minutes of the interview. It took Harry a short while to get used to the recorder, but after a half hour or so, he no longer noticed it. I feared that my changing the tape every half hour or so would distract him, but this was not the case. He continued talking even while I was obliged

to be absent for a few minutes. At another point I got a cup of coffee for myself and invited him to have one with me so that he would have a little break from talking. However, he refused, continuing to sip his beer and talk.

Hiram arrived home at around 11:30 p.m. and I thought this might interfere with Harry's talking. However, while Hiram had got himself a lunch, come in the living room, and lain down, Harry continued uninterrupted. It was about this time that Harry began story telling.

Hiram lay on the chesterfield without engaging in the conversation--he still feared the recorder--but occasionally he would say to Harry, "Tell 'n the one (story) about the time . . . " Then Harry would say to me, "I dare say you heard that one." The stories were all new to me and I would answer, "No." Harry would proceed to relate the story. This would bring laughter from Hiram.

The recording session ended at 1:30 a.m., and I had run six tapes during that period. I recorded much descriptive data about the following in the order given below: fitting out the cod trap in the spring, taking the trap berth with a pole (story about this), rows over taking berths, the prime berths (trickster story about taking a berth), hard feelings about taking berths, trawling (story about trawling), cod nets, casting caplin, changes in the fishery; life before and after Confederation with

Canada, the lumberwoods, the merchant credit system, shipping fish, growing vegetables, cutting wood, keeping animals, the size of families, kinds of food preserved for the winter, carding and spinning sheep's wool; getting ready for Christmas, mummering (two mummering stories), making home brew, picnics, songs sung during picnics (Harry sang a few); good old days are gone, sheep lambing, mowing grass, sings a song, "Said the lady to the soldier will you marry me," sings parts of five more songs, tells thirteen stories (this is after Hiram arrived), describes the hero in several of the stories and says they (the hero and his wife) never lost a child, describes midwives in the community, cures (tells a story about being cured of a cold by elder blossom), charms, tying knots in trees, sawing lumber with a pit saw, making shingles, riggle fences, and ploughing land.

As one can see, several of the various topics were interspersed with stories which were really a part of the conversation which preceded it. Most of his stories were told after Hiram arrived and I suspect that the larger audience created a more natural storytelling context and drew more stories from Harry.

From such interviews as the above, the collector--unless he does not have sufficient time, or is interested in a specific topic--would probably profit from permitting the informant, guided by the collector, to wander

from topic to topic.³ This gives him the opportunity to talk about the things which have priority in his value system. By giving him this freedom, the collector often hears things which he probably would have not asked about himself. Of course, in some instances I would introduce specific topics such as cures, bonfires, and mummering. Questions were asked relating to the conversation. Only on one occasion did I restrict the greater part of an interview to one particular topic, that of cures. The informant was a lady who was a recognized authority on folk cures. However, once an informant was talking on a particular topic, I usually found it difficult to get him to change to another.

The initial approach to almost all of my informants depended on their occupations. For example, if a man was a fisherman (inshore or Labrador), farmer, lumberjack, or sealer, I would tell him that I wanted to talk to him about his occupation. I found that by using the

³ Professor Halpert recently drew my attention to a similar idea expressed by G. E. Evans in his book Where the Beards Wag All "It is often much more rewarding to let the informant have his head, roughly within the area where you have directed the enquiry, and to let him digress if the new subject promises to be an interesting one For what the informant wants to tell the interviewer is more vital to him because he has given it preference in his own mind and it sometimes turns out to be more valuable than the answers the interviewer is hoping to get at the time." (1970:241-242)

occupational approach I was dealing with a topic which was of immediate concern to the informant. In many instances, I would be dealing with something that took priority over most other things in his life. I found, for example, that those who had fished on the Labrador or had been sealing on one of the large sealing vessels had a high degree of commitment to their occupations. Probably the reason for this was a combination of adventure and the fact that they had sometimes spent as many as twenty-five seasons at a particular occupation. Also, these occupations were prestigious in the community. Questions pertaining to his occupation would elicit a revelation of his life ways, ideas, and values.

After an informant had talked for some time about himself and his work, I would ask him about life years ago. Here I might bring up the various calendar customs, good times (especially about singing or story telling), games, different areas of folk belief, the "old fellows" or known "characters" of the community. This would often generate a story telling session and the informant would tell stories in the course of the conversation. Sometimes I would, at this point, ask about the supernatural: ghosts, supernatural lights, phantom ships, and buried treasure.

With some informants I was not able to follow the above format and, in fact, never got beyond hearing about

their experiences on the Labrador, at the ice, or in the lumber woods. The informant would in such instances get engrossed in talking about his occupation and tell me story after story concerning it.

My approach was more historical than folkloristic; in fact I never mentioned the word "folklore" to any informant since people were more cognizant of community history than they were of the ambiguous term, folklore.

Whereas the bulk of my material was collected by interview--directive and non-directive--some information was gathered by observation. Whenever I found myself among a group of people I observed the interaction and communication among the various members. These were the situations that convinced me that researchers should have one recorder which could be fitted into one's pocket or worn on the arm as a watch. As soon as possible after each observation session I would make notes on tape of what I had seen and heard. It included a description of the situation in detail and an account of my own impressions. At other times, I took notes in a note book which I carried with me during my research for this purpose.

Only twice during my research did I employ the hidden recorder technique. Both occasions were Saturday evening drinking sessions in the house where I boarded. On both occasions the man and woman of the house were

present, along with the woman's brother, his male friend, and one of my narrators. After each session I played back some of the recordings and most enjoyed hearing what was said during the evening. Some were even amused at hearing their own voices. Only one person was a little displeased.

Unquestionably, it was recording in a "natural" setting in which stories were told and topics of gossip were included in the conversation. At these times stories were told spontaneously, and it was possible to observe strong story-telling competition among several people. Such a recording session provided data for describing the natural situations in which people provided their own entertainment. Activities on one occasion included drinking, story telling, making fun of some local individuals, gossiping, and cooking a "scoff." (A scoff consisted of cooking salt beef, salt pork, potatoes, cabbage and maybe other vegetables such as turnips. Usually people cooked a scoff at night and invited other people. Some households had scoffs about three or four times a year.) However, this method of recording, apart from the questions of ethics involved, has some disadvantages. First, the researcher has little control over the conversation and so gets much indiscriminant material. Sometimes it is difficult to conceal a recorder and, at the same time, get a good recording. Also, because of

the number of persons involved in the talking and because the conversation is group rather than individual-oriented, some of the material is jumbled when recorded. This makes accurate transcription difficult.

Having presented the methodology employed in this study, I now turn to a discussion of the community in which the field work took place.

CHAPTER II

THE COMMUNITY

This chapter describes the various aspects of community life which should make storytelling and the narratives more meaningful to the reader. It combines the few documented materials that I was able to obtain with personal observations, oral reports, and some of the narratives.

First I give a short introduction on the early settlement and physical layout of the community. Next I describe two aspects of education, formal and informal. The formal was seen as a means of escape from the community for some of the higher class. The informal educational process helped one to learn the skills necessary to lead a productive life in the environment.

As a part of the economic life I include subsistence provisions, going to the lumberwoods, the inshore fishery, the Labrador fishery, and the merchant system.

Geographical Location and Early History

Cod Harbour is situated on Fair Wind Island in

Notre Dame Bay on the northeast coast of Newfoundland. The island is about twenty miles long and ten miles at the widest part. Since 1964, it has been joined to the Newfoundland mainland by a ten-mile long causeway. By car it is 275 miles north and west of St. John's.

I have been unable to locate records--the earliest recorded document is 1813--giving the exact date of settlement. Nevertheless, from oral tradition and a couple of genealogical tables, I have been able to establish the date as somewhere between 1780 and 1800. One account from a few informants with which not all residents agree, says that the Jobs were the first people to settle in Cod Harbour. The tradition is that old man Job went around the harbour when he first came there and told his wife to select the area which she liked best. She chose what today is known as Job's Room on the western side of the harbour.

The chief historian of another surname group says that the Longs were the first settlers. Another family group claims that they themselves were the first settlers. If it can be assumed that the first settlers took the best land in the most sheltered area, then the Longs were the first people to arrive.

Oral reports show that the early settlers came to Cod Harbour from England. Among the areas from which they came were Devon, Lancashire, Somerset, Nottinghamshire,

and Worchestershire. Four or five surname groups landed first in Conception Bay, Newfoundland and then from there they migrated north to Notre Dame Bay. Earliest recorded population figures are for 1828 which show 104 persons living in the community. Peak population was reached in 1891 when there were 500 inhabitants. With the exception of one period, 1956-1961, the population has declined steadily from 1891-1968. Research which I did in the community in 1968 for the Institute of Social and Economic Research of Memorial University of Newfoundland showed the population to be 293.

Until 1891, the population increased due to natural birth and immigration. A good harbour, nearness to good fishing grounds, and propinquity of Seatown merchants to whom fish could be sold and from whom supplies could be obtained, must have influenced people to settle there. The biggest decline was between 1911 and 1921, a period which included the years of World War I. And after the war many migrated to the United States. This decline in population coincides with the decline in the inshore cod fishery and the number of men engaged in fishing operations. Another reason for the decline is that some community members set a high premium on education. Since the twentieth century was typified by a more diverse society offering other occupations besides fishing, many received an education and left the community

to seek employment commensurate with their education. Hence the educational factor promoted select migration. I have been unable to find a particular reason why the population did not continue to decline during the period of 1956-1961.

The harbour opens to the Atlantic Ocean at the north and is approximately 3,500 feet long and 1,500 feet wide, with water depths ranging from six to eight fathoms. Land elevations range between 10 and 430 feet, the eastern side of the harbour having the highest elevations. In some places the land slopes gradually whereas in other places it rises steeply from the sea. The houses are built between 10 and 200 feet above sea level.

Settlement is concentrated along the east, west, and south regions of the harbour. Each area has a cove-like appearance, a different name and could be considered as a separate community. The east and west are well sheltered but the southern side of the harbour is open to northerly and northeast winds which are usually the strongest. The majority of fishermen have settled in the east and west.

This section of Fair Weather Island is underlain by volcanic rocks of Ordovician Age (Heyl:1936) and consequently the topography is quite rugged. Here we find glacial soils with forest growth. The entire harbour is surrounded by coniferous forest although it is a much

richer growth in the east and south than in the west. Spruce and fir are the main types, among which are scattered birch and maple. On the higher elevations, especially in the east, are found partridge berries, blueberries, and blackberries. Inland bog areas yield sphagnum mosses, cotton grass, leather leaf, sweat gale, marsh berries, cranberries, and bakeapples.

The climate in the area exhibits cold winters and cool summers. Fogs usually occur in early spring--late April and early May--but not for any long period of time. There is much less fog in this area than is found further south, especially in Placentia Bay. Usually the harbour is frozen in winter and, along with the remainder of Notre Dame Bay, is filled with heavy Arctic ice for three months--March, April and May. Sometimes this ice remains until early June. However, the ice may go out in late April. The inshore cod fishery does not begin until the ice goes out.

Next I will discuss formal and informal education.

Education

Formal Education

School without a school house was in operation at Cod Harbour before the 1840's. The School Report for 1841 states, "In 1839, the inhabitants of [Cod] Harbour recommended a gentleman, by the name of Mr. Joseph Bartlett, as teacher for that settlement." (Journal of

the House of Assembly, 1841:72)

Upon the inspection of Protestant schools for 1858 the same report states:

[Cod] Harbour, June 29th, 20 present, six read scripture well, spell poorly, the rest in easy reading, church and Wesleyan Catechism and prayers repeated nicely, mental arithmetic failure. Books used are Guys and the Union Spelling Book. The teacher, John Pike, is a very well conducted and improveable person, has been engaged in this school about two years and is evidently doing much good here. The school is held in a private dwelling house in winter and in a store of Messrs. [Abbott] and Company in summer. (Journal of the House of Assembly 1858:246)

Throughout most of its history the community had two schools. One reason for this is as follows:

As the people could not agree upon a site for a school room in this harbour which would be convenient to all . . . two buildings were commenced about one half mile apart . . . the teacher shall keep school three days a week in each room. (Journal of the House of Assembly, 1863:400)

Around the early 1900's there was one Methodist and one Anglican School. Each of these schools was about 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 20 feet high. They were heated by a wood and coal burning stove and in winter they were usually cold. There was no water supply or indoor washroom. At a little distance from each school was an outdoor toilet which was divided in two sections, one for each sex. The Methodist school students drank water from a nearby brook. Gas lanterns were used for lighting when this was sometimes necessary during winter afternoons or when the school was used for some other purpose at night. These schools had no library,

gymnasium, or dining facilities. All students went home for the noon-day meal. Desks were of two types; single seats and those which seated from two to four students. This system continued until the 1960's when a two-room integrated elementary school was built.

In Newfoundland the schools receive their financial resources through the various religious denominations which are allotted specific yearly amounts from the provincial government.

Teachers came from outside the community and were supplied and financed by the different denominational school boards. Both the Methodist and Anglican schools served pupils from beginners through grade eleven. The enrollment was approximately 45 students for each school.

One informant told me that:

Cod Harbour always demanded good teachers and got them--one being the E. J. Pratt who later became a famous Canadian poet. Most of the people were interested in getting a good education. And they got a good education, saw better chances and left the community.

It is probably impossible to determine exactly why education was stressed in the community. However we might examine some current opinions. Most fishermen view the fishery as a difficult way to earn a livelihood. It involves hard work, long hours, no holidays, risk, uncertainty, and is only a seasonal operation. The opinions on the fishery were constantly passed on to sons and

daughters. The young were often urged (I found myself in this position) to think about other types of work. Then it was stressed that in order to advance in the world one needed an education. Those who liked school and were reasonably successful viewed education as a means of leaving the community and thus escaping from a hard way of life.

A partial listing of those who have left and "succeeded" shows the following: 4 clergymen, 7 high school teachers, 1 music teacher, 1 chemistry professor, 2 engineers, 2 medical doctors, 1 missionary, 1 criminal lawyer, 1 dietitian, 3 registered nurses, 1 fishery research officer, and 1 Canadian High Commissioner to Australia. These are the people that some of the older people like to boast about. They say, "They all went to that little one-room school (Methodist) and got their education." Several of the aforementioned attended the university on the Canadian mainland. Only one, a married woman, now lives in Cod Harbour. Although the residents admired many who left the community, they were proud of many who stayed because they were good men and hard workers.

A central high school located seven miles from the community now serves the older pupils and has reduced the function of the school in the community. As a result of the lowering of the age level of pupils in the local school, the customs of copying--jumping from one salt

water ice pan to another--during recess time in the spring has now ended. For the same reason the traditional Christmas concert in which almost all pupils take part is now produced on a much smaller scale.

The Cod Harbour United Church (Methodist) school was always closely associated with the church. The school building was the centre for church socials or "times," as they were called, and the clergymen used the school as a means of communicating to his parishioners during the week days. Church announcements were made in the school and students relayed these messages to their parents.

Informal Education

The education of the residents of the community must be viewed as more than the knowledge acquired through formal schooling, for there is the informal acquisition of knowledge by the individual as he adapts to his environment. Without this informal education the men, women, and children of the community could not live productive lives.

A fisherman, for example, must know how to do the various kinds of work associated with fishing: knitting twine, mending and barking nets (tanning in a liquid obtained by boiling spruce tree buds in water); setting cod traps, salmon nets, herring nets; knowing the best

berths¹ in which to set these nets and traps, what the ocean floor is like in the areas of his berths, the effects of wind and tide which determine when he can haul his nets and traps. He has to know the fishing grounds, how to row a punt, sail it, and the correct sea route so as to avoid rocks. Boys learned how to do many of these things between the ages of nine and twelve years. Most fishermen of the community know the fishing grounds by name, the depth of the water to fish in, and the correct position for the boat while he is fishing. A boat must be "right on the mark." Usually there are two stationary points on shore from which the correct mark is calculated. For example, when a fisherman is on the Meeting House Ground the United Church tower should be in line with the Anglican cemetery. When pronging (throwing fish from boat to stage with a two-forked prong) fish from the boat one should prong it only by the head so as not to spoil the fish.

Cleaning cod or what the fishermen call the "putting away" process requires a good deal of skill. The fisherman must learn to cut throats, head and gut fish, remove the sound bone, and salt the fish. There is no

¹Trap berths are areas of the bay near the shore where cod traps are set, whereas fishing grounds (to be mentioned shortly) refer to off-shore areas where men fish with trawls, hook 'n line, and jigger.

doubt that splitting, or removal of the sound bone, is the most difficult of these tasks and usually only one member of the crew can do this with skill and speed.

When fishermen cured their fish by drying it, it was necessary to do it properly in order to produce a high quality product. The cod must have enough sun to cure it until it became very hard, but in the early stages too much sun could cause it to sun burn which would cause it to receive the lowest grade when it was culled.

In the following story, Harry gives evidence of his knowledge of the movement of the codfish from deeper to "shoaler" water:

I went out one time, a few years ago. I was fishing with Joe Hollett and Raymond and we had our trawl, working our trawl down off Wild Cove Head. And we used to take a hundred and fifty and a hundred and sixty fish off that trawl every run (haul). Get in eleven a'clock in the night. Come in eleven a'clock in the night and I'd under run (haul) that trawl, the last about ten a'clock in the night I took off about ninety fish off'n. Took 'n hold and was going to have one more run now I said, "One more run and we quit and go in." 'Twas dark you know. Took 'n hold and we just after picking off ninety fish. Took 'n hold again and under-runned 'n and there wasn't one fish, not a fish, not a caplin started on 'n. [bait not touched].

I said, "Good enough boy." We had the trap out but there was no fish in the trap, you know. We had the trap out. I said, "We'll haul the trap 'mor morning boy." So we came on in. We had about three or four barrels of fish. Eleven a'clock in the night, about eleven a'clock we got 'n in.

And when we left the trawl and came in to Wild Cove Head there, off the Sunken Rock from that up to Mad Moll there was fish and caplin, dry boy, nothing only a drift, right in against the rocks. I said, "There you are. That's it. She's gone to the rocks, boy. Haul the trap the 'mor morning." So we

went down the next morning and hauled the trap and we had I don't know, six or seven barrels a fish. No more on trawl. That was all of it. Left the trawl and came to land see then. You have a spurt, you know. [Pearl: You got to know how to fish, haven't you, eh?]

And eh, so that was all that. We didn't bother trawl any more. There was no more fish to be caught on the trawl anyway. So we took to the trap and we did very well with the trap then. So that's how that goes.

They also looked after their own punts, motor boats, and skiffs by corking, pitching, and painting them. Some men built some or all of their boats and in the early days of the Labrador fishery some even built their own schooners. Fishermen built their own stages, fish stores, flakes, and wharves. They made their splitting tables, salt pounds (where the fish is salted), trap buoys, trap kegs, herring barrels, killicks, gafts, paddles, hand barrows, drudge barrows (half-moon wooden structures in which fish was sometimes salted), wooden knitting needles (used to knit twine) and hauling ropes with which seals were hauled over the ice. It was hard to learn these things, but once they had, the men were proud of their own knowledge.

There are several reasons why some chose to fish while others continued in school. In school, for example, punishment was severe; the teachers used a birch rod to beat students and it was feared by everyone. In the informal education process there was verbal praise when a fellow was successful at a job and was made to feel

ashamed when he failed.

To finish school required determination and a liking for studying books. Because of the large number of grades taught by the teachers, they were unable to give much individual attention to the pupils. Formal education was done mostly by drill and was not inspiring. When a fellow went fishing it was not necessarily a sign of a lack of intelligence. Sometimes it may have been his temperament. Many fellows left school because they had to help their fathers at fishing in order to feed their families. Some preferred to play a man's role at fishing. It was more manly to fish than go to school. One had to prove to himself and to others that he could do manly work. To meet the daily situations took great skill and much technical knowledge.

The maintenance of animals and gardens required a considerable amount of knowledge as well. Potatoes were set (planted) by all the family members who were big enough to be of assistance. This took place during the first or second week of June because this was the time the caplin, which could be used as fertilizer for the potatoes, came to shore. Trenching, weeding, and digging (harvesting) the crop also required skill. For example, there was a certain time to do each of these. Men knew how and when to mow hay with a scythe. Some did it when the plum boys (dew berries) ripened. Almost all men were

able to milk a cow or goat, shear a sheep, kill an animal, or tan a hide. They knew that the best time to kill a pig was when the moon was full, for then the pork will not shrink. People in the community always cut their own firewood. After it was hauled home, it was sawed off in about one-foot lengths and split in two with an axe. The sawing off and cleaving (splitting) of the wood was often the chore of school aged boys. Some boys were better able to do this than others.

In an area where there was no resident medical doctor until the 1960's many people became versed in folk medical practices. So, amongst the people it is easy to find preventives, cures, and charms for a large number of ailments. One woman used to supply a charm for toothache. It was a pig's tooth in a small cloth bag which had a reeving string attached to it. This was to be worn around the neck of the suffering person for a number of days. One informant related the following cure:

Well elder blossom was the greatest medicine in the world, fer anything. Pneumonia, colds. You was ah, you getting a cold and steep out a drink a elder blossom and drink 'n and go to bed. Well, twenty-four hours and you was a number one man.

Probably no part of the environment was as important as the weather for nearly all daily and seasonal tasks were governed by it. Therefore, the men folk in particular are able to forecast the weather with quite a degree of accuracy. Nevertheless, as in all the life ways within

the environment, some people were better than others at this. One of my narrators was a skilled forecaster and was recognized as such by the community. When he had arthritis in his arms and legs he said "it is a sure sign of easterly wind de mar marnin'." Everyone knew that large bubbles on the water during rain was a sign of "in-wind" (northern or north-east) in summer. The signal for in-wind was also given in summer when the horses would come into the community from areas outside and congregate in the south-east section of the harbour. Fishermen do not like southerly gales because they are thought to drive the fish from the shore. A couple of moderate northerly or north-east gales (in-wind) during the summer are appreciated because fishermen believe they stir up the fish (cause them to move) and sent them to land.

Supplying their own Needs

Until the past decade residents of the community existed at a near subsistence level. Despite hard and continuous work at fishing and in the lumberwoods men were obliged to find time to cut firewood, cut logs for lumber (to build houses, stores, stages, etc.), keep animals, grow vegetables, hunt, and make hay. In such an economy people could boast of their independence for no matter how badly they fared at fishing and in the lumberwoods they would never starve.

Each family unit had its own gardens in close proximity to their house, in which it grew vegetables including potatoes, cabbage, turnips, parsnips, and beets. Some gardens also included tomatoes and strawberries. Other gardens contained fruit such as crab apples, damsons, black currants, and gooseberries. There were also gardens in which only hay and sometimes oats were grown to feed the family's animals. Some families had gardens between one and two miles outside the community where hay and vegetables were grown. Men and women planted and "dug" the potatoes and "took up" the other vegetables. Both sexes also took part in the trenching and weeding. Children from about seven years old onward helped pick up the vegetables once they were taken from the ground and put them in sacks. Some men would come home from the lumberwoods and dig their potatoes. In the fall the vegetables were stored not far from the house in a cellar made of sods and usually located at the side of a hill. Most families also had a small (15' X 8' X 7') store near their dwelling house where food such as meat, fish, and flour were kept.

The number of animals kept by each family varied. However, most would have a horse, cow, ten or twelve sheep, and a dozen hens. Some people kept goats and some used to keep two or three cows and a couple of pigs.

The fall of the year was butchering time when

people killed a cow or bull, sheep, and pigs at different times. Sometimes a neighbor did the butchering and was given a piece of meat for his services. From the pork they made bacon and ham which were much talked about delicacies. Cows not only provided meat but milk, butter, cream, and cheese. Even cows' skins were used to make leather legs and soles for winter boots. Sheep provided meat and wool. The wool was washed, carded, and spun by the women. It was used to knit mitts, socks, sweaters, and even underwear for men.

A custom which surrounded the killing of pigs and cows was that each man who killed one of these animals always gave a piece of pork or beef to his friends and neighbors--especially to those who kept neither of these animals. If these people, who were expecting meat, did not receive any, they were disappointed.

Fishermen always preserved fish for the winter. Cod caught in the fall was said to be the best fish. When selecting a fish to eat from those which he has to sell, a fisherman will take the fish which appears to be best cured. Average-sized families (those containing five or six members) would have about two quintals of dry cod for the winter. Along with this they had a barrel of salted herring, salted salmon, and salted sea birds, e.g., turrs. Salmon were eaten fresh, salted, or smoked. The smoking process was carried out in an outdoor sod cellar or in a

specially built smoke house using turf and sawdust for fuel. The women bottled beef, partridge berries, and blue berries. Partridge berries were more frequently kept in a barrel of water.

Considering the variety of food items mentioned, most families had sufficient to eat during the cold winter months. Throughout the summer, different species of fish usually provided the main course of the most important meal of the day which is at 12 o'clock noon. It often consisted of fresh cod fried, Fresh ducks, turrs, and puffins in the fall and seal in the spring helped to give variety to their diet.

To provide shelter for their families men cut the logs, sawed the lumber with a pit saw and then constructed their houses themselves. Even shingles for the roof were made by hand.

Spruce, fir, and birch wood were the principal sources of fuel. Men "threwed" (cut down, but not limbed) wood in the early spring, "limbed it out" in the following fall, and hauled it home by horse in the early winter. A great deal of wood was needed for the winter months and men spent a lot of time at getting it. Wood was also cut during the winter and hauled home. This "green" wood was sawn up and clove by hand in March and April and allowed to dry in the sun. This was called the "summer wood" for that is when it was burned. To have sufficient summer

wood was important for a fisherman since he did not have time to provide wood during the fishing season.

Today the way of life has changed. Only a few people grow vegetables or keep animals. Some animals are not kept at all. These include cows and pigs. The number of sheep has steadily declined and people are selling their horses because there is no useful function for them. Almost every family is now dependent upon grocery stores to supply beef, vegetables, milk, and even certain kinds of fish. With the advent of electricity to the community in the early 1960's, a majority of the residents installed oil furnaces and oil and electric stoves in their homes. Hence the number of people cutting firewood sharply declined. In fact, highroads and electricity have revolutionized the whole way of life within the community. For those with high earning power, the change has been welcomed. But the story seems to be different for those who depend solely upon an uncertain inshore cod fishery. One of my narrators summed it up this way:

Well, he [fisherman] fished, he reared a cow or two, he had goats, he had sheep, he done his bit of garden, reared his vegetables . . . and they turned in and took out. [This refers to the merchant's credit system.] The highroads don't mean anything to a fisherman. So these little settlements can't keep up with the cars and the lights and the phones. The income is not that great . . . If you don't get the fish, we're in the same boat we were a hundred years [ago]; if you don't get the fish, well, that's it. There is nothing else for you to do only stay

fishing and look forward . . . So it ends up; well, we made a poor summer. So, where are we going to find the money to pay for our lights, and phones and transportation.

Then [before Confederation with Canada in 1949] we'd walk across Seatown Bight for a doctor. We'd jump in our own boat and go which wouldn't cost too much. And now if you wants to see a doctor you got to go to Seatown [by car]; you got to have ten or twelve dollars. So it's all money. And when there's nothing [no money] coming in, well, how you going to do it? We're not on a daily pay. We're only two or three months fishing and there's nothing else for us to do.

Lumberwoods

Throughout most of its history the community has existed on a dual economy--the fishery and the lumberwoods, the fishery being the more important. Men fished in the late spring, summer, and early fall. They worked in the lumberwoods in the late fall, winter, and early spring.

Although everyone did not follow this seasonal employment program, many did. A few men worked in the lumberwoods all year round. The part-time lumberjacks used to go in the lumberwoods in late September or early October and were employed cutting wood. They would return home in December and spend the Christmas season with their families. After Christmas men would return to the lumberwoods and take part in the "pull off." This meant hauling the wood to the lakes and rivers by horse. In the spring when the rivers were free from ice men worked on the "drive." At this stage the logs were floated downstream towards the paper mill in Grand Falls. All men did not

necessarily take part in all three operations outlined above. Rather a man might work at only one or two of the jobs and spend the remainder of the time at home. Cutting and the pull off were probably the two favourite operations since in early spring when the drive was carried out, they began preparing for the summer's fishery, e.g., mending their traps and barking them. If the cod fishery was a failure, men went to the lumberwoods in the late summer. Going in the lumberwoods and going to the Labrador were referred to as "going away."

There were two areas where one could work in the lumberwoods: on the west coast of Newfoundland, about 175 miles away from Cod Harbour, and in Central Newfoundland, a distance of about 80-100 miles. A pulp and paper mill is located in each of these areas. In the fall and spring men travelled to these areas by boat and train; in winter they walked and travelled by horse and sleigh and train. Two or three people told me that they often walked from Cod Harbour to the central lumbering camps in the winter and they tell stories about these travels.

Men bragged and told stories about their experiences in the lumberwoods. For example, how much wood a man cut in a day was often the subject of heated discussions. Harry, one of my narrators, told me that working in the lumberwoods was hard work. He said that he would have to walk two or three miles from the woods camp

to the wood cutting area and the stars would be in the sky when he got back at the camp for the night. He said, "I would have to lean up by the [camp] wall when washing [myself] so [I] wouldn't fall down, be so tired." All through the first half of the century, it was relatively easy to obtain a job in the lumberwoods. Today, automation has drastically reduced the number of jobs.

Since all of my narrators either fished from the community or on the Labrador coast, many of the narratives centered around some aspect of fishing operations discussed in the following pages.

The Fishery

For most of Cod Harbour's history the cod fishery has provided the main economic base of the community. From the 1870's to the early 1950's there were two principal branches of the cod fishery, inshore and Labrador.

The Inshore Fishery

Before discussing the cod fishery I have described the various types of boats used by the inshore fishermen and the minor kinds of fishing, such as sealing, herring, lobster, mackeral, and salmon.

In the past a fisherman usually owned a rodney, a punt, a motor boat, and a skiff. A rodney was a thin planked, light weight boat about 12-15 feet long. It was used mainly for sealing in the spring. Its light weight

facilitated easy passage over rough arctic ice enroute to open water.

A punt was heavier, about 15-18 feet long and was towed by the trap skiffs to haul the cod trap and served as a life raft as well. Punts were also used by lobster fishermen to haul their lobster traps. Each punt was equipped with one pair of oars.

The motor boat was from 20-23 feet long and was powered by a three or four horsepower Atlantic or Acadia inboard engine. It was used to haul lobster traps and salmon and herring nets. This boat was used by some to bring wood and logs for lumber to the harbour from islands in the Bay of Exploits. Those who had gardens outside the harbour brought home hay and vegetables in their motor boat. If a man were building a house he would have to go to a beach three or four miles away for sand. Some used motor boats to go berry picking at a good spot down in the bight. Of course, in the fall of the year turring (shooting turrs) was the main activity and for this combined food and sport mission the motor boat was a necessity. This boat was used too, to go for a cruise on Sundays to one of the nearby communities and even by the young men for courting. Within the harbour the motor boat was used for a multiplicity of things; going to the merchant's almost every day for provisions, going to the post office, visiting, and even going to church. A motor boat

was to a fisherman what a car is to us today--a mode of transportation--but it could be utilized to a far greater extent than the automobile. One important function of the motor boat and which lasted longer than many of the others was that of taking ill persons to hospital on the island of Seatown. It has disappeared for one can now go there by car since a ferry service has been instituted between Fair Wind Island and Seatown.

A trap skiff was usually 25-30 feet long and was also powered by an inboard motor ranging from 10-15 horsepower. The skiff was used to haul the cod trap and bring the fresh fish ashore. In fall the fishermen also used the skiff to transport the cured cod to the merchant.

Some fishermen did not have both a motor boat and a skiff. In instances where this was so, the trap skiff served all the needs of the fishermen.

Sealing might be considered a part of the community's fishery and could be engaged in before the cod fishing season. Some men hunted seals on the Arctic ice during March and April with a gaff while others shot them in the open water in May. The pelt, containing both the fat and skin, was sold to one of the merchants at a price determined by seal species, e.g., young hood, old hood, harp. It was often the case that several people from the community procured some income by "going to the ice" in March and April. They would join one of the sealing ships

out of St. John's and hunt seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and off the coast of Labrador.

Apart from cod fishing, most fishermen fished for other species. Principal among these were herring, lobster, mackeral, and salmon. A few fished turbot in the fall. Men lobster "caught" (fished) before and during the cod trap season, beginning in early May and ending in mid July. The catch was sold to a local buyer.

Salmon was netted in June mainly for the fishermen's own domestic use, although for a few it was a small commercial fishery. The herring and mackeral fishery, if operated on a commercial scale, took place by means of a seine. Herring were caught in the spring and fall and mackeral in the fall. Mackeral were filleted and herring were gutted. Both herring and mackeral were salted and packed in wooden barrels. In late fall they were sold to a local merchant. One informant told me that during the peak of the herring fishery every crew tried to get 30-40 barrels of herring each spring before the cod fishery started. They sold for \$3.00 a barrel. Salt cost \$3.00 a hogs head (52 1/2 imperial gallons). Barrels were made from material cut in the woods near the community.

Provided that the heavy Arctic ice had left the coast, the inshore cod fishery usually started around mid-May and continued until late July or early August.

Throughout most of the period that I am discussing

(1900-1960) fishermen took their trap berths by putting out a pole. The trap berths were available to everyone and during the latter part of April if there was no ice around, fishermen would "put out" a pole as a marker for a particular berth. This pole was moored by being tied to a rock which was dropped to the ocean bottom. Usually only one berth was taken with a pole, the one which a crew considered the best. There were about one dozen trap berths which were considered to be better than the rest and for these there was much competition as the story below points out. There was less competition for second and third best classes of berths. Cod traps were set between 50-100 fathoms (300-600 feet) off shore in the various berths. Men who were the real "dogs" or bullies (hard workers) got ahead of the others and got the same berth year after year. Sometimes the berth taking custom created much animosity but it was always kept under control.

During the early 1960's the method of "drawing" for a berth was instituted by the Fishermen's Union. Each trap berth has a name. Among them are Old Sow, Beal de Head, Mad Moll, Tuck's Hole, Haulin Cove, and Pigeon Point. The names are put in a paper bag and each fishing crew is permitted to draw two names from the bag. This decides the berths which each crew is permitted to use during that summer. This procedure caused an uproar among

some of the older fishermen, especially if they drew poor berths. The old method involved competition and this gave fishermen the opportunity to prove who the best man was. There was a challenge in trying to out-do the other men. One informant had this to say about the old ways of taking trap berths:

Oh, well you start around April, in April to fit out ya, mend up ya traps and gear. People be in the net loft and mending up their gear in April. Then you bark your trap and dry and put 'n away, put the bottom into 'n and get 'n ready now fer when the first water [after the ice goes] you go out then. And those days you go and before we started to draw for trap berths, every man be up and out takin' a trap berth. He'd be goin' out, put out, stickin' up a pole, takin' a trap berth. One fellow to out do the other. To get the prime berth, he'd put a pole down to hold his berth. The pole would hold the berth in those times. You put a pole, that was ya mark, that was ya trap berth. Me and ya [the collector's] father took a punt one night, two o'clock in the night, on the old horse, old Dan, hauled her over Wild Cove. Took the punt and the pole and a rock and went out to the Old Sow and put it down and we got the berth all right. This was in March month. Sure, but 'twas a sort of a custom thing although there used to be rows and runctions sometimes over it.

A trickster story, telling about the taking of a trap berth went this way:

In Andrew Warren's day [early 1900's] well, now, that's before, only I've heard the old fellows talking about this when Andrew Warren's day now. Andrew Warren used to have the Old Sow [trap berth] he'd always have the Old Sow, see. So he went the [to] work one time and went out to the Old Sow and, had his trap aboard the boat and he went out there to take the trap berth and threw some water over his trap and made 'n wet, threw the water over the trap and made 'n wet, much to say he had the trap out and he had to take 'n up because the ice came in, you know. So he tailed out a fox trap, he put a fox

trap, he put a fox trap down now, he used to [be an] old furrier see, catch 'n fox them days down there in Beachy Cove. So he tailed out this fox trap. And when it come now to the push, Barbours went down and took the trap berth. He lost his berth. So they fought the case now in court. He said he had his trap lawfully sot. He had his trap lawfully sot. He fought the case now in court and he had his trap lawfully sot. And he won the case. They didn't ask him in court what kind of a trap it was, where [whether] 'twas a cod trap or a fox trap. So he said he had his trap out lawfully sot and he had to take it up fer ice. So he won the case. They didn't ask him, you know, what kind of a trap it was. He just lowered down a fox trap. Tailed the fox trap lowered it down. He swore in court that he had his cod trap lawfully sot. And he won the case too. (MUNFLA C834)

At least four men were needed in the skiff to haul a cod trap. Sometimes crews consisted of five or six men. In the majority of instances fishing crews were made up of kinsmen. Common combinations were: a man and his sons; two brothers and two or three of their sons; three brothers and an uncle; or four or five brothers. When no kinsman was available to complete a particular crew, then someone else from outside the kin network and who was a good worker filled the position. Often this would be someone who lived in close proximity to the crew. If the crew owned the fishing gear among them, the profits from the catch would be divided equally among the sharemen. If the crew did not own the gear among them, the owner would get the share for which he worked like the other men as well as a share for his gear. In short, the owner would get two shares.

Unless the fishing crew was composed of an

unusually small number of men--two, for example--two cod traps were set and operated by each crew. The traps were set in different areas of the bay; one trap was usually set in shallow water to catch fish when they became glutted on caplin, the other in deep water. Sometimes one trap was left in the same berth throughout the fishing season while the other was moved around in search of cod. It was quite usual for the transient trap to be smaller than the stationary one.

A crew would go out to haul their traps at least twice a day and often three times daily. The number of times depended on the quantity of fish they caught. When a crew was trapping several barrels or quintals of fish per haul, they would haul in the morning, middle of the day, and late afternoon. A scarcity of fish meant fewer hauls.

Some men who earned a livelihood from the fishery did not use a cod trap; throughout the trapping season they used a trawl and a jigger. Towards the fall season hook 'n line was used. In fact, trap fishermen often participated in the fall fishery too, using trawl and hook 'n line. Unlike trawls, hook 'n line and gill nets, cod traps, because of their tremendous weight (about 1500 pounds when dry and much heavier when wet) and the almost impossibility of setting them, cannot be used in deep water areas.

There was a division of labor along sexual lines during the dry cod fishery. Men hauled the cod trap and put away fish in the stage primarily. Although women helped in the stage, their main function was spreading fish in the morning and "making it up" in the evening. "Making up fish" is to take it up from the flake where it is spread and place it in piles for the night.

The "putting away" process or cleaning the cod involved four men: the cut throater, the header, the splitter and the salter. After a cod is pronged from the skiff to the stage it is put into a fish box (a wooden box which holds about one quintal--112 pounds--of fish) which is placed near the outside end of the splitting table (a wooden table about five feet long, three feet wide and three and one half feet high). When the fish box is full the cod reaches the same level as does the splitting table thus making it easy for the cut throater to reach the fish. On the splitting table the cod is placed on its back and the cut throater cuts the cod's throat and cuts open the belly. He then passes the fish to the header who removes the head by placing one of his hands against the fish's body and breaking off the head with the other. If it is a large fish the head is partially cut off by the cut throater. The header also removes the "putticks" or guts and the liver. Whereas the "putticks" are thrown overboard through a chute in the

stage floor, the liver is placed in a tub under the splitting table and later put in a puncheon on the wharf and allowed to "render out" after which it is sold to the merchant as cod liver oil. The header passes the cod to the splitter who removes the sound bone (back bone) with a splitting knife (a knife which has a round handle and is rectangular in shape). The splitter allows the cod to drop in a puncheon tub (half of a puncheon) which is filled with water. This cleans the cod and from here the salter takes it to the fish pounds (areas enclosed with boards) where it is salted.

Until the late 1950's cod was cured by salting and drying. In the salting process it was spread face up in piles about six feet long, four feet wide and four feet high. Each fish was covered with coarse salt. It was kept in salt for two to three weeks, then "washed out." The washing out process involved placing the fish in a puncheon tub (half a puncheon) which had been half filled with salt water. The face and back of the fish are cleaned either with a cloth or brush. Two men then carry the fish to the flake on hand barrows containing about 150 pounds per load, where it is spread out to dry. The flake is a wooden structure on which fish is spread heads and tails (spread with the tail in one direction and then the opposite alternately) to dry in the sun. Usually the flakes are about 40-50 feet high and 150' X 75' (but can

be of any area) depending on the fisherman's needs. The flake is high so that the air can blow under and help dry the side of the fish which is downward at the time. The flake which is made of lungers (small wooden sticks of various sizes) laid parallel is supported by more sturdy sticks called beams and shores (large wooden sticks). The flake is covered with the boughs of fir trees and it is on them that the fish is spread. It was spread out each morning and made up in faggots at around 6 p.m. or 7 p.m. of the same day. Generally it took about one week of good drying weather--Southwest or Northwest wind--to dry the fish enough to be packed in a large cone-shaped pile to "work" (sweat in order to remove pickle) for a few days. Then, usually a day's sun would be sufficient for it to be packed away in the fish store until the time came to "ship" (sell) it to the merchant. Before shipping some of the fish was spread again in the sun to harden and whiten. September was the chief month for shipping fish to the merchant. Fishermen loaded the fish aboard their trap skiffs and transported it to the merchant's wharf in the harbour. There it was unloaded, culled, weighed and packed away. Culling was very important to the fishermen. It was the process of sorting the fish into different grades, such as large and small choice, large and small prime, madeira, tomcods, and cullage. The better the grade, the more money the fisherman received

for each quintal.

The culler usually found himself in a precarious situation. Employed by the merchant he was supposed to grade fish according to its quality and size. Tension was high during the culling for the fisherman was anxious to get the best cull and if he thought the culler was unfair to him, rows sometimes erupted on the wharf. If a row started the fisherman would usually go to the shop and ask the merchant to go down on the wharf to see if he could rectify the situation. If this failed--and I have seen this happen--more than likely the fisherman with much anger, would throw his fish back into his boat and proceed to sell it to another merchant in the community. The other merchant would probably give him a better cull in order to gain him as a customer. During the fall the merchant had the fish packed in casks and boxes. A local schooner then took the cod to a St. John's merchant who, in turn, sold it to the various world markets.

The average inshore cod fish voyage (catch) was 250-300 quintals. However, some summers the fishery was a complete failure and left the fisherman in a difficult position for he was in debt to the merchant.

Today the dry cod fish industry is almost extinct in the community. Fishermen usually dry cod for one purpose--to provide their own supply for the winter. Since the advent of the fresh fish processing plants in

the late 1950's most fishermen have changed to this type of cod fishery. While they do not get as much per pound, selling fish to the fresh fish plants eliminates an enormous amount of work since they have only to take the fish to the fish plant as it is caught. Also some fish is sold salt bulk (fish is kept in salt all summer). In this method they do not have to wash and dry the fish.

Gill nets (nylon nets set in extra deep water about five miles off shore) are gradually replacing the trawl and the cod trap. The long liner, a diesel powered boat about 37-40 feet long used to operate the gill nets is replacing smaller types of boats.

The Labrador Fishery

From about 1870 the Labrador fishery had great prestige and that it was more prestigious than the inshore fishery is shown in several of the narratives.

The area fished on the Labrador coast was about 200 miles north and west of Cod Harbour and was referred to as "down on the Labrador." Schooners used in the Labrador fishery ranged in size from 30-70 tons and the average catch on a voyage was between 600 and 800 quintals. Each schooner was usually owned and operated by a fisherman of the community--the merchants also sent schooners to the Labrador--and he would take five or six men with him as sharemen. One man usually worked as the schooner's cook. Each crew would take two cod traps, a trap skiff,

and a punt aboard the schooner. Most schooners were fitted out with salt and food from a community merchant but some got their supplies from a merchant at Seatown. After the schooners were repaired and painted the crews would leave for the Labrador usually in June and return home in late August or early September.

Statistics for 1891 (Journal of the House of Assembly, 1891) show seven schooners and 58 men engaged in the Labrador fishery. The total catch was 2166 quintals. Since statistics were given only every five or ten years we cannot obtain an accurate picture of the Labrador fishery. Oral reports say that at the peak of the Labrador fishery, Cod Harbour was filled with schooners, with eleven schooners in just one area of the harbour.

The principal reason why men went--women or families did not go--to the Labrador was because of the abundance of cod in the northern waters. Usually the schooners obtained a load of fish each season whereas the inshore cod fishery was often a failure. Also, the curing method was different from that of the inshore fishery. Labrador-caught fish was heavily salted aboard the schooner and remained in salt for the duration of the fishing season. Upon the return home the cod was unloaded from the schooner and stored in the fishing stage. Then it was washed out, and it was spread to dry for a couple of days. Later it was sold as semi-dry.

I asked one informant why all fishermen did not fish on the Labrador since fish was more abundant in that area and the curing procedure was not so strenuous. He told me that fishing on the Labrador required a certain kind of person. This was especially true of the schooner's captain. He had to be versed in navigation and able to command a crew of men. The inshore fishery, on the other hand, could be operated with less risk, responsibility, and skill. Any local fisherman could command a trap skiff and haul a cod trap. The Labrador men seemed to be a tougher breed of men than the inshore fishermen. Even when they retired they talked about their experiences with each other and inshore men would listen to them.

Since two of my narrators spent 24 years fishing on the Labrador and tell stories about their experiences there, I have included an interview with one of them about fishing on the Labrador. I have given the information in the narrator's own words so that the reader can better sense the fisherman's involvement with what he describes. The interview shows the Labrador fishery to be a rugged occupation, filled with danger, hardships, and uncertainty. Skill, hard work, and physical endurance were necessary to make it a success. Even when all these were present, the fishery could be a failure because of scarcity of fish. For example, in 1911 five schooners having a total crew of 32 men brought home a total of only 661 quintals.

Collector: How long ago was it now you went down there [to Bell Isle] the first time?

Informant: I went to Bell Isle in 1926.

Collector: 1926.

Informant: Yeah.

Collector: What schooner was that then?

Informant: Oh, the Jane and Ann.

Collector: Jane and Ann, oh I see.

Informant: Yeah.

Collector: [You] had the one schooner. I see.

Informant: Perhaps 'twas 27 [1927] we went there. 26 or 27, one of it.

Collector: And how many would you have on board now, how many men?

Informant: Eh? [He is slightly deaf.]

Collector: How many men would you have on board?

Informant: Five men of us.

Collector: Five men, I see.

Informant: Well the first summer we only got eighty quintals a [per] man. Well, from that on we never went under that. We went from that to 125 quintals a man for many summers. I reckoned one time [that]--the first 13 years we averaged 113 quintals a man each summer, take the good with the bad. But one year since that we only got 50 quintals a man. That was one bad year [in] the Strait of Belle Isle. But I seen fish thick there, wonderful thick.

Collector: You did.

Informant: Yes sir. I've seen fish that we put down the trap and in forty minutes when we went up to take up the doorways [entrance to trap for fish] and pull 'em up we had de get a man on

the back [of trap] go over the back of 'n, be able to dry 'n up. Eric Penney [can] tell you that 'cause he was one [of] the crowd.

Collector: I see.

Informant: And when we got out, went down and put the heads [top part of trap] under the water and then we had to get two men to rise 'n up, fer dry up the fish. That was, fish was thick there then.

Collector: Yes sir. Who was ya first crew now?

Informant: Eh?

Collector: Who was ya first crew? Who was aboard the first time you went down, can ya mind [remember]?

Informant: The first time we went, there was me and Sam, and Billy Thomas, and Peter Johns and Frank.

Collector: Oh, I see. Frank up here.

Informant: Yeah. [Laughs] That was our crowd. I think Peter Johns, yes, I'm sure pretty sure Peter Johns.

Collector: Who was skipper then? [I knew the informant was].

Informant: Oh, I was skipper of her.

Collector: You was skipper all the time, you was, ya self?

Informant: Yes, yeah.

Collector: Ya had a good cook and . . . ?

Informant: Eh?

Collector: Ya had a cook?

Informant: Yes, yes, Billy was, Billy was cook. Billy Thomas cooked the first summer we were out there--out Belle Isle.

Collector: Did ya have sails then or . . . ?

Informant: Eh?

Collector: Did ya have a motor then or not? Did ya have a engine in the schooner?

Informant: No. No.

Collector: Oh, I see.

Informant: No we never had nar [neither] engine in the schooner.

Collector: Just the sails.

Informant: Yes. 'Twas later years before we got our engine in her you know, a small engine, 'bout ten or twelve horsepower. Eleven horsepower we had into her one time. And then on the last years we had twenty horsepower, see.

Collector: Yeah. Never used to have dories? Punts was it?

Informant: Oh we, we done nothing only fer the motor boat see, the big motor boat. We never went out fishing in the punt.

Collector: Oh, I see. But you had a punt?

Informant: Eh?

Collector: You had a punt.

Informant: Yes we had a punt. We towed she with motor boat, see.

Collector: But you never had dories, or did ya?

Informant: No, no, never had no dories whatever. You had to go a long ways to a cod trap, see, anywhere from three miles to ten or eleven, up to twelve, I suppose because 'tis 23 mile around Belle Isle, see. We used to go around Belle Isle lots a times.

Collector: You did?

Informant: Lots a times, yeah.

Collector: And where did you anchor up now, where did you anchor up fer the summer when you got down there?

Informant: Anchor up in Lark Tickle, see, yeah. August was the most months I was there in to. I was there up to 20th September, 15th September two or three times but, and we never went there earlier than 12th a July no time. We went there, well we did go I suppose, about the 10th a July one year. Tenth a July a like up there.

Collector: What time did you leave, what time did you leave to go down?

Informant: Oh we leave, we'd go in the Straits sometimes.

Collector: What time did you leave here, Cod Harbour?

Informant: Leave here, go away about the first a July or the fifth a July see. Probably fish in around Crouse, see.

Collector: Oh, yes, yes.

Informant: Sometimes we get a lot a fish there, see; two or three hundred quintals see, before we go there, see. We happen to be a bit lucky and some more time you wouldn't get very much, see.

Collector: What time did you usually come back here now in the fall?

Informant: Come back here about the first part a September--from the first a September to the 15th. A 20th of August was the first, was the most, quickest load we got a fish there. Twentieth a August we left, 20th of August. The second last year we was there [I] think 'twas about the 20th, 21st of August we left. Well, one year, I knows, when Jane [informant's daughter] was born, that's in 1932, the day she was born we leaved Belle Isle, the 23rd of August with a load a fish. We had 125 quintals a man then. Well, other years, sometimes be little later see. But 'twas a wonderful sight easier in some ways de get there, but 'twas harder work gettin', harder work de get it because you had to be working day and night, see, but you didn't have to go on the jigging ground looking fer it. Ya hard work would be putting it away and going and bringing the fish in the boat, see because

you had to go. See you get up in the morning and go around Belle Isle and take four hours and half to go to the trap and then you'd have three or four hours putting away fish and then take three or four hours more to go to a trap and then come back and perhaps spend three or four hours more and then go and haul again, see. Well that would, that'd take almost all of a day, all of a day and night almost fore you'd do it see. Because it take twelve hours in a motor boat to go three times, see. You wouldn't be able to put away much fish. But in a majority a cases we'd go in the morning and in the evening [afternoon] see.

Collector: Oh yes, twice a day.

Informant: Go in the morning and evening, see. Now we go about seven or eight mile, haul a cod trap, dip in about fifteen barrels a fish or eighteen barrels a fish and come back. Put that fish away then. We'd get aboard the motor boat, we'd go down and haul the trap again, perhaps we'd have twenty barrels, see. Well that would bring us up around 37 barrels a fish a day. We done that fer two and three weeks in a beat [row] see. That's how we used to get our fish. But we wouldn't, we wouldn't go, we go out jigging fish. The only few times we ever went jigging fish, well we jigged as much as 21 barrels fer five us, a day.

Collector: What!

Informant: Twenty-one barrels a fish, and put it away, twenty-one barrels of fish and put it away.

Informant's Wife: That's as hard as Arch Johns works now [sarcastic remark].

Collector: Yes, yes, there you are now.

Informant: Eh, well now, that would be in August month see. But that wouldn't be all the time. We never depended on the jigger and never went fer'n [never had much use] very much, but some fellers could jig a nice bit a fish see.

Collector: Twenty-one barrels!

Informant: Yeah, fifteen barrels and like that there.

Collector: Throw it up out of the boat, up on the deck of the schooner.

Informant: Eh?

Collector: Throw it up on the deck a the schooner.

Informant: Throw it upon the deck a the schooner, split it, and salt it.

Collector: And throw it down the hole, throw it down the hole.

Informant: Throw it down the hole a the schooner [where it was salted]. Oh five hands, you put away about forty-five barrels a fish a day.

Collector: Forty-five barrels.

Informant: Bring it in. Well the Belle Isle we wouldn't do so much as that, much over forty when we go there, bring it around the island, places like that der. That'd be a very good day's work if we had to go around de get about a thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, you know, and sometimes we'd have to have six men; on latter year we have six men. But under the land we, we, in around Raleigh and Cook's Harbour we went [put away] as much as forty-seven, forty-eight, and fifty, well about fifty barrels a, fifty quintals, about fifty quintals a day we'd split. That's Labrador quintals, see.

Collector: Yeah.

Informant: But a, barrels, about forty-five barrels so much as we could do, be any comfort at all, de have much done. Because the fish was [a] little bigger and we didn't have so far to go, see.

Collector: You said Labrador quintals. Is there any difference?

Informant: A Labrador quintal is what he'd ship, see. When, see now we have a tub that would, that would hold a Labrador quintal. He'd be about

twenty-two or twenty-three, twenty-three gallons a fish, see, fer the barrel. A pork barrel a fish will hold twenty-seven gallons, see.

Collector: A pork barrel. [This is used by inshore fishermen to refer to a 112 pound quintal.]

Informant: Yeah. But a, what we calls a Labrador quintal is about twenty-three barrels, twenty-three gallons and twenty-four, see. He's hardly so big see, because now if we had seventy-five barrels a fish or eighty barrels a fish that would, we would ship a hundred quintals a Labrador fish see, understand. Well, now we used to have our tubs, sometimes we'd have tubs what we call Labrador quintal. More times we split our pork barrels a fish, see. We saw off a salt tub and three of them would go two barrels. That would be 54 gallons, see. That'd be twice 27 is 54, see, twenty-seven gallons, see. Twice 27 is 54, see. That's how we used to fix it up out there.

Collector: When you bring up your fish up here, where did you used to ship it to then, ship it to?

Informant: Eh, we used to ship it to Windsor's [a merchant in Seatown], a good bit of it. Kind of make it here. We made as much as four hundred quintals here, we have ourselves, our part.

Informant's Wife: That's what turned me from the word 'fish.'

Informant: But sometimes we had fish lying over all the winter, see, and we make semi-dry fish out it in the spring. Bring it over and it it would be leave [left] in salt bulk all the winter, some of it. Anyway any year that we would be going around coasting [usually transporting a load of dry cod to St. John's for a Cod Harbour merchant and bringing back freight for merchants of Cod Harbour and other communities in the Bay], see, and we wouldn't [get] it all shipped off when we come back see, and perhaps [it would] be too late. Perhaps we make a trip to St. John's or go somewhere or another and be gone a couple or three weeks

and lose the best part of the fall before we get back to dry it. And we have probably have carry over so much, perhaps hundreds [of] quintals or something fer the spring, see.

Collector: Oh yes, yes.

Informant: And sometimes you'd do better on it in the spring. There was one year we did do remarkable better because in the fall 'twas only \$4.00 a quintal and in the spring 'twas eight.

Collector: Oh, that was wonderful, wasn't it.

Informant: Yeah, that was wonderful. Well, that was some years, but in all cases we would get more fer semi-dry in the spring than we would in the fall. Give back a little bit in the spring, you know, it wouldn't be hardly so much by keeping it all winter.

Collector: [You] used to fit out down the [to] Windsor's did ya?

Informant: Eh?

Collector: Used to fit out down the Windsor's in the spring?

Informant: We fit out from Windsor's most all the time. One year we did fit out. We went to St. John's with a load a seals in the spring a the year. Took our schooner, went down, left here in April month, went the St. John's with a load a seals fer Barbour's [a merchant]. Took freight, a goods from in St. John's and brought to Barbour's again, see. Well now we got a freight up and down, see. Well now, we went down a Tiffins and took in a load a seals down there and we carried that up [to St. John's] and we took in a load a freight and brought back fer Adey [a Seatown merchant]. Well now, the first day a June we came in Seatown with that after two trips, see. Well, then we, we went away and we got a load a fish then. Got a hundred and twenty or thirty quintals a fish a man then, after that. We went down the Belle Isle, we was a little late going down, nevertheless [we were]

just in time. We didn't do any work under the shore fishing, went on the Belle Isle. 'Twas, anybody, if I could start, when I knocked off, if I had the knowledge when I started that I had when I knocked off I thinks that I could have doubled the bet any time. Where I got one hundred [quintals] I could have got two.

The fishermen of Cod Harbour ceased to fish on the Labrador during the early 1950's when the market for Labrador cod--heavy salted, semi-dry fish--declined. Only two schooners went to the Labrador at that time.

Merchants

There is no documented account showing which merchants operated in Cod Harbour, but several oral reports maintain that a merchant by the name of Goodyear who was an agent for John Colbourne of Poole, England was the first. This business operated in Cod Harbour as early as 1832. (Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Records, 1832:27)

Throughout most of its history two resident merchants served the community, and because the dry cod fishery was the main economic base of the community, there evolved a unique relationship between fisherman and merchant, which lasted until the late 1950's.

From a merchant, a fisherman was able to obtain on credit essential fishing supplies such as rope, twine, grapnels, salt, gasoline, and oil skins as well as necessary food products for his family. Each crew had a specific dealer (merchant) from whom they bought their

goods and to whom they sold their fish. Each fisherman would also have a personal account with the same merchant. Domestic supplies, including food purchased during the summer, were charged to this account. Sometimes he would be able to pay in cash, but only if he had had a successful catch the previous year.

After the catch was shipped to the merchant in the fall, it was "squaring up time" when the fisherman settled up his account with the merchant. The crew or company account was settled first--this account was for fishing supplies--and then the profit was divided among the men. Each man then bought the essential food items for the winter--flour, sugar, butter, tea, molasses, salt beef, salt pork, and hard bread. Often a man had only enough money to buy his winter supplies. Other times there was a little money due him after the winter's food was bought. Sometimes he would not have caught enough fish to pay for his winter's food. When this happened the merchant would still let the fisherman have his food and charge it to his account with the hope the fisherman would be more successful the following year.

One merchant operated exclusively on a credit system. It was called a barter operation for there was only an exchange of goods between fisherman and merchant. The merchant gave food and supplies to the fishermen in return for fish. One informant told me that this merchant

used to take schooner loads of cod from fishermen and not give a cent for it; he would give only supplies. However, we must not overlook the fact that a merchant often ran the risk of big losses if he were supplying several fishing crews and there were several poor fishing seasons in succession.

With the almost virtual disappearance of the dry cod fishery in the late 1950's the old relationship between the fisherman and merchant disintegrated. This peculiar mercantile system did not adapt to changes in fishery technology. Of the two chief fish merchants, only one continues to operate, and at a much reduced capacity, without selling fishing supplies. The fisherman is no longer dependent on the merchant. He now sells his fresh fish at the fish plant and his salt bulk fish either to a "collector" or to a merchant at Seatown. In either case he receives cash for his catch. This puts him in a better bargaining position for he is now free to purchase his goods wherever he chooses and where he finds the most for his money.

Just as members of the community dispute when and by whom Cod Harbour was first settled, there is disagreement about the beginning of organized religion in the community. The next chapter examines organized religion in the community and the social life of its residents.

CHAPTER III

RELIGION AND SOCIAL LIFE

In the first part of this chapter I discuss the organization of formal religion in Cod Harbour; differences in the Methodist and Anglican denominations; the repressive effect which religion appeared to have on the folk culture; the function of religion in the rites of passage--birth, marriage and death--and how religion governed Sunday behaviour in the community.

Following this, I describe birth, courtship, marriage and death from the social viewpoint and show how all of these provided the occasion for community cohesion and that, in addition, birth and marriage also were occasions for celebration.

I then discuss the various calendar customs and other social events in the order which they occur throughout the year. These are included because some people tell stories about such social occasions; their description will shed light on the narratives.

The final section deals with visiting patterns and gossip in the community.

Religion

History

According to Surrogate D. Buchan, a church was being built at Cod Harbour in 1813. He wrote:

These are to certify that the frame of [Cod] Harbour church is clap boarded and covered in, and that a pulpit and some temporary seats are erected.

(Letter Books of the Colonial Secretary's Office, 1813-1814:32)

This church was called the meeting house and was not built by any particular religious denomination. One informant told me that:

It was a place to get together and pray, and service was held by different men of the community. A few years after the erection of the meeting house, the Anglican headquarters in St. John's sent out a young minister to consecrate it as an Anglican church.

Many of the old fellows saw this as an insult to their freedom and it marked the beginning of religious rivalry which still exists in the community.

The Anglicans were the first to have formally organized religion in the community. Today some Anglicans maintain that all the early settlers were Anglicans. Census figures show that out of a total population of 196 in 1835, 184 were Anglicans and 12 were Roman Catholics. The first record of a Methodist element was in 1857 showing 84 Methodists and 139 Anglicans. The peak population year 1891 saw 107 Anglicans, 329 Methodists, and 64 for the Salvation Army. From 1891 the number of Anglicans

declined while the Methodists remained relatively strong. Latest figures are for 1968: United Church (Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists joined to form the United Church of Canada in 1925) 158; Anglican 22; Salvation Army 111; and Pentecostal 2.

Although Methodism was organized in Cod Harbour in 1830, the statistics for 1835 do not indicate this. Widespread oral tradition, even among the Anglican members of the community, says that there were Wesleyans or Methodists in the early days of settlement. Nevertheless, lack of accurate statistics and the relatively late organization of the Methodists in the community are probably factors contributing to the idea that all early residents were of the Anglican faith.

Today the community has two churches: one United Church and the other Anglican. The United Church is located in the central area of the harbour and a small Anglican school which serves as an Anglican church is located in the western section where the few Anglican people reside. The Salvation Army residents attend their church which is located between Cod Harbour and Squid Cove, about one mile away from Cod Harbour.

It was during the 1830's that Methodism was officially organized at Cod Harbour. However, it was 1842 before the first resident Methodist missionary, the Reverend William Marshall, was stationed at Seatown, to

which circuit Cod Harbour belonged.

[Cod] Harbour had a resident Methodist minister from the early 1860's onward. (Mercer 1932:125) The Anglican clergyman has always been stationed at Seatown and held a church service once a month at Cod Harbour. Methodist class meetings were held in different homes. These meetings took the form of hymn and prayer services and there was a leader for each class. "In 1850 [Cod] Harbour had two Society classes that comprised of twenty-two people." (Mercer, 1932:125)

An Anglican was not "saved" or converted as was a Methodist or a Salvationist; he was confirmed. The Anglican religion did not prevent him from drinking, smoking, dancing, or playing cards. But for the other two religious groups, once the individual was converted he had to forego all of these activities for they were considered sinful. One informant told me that they were afraid to sing, especially outdoors because if a man sang it meant to most that he had been drinking.

Influences of Religion

Religion was of great significance to the people. One informant said:

The whole of life revolved around religion. That was the crux of their [the Methodists] existence . . . Sin was the theme of everything that was preached. Every sermon that was ever preached, every story that they were told was nothing only a list of "don'ts." Liquor was the curse of mankind.

Well, if you drank that stuff you were finished. You would change altogether, not be the same man at all.

The same informant told me that the Methodist religion in Cod Harbour kept the people under its control. Man was not allowed to think for himself. In Cod Harbour, religion was the people's guide line. Everything frivolous was frowned on and work was stressed. Idleness was a sin. Drinking, dancing, playing cards, and certain other games were frowned on and discouraged. Almost everything was sinful. Even singing anything but hymns was sinful. "So," he said, "years ago, the most we sung was hymns." He proceeded to sing a verse of one of the hymns they used to sing. Of course, some people did do things whether the church approved or not. I asked him if storytelling, that is people getting together and yarning, talking about old times was thought sinful. He said, "Yes, 'twas frowned on. But people drank, you know."

It was apparent from my research that the religious tradition curbed specific aspects of the folk culture, especially folk songs. Yoder found a similar phenomenon among the Pennsylvania Dutch, where Protestant revivalism functioned as a substitute for folk culture since it opposed the dominant trends in American culture. (Yoder, 1961:110) The "after service"--a prayer and hymn singing session after the regular Sunday evening church

service--was an outlet for the revivalist.

Men and women of all ages would remain behind and sing, pray, and testify. The minister would preach about the sins of the world and invite people to come to the altar and be "saved" or converted to the Christian life. People believed that conversion was an instant transformation and that it had to take place in public. Once converted an individual was absolved of all previous sins. At Cod Harbour the intensity of the Methodist revival element usually varied with each preacher, and the church members were expected to conform to each preacher's views. The Anglicans followed a standardized form of regular services set by the highest body in the church and did not have after services.

Religion has always functioned as a fundamental element in the rites of passage: birth, marriage, and death. This was especially true in the Methodist tradition about which I have the most information.

A family would engage the preacher to baptize a child either in the home or at the church, depending on whether they were steady church goers. People who attended church regularly were more likely to want their children baptized in church. If the family had not been to church for a long period of time they were likely to be reluctant to attend church for the baptism of their child and he would be baptized at home. Probably shyness

because of a lack of contact with the church and fear of what others would think and say would prevent them from going to church for the baptism. Today, however, although the church is still Methodistic in its teachings the clergy usually try to persuade parents to take their children to church for baptism.

Although preachers view baptism as a ceremony which brings the child into fellowship with the church, a large number of parents see it as giving the child a name. According to folk belief, if the child dies without a name it will not go to heaven. Hence, if an infant is sick, parents are very anxious that he should get a name as soon as possible. Also, there is the belief that it is unlucky to cut a child's toe nail or finger nail before it has a name. It is also considered to bring bad luck if it sees itself in the mirror before baptism. Some mothers claim that a child will not be cross or cranky after it has been named.

Although there has never been opposition to a Methodist marrying someone of another Protestant denomination, people are discouraged by community members from marrying someone of the Roman Catholic faith. I know of only one Protestant man of the community who married a Roman Catholic girl, and they later left the community to live in a Catholic area in order that their children could attend Roman Catholic schools. The little opposition

which exists against a United Church member marrying an Anglican is a result of old rivalries rather than from fear of a troubled marital union because one of the partners is Anglican.

The clergyman invariably performed the marriage ceremony and in the majority of cases it took place in the church. Only rarely did a marriage take place in the church vestry or parsonage. This was sometimes the case when the bride was conspicuously pregnant. It was a rather private affair, with the bride, groom, attendants, and clergy likely to be the only ones present. Whether the ceremony took place in church, the church vestry or parsonage, the community members sanctioned it and believed it to be sanctioned by God.

Finally, people turn to the church in times of death. Friends and relatives aim to see that the deceased has a decent funeral and burial. (A decent burial means that the body of the deceased is cleaned and well dressed; a nice and comfortable looking casket, a "nice" church service; and a grave that is dry and large enough for the casket.) Someone usually gives the preacher the most important biographical information about the departed one for the family will want to hear the preacher tell all the good things at the funeral service. On one occasion the preacher did not have this information and could not say much about the old gentleman who had died. There was

gossip afterwards and the relatives of the deceased became angry with the preacher and avoided meeting him for a long time.

Another custom is for the best loved hymn of the departed to be sung either at the church or in the cemetery during the funeral. At one funeral I saw the mourners singing the final hymn in the cemetery when a relative made his way through the crowd and informed a member of the family the hymn which the deceased liked most. The preacher was informed and immediately the singing stopped; the new hymn was announced and everyone began to sing it. It is in such situations that religion is vital to the people involved and is more than a means of accomodation.

Sunday was primarily a day of rest, visiting other people, and attending church. No matter what their religious faith people were expected to attend church, either at the eleven o'clock service in the morning or at the evening service at seven o'clock. There was Sunday School in the afternoon for children. The older children (age 12 onward) were also expected to attend church once or twice a Sunday as well as Sunday School.

In the Methodist church every family had its own seat for which it paid a yearly "pew rent" of \$2.00. Everyone was expected and made an effort to sit in his own seat, not only at the Sunday services but at other church functions as well such as marriages and funerals.

An exception was if they were not mourners but "owned" a seat in the first five or six rows, they would vacate it during funeral services as this was where the mourners and pall bearers sat.

Until the mid-1960's it was the responsibility of each member family to take a turn at lighting the church fire for at least one Sunday per year. Some member of the family would supply the fuel (wood and coal), light both morning and evening fires and keep the fire burning during the services. He was also required to light the kerosene lamps when they were necessary. Today the church is heated by an oil furnace and lighted by electricity.

Sunday dinner was usually prepared on Saturday nights: the vegetables were peeled and the meat was cooked. The vegetables were cooked on Sunday and the meat was heated. Most menfolk would have their hair cut on Saturdays and would be sure to shave on Saturday night for it was considered a sin to shave on the Sabbath. Men and boys also saw to it that their Sunday shoes were polished on Saturday. People had certain dresses, gloves, coats, hats, suits, and shoes which were worn only on Sundays and special occasions such as weddings and funerals. This was called their "best clothes."

Enough wood, water, and kindling to last until Monday were stored in the house on Saturday. It was considered sinful for boys to whittle, to use an axe, roam in

the woods picking berries, fish, or set rabbit snares on Sundays.

For breakfast on Sunday most families would have fish and brewis¹ and for dinner they would have meat and vegetables. The menu for supper (the evening meal) varied. Sometimes it would include cold meat left over from dinner or roasted fish. Dessert would be tinned or bottled fruit and cakes.

The church as a social centre will be examined later in the chapter.

I turn now to the social life of the community.

Social Life

Birth

There appear to be three principal reasons why families of the community welcomed the birth of children: economic, to prove one's masculinity or femininity and to continue the surname group. Of course, these factors are not peculiar to Cod Harbour. We will now look at these reasons in some detail.

A fisherman was very anxious to have sons so that he would have his own fishing crew. And not only did he

¹Fish and brewis is a meal consisting of fresh or salt cod and hard bread, sometimes accompanied by potatoes. It is covered with salt pork fat and served with coffee.

want someone to help haul a cod trap and process fish, but also to help grow vegetables, make hay, and cut firewood. With this in mind, men would aim to have three or four sons. Some were unsuccessful and had three or four daughters and in two cases where this happened neither man ever had his own cod trap. Men especially desire children that they may prove to the community that they are "men." Remarks such as "You're no good, boy," and "You wants someone to show you," to men who have not fathered children are not uncommon and most men do not want to be in such a position as to be possible targets for these comments. Some families want children, especially sons, so that the family name will continue. Moreover, they want an heir for their property.

Lack of knowledge about birth control is the prime reason why people have more children than they desire, or can economically provide for. Until the advent of the "pill" in the 1960's, it was almost impossible to obtain any type of contraceptive in the community.

Until the late 1940's most children were born in the home. Such comments as "She [the mother] worked on the flake spreading fish in the morning, went home and had the youngster, and was on the flake again in the evening," portray the women to be strong. Most women did most of their usual work right up until the "pains began."

The community had a couple of midwives. The

following is part of a conversation between the collector and an informant about one of the midwives:

Collector: Emily Jane Bussey . . . used to born youngsters.

Informant: Eh?

Collector: Emily Jane Bussey, midwife?

Informant: Oh my blessed fathers, yes. We knowed something [nothing] about it too, then. When she come up, when Albert [informant's brother] was born--he's the youngest--and we fellers was making a bit a noise and she come with her stick [illustrates by knocking on table]. [She said,] "My son, now all right. I'm going in over Church Hill now to get another little, get a baby now, over Church Hill. There's one more stump in over Church Hill and that's it." That was when Albert was born, that was the last one, you know. So she said, "I'm going in now and you fellers be quiet." And that's all we, we, that's what we knew and that's what we, well, that was it. She was going in over Church Hill in this old stump to get a, this baby. And we didn't know any better. And we was big boys so by and by we had to get out [of the house], clear out, you know. And by and by this baby come along. And she with this stick. "I rules," she said, "with this stick." Brother, and be frightened the death, scrabble [run] fer our lives. "I rules with this stick. Going in over Church Hill now, this last, last old stump is in there now." [She] never lost a case, not one in her life. Never lost a child and never lost a mother. [She] born everyone was borned around here. Uncle Herb's family--I suppose there was seven or eight, Uncle Allen with nine, and there was six of us--six boys. All had big families--Martins and all these [had big families]. Norm Martin had a big family and Roy Martin and they all had, people had big families--six and seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve. And she [midwife] did all that, boy. Walk up [from her house] on foot too. Plough through the snow up to ya neck. Blow high or blow

low, you go, that was it. She had to rig out if 'twas one a'clock, two a'clock, three a'clock--get up and go. They [midwives] got there and they done it. They had no roads ploughed then, still they got there and did their job and did their work. No doctors and no nurses. So, three parts is going on the day, I don't know what it is. I don't understand whether, whether the scripture is right in what it says, well, "the weaker and wiser." Weaker, I suppose. The women the day, must be something.

Another informant told me that Emily Jane would stay in the house where the child was born for three days and do all the house work and cook the meals. For her services she charged a dollar a day. Another midwife used to stay for five days and charge five dollars.

Not all children were born at home. Men managed to get their wives to Seatown hospital by boat in summer and fall or over the ice by horse and sleigh in winter if the weather was not rough. Sometimes women would go to Seatown for several days in advance of the expected birth and board at some hotel or boarding house, entering the hospital when the birth was imminent. Highroads in the 1950's made it easier to get to the hospital. And since 1960 a doctor has been stationed only seven miles by road from Cod Harbour. However, there are people today who would rather get the services of a midwife than a doctor.

A birth was a big event for that part of the community. Friends and relatives dropped in to see the newborn child and offer help around the house. Women especially, wondered who the child looked like and

discussed the various names suggested for the child. In most instances the child was named after the parents, grandparents, or an uncle or aunt.

Courtship and Marriage

The various social events such as the "times," bonfires, and mummering discussed later provided the situations where young people mixed socially with members of the opposite sex. While this was not always the situation where boy-girl relationships were begun, it often did happen. Most wives who were not natives of Cod Harbour were from nearby communities and it was at "times" and concerts either at Cod Harbour or in their hometowns that many of them first met their future husbands. Males journeyed to nearby communities by foot or boat in summer and on horse in the winter.

Courting normally began around age 15 or 16. A fellow was said to "go out with" a girl. The courting was kept as secret as possible from adults. After they were about 20 years of age they did not mind their relationship being generally known about.

When speaking of courting I do not mean that those males under 20 actually escorted girls to social events. It was more likely that each went there separately, but that the young man escorted the girl home after the event had concluded. When there was no particular social event

taking place, young people who were "going together" would most likely go walking back and forth the main road or wharves with members of their own sex, meeting their friend of the opposite sex enroute. Sometimes they would meet and pass in the road a number of times before those who had an interest in each other separated from the groups and walked along in pairs. In some instances this road walking provided situations where young people began going together. Unless a couple had been going together for a long time they would not sit together in church. But after the Sunday evening church service, they would walk "in the road."

Since nobody had cars, couples usually walked the road for a short period of time before stopping somewhere for a while. Sometimes they went out in the boat. Once the relationship was known to the parents, many young men would escort his girl into her house and probably stay there for varying lengths of time, even after her parents had retired to bed.

Usually a couple would not go together (the term "going steady" was not used) for very long before they would engage in sexual relations. Other fellows would want to know what a girl was like, if she was a "good piece of stuff" (easily seduced). Fellows used to brag to their buddies of their conquest of certain girls. Even if they had not been successful in having sexual relations,

they would fabricate a story to prove they were as good as the next fellow. Among the fellows there was much competition to get out with girls in each section of the community and in nearby communities. It was common to see one fellow out with a girl on one night and another fellow out with her a few nights later.

After a couple were going together for several months the community expected them to get married and so premarital sexual relations were expected and taken for granted. Men's bragging about sex is partial evidence that it is sanctioned by the community. Adultery, on the other hand, was not condoned by the community.

There were several locations where sexual relations were commonly had by the unmarried. They included: in the barn, berry picking areas, vacant houses, boats which were hauled up on shore for the winter, and in the fish store. When the male accompanied the female into her house at the end of a date, it frequently took place there. In fact, a girl often lived with her husband-to-be before their marriage was solemnized.

Love or even compatibility were not important criteria for marriage. Unless he had already married, a fellow who had reached his mid or late twenties was expected to get a wife for himself, and that is what he usually did. The main criteria governing mate selection by that male was that the girl pleased his parents and

close kin folk. For the girls the fellow should be a good worker and a nice man, (polite, and a church goer). Her parents were pleased when she was courted by the son of a "good family," one that was respected by the community. Some of the sons of successful fishermen, especially those who fished on the Labrador, were considered to be "good catches." A girl should be clean and a good housekeeper.

In a few instances a fellow courted a girl for three or four years, but normally the courtship period lasted no longer than a year or two. Two factors, in the majority of cases, determined when a couple would marry: a successful fishery and the girl's pregnancy. If they had been going together for some time and the fishery was good, then they may be married. A poor fishery was often the reason to postpone a marriage until a later date. If a girl became pregnant, the couple would usually marry whether or not they would have otherwise done so. Even the marriage of an ill-matched couple was seen by the community as being more favourable than an illegitimate child.

Marriage was not limited to any particular time of the year although fall and winter appeared to be the most favored periods, because men were working hard at the fishery in the spring and summer. If there was an engagement it was usually not for a long period of time, probably 4-6 months. When there was no engagement

usually the first person to learn of the impending marriage would be the person who was asked to write out or type the invitations. These invitations were distributed by hand, without having gone through the post office. Some invitations would be verbal.

As we have already noted, most marriages took place in the body of the church. It was by the groom that receptions or weddings were sponsored. The term wedding usually referred to both the marriage and reception. While the invitation invariably stated that the wedding would be held at a certain church at a certain time, it was to the reception that the people felt honored to be invited since everybody could, invited or not, attend the actual marriage ceremony at the church.

A marriage in any part of the community usually resulted in almost everyone, if not everyone, from the whole community being invited. This included children of all ages as well as adults.

On their wedding day, the couple would endeavour not to see one another until the marriage ceremony. As the bride and groom left the church someone would ring the church bell and other men near the church would fire off guns, loaded with powder. Around the harbour other men would fire guns too, as soon as they heard the church bell.

There was no catering service; friends and

relatives were asked to bake a pie, cookies, or cake while the groom (not the bride's parents) provided the main course for the wedding--usually meat and salad. Male friends would put on a keg of beer and would make sure it was brewed off in time for the wedding day. There was no hard liquor obtainable in the area, the nearest liquor store being 275 miles away. There were others set up closer to the community during the 1950's.

The reception was sometimes held in the Orange (L.O.A.) Hall, but in the majority of cases it was held in the groom's own house (if he had already built one), or that of his parents. It usually lasted from early evening until early morning of the following day. The guests were not confined to any particular room of the house, but occupied kitchen, bedrooms, parlour, halls, and any other room they could find which was large enough to hold a few people.

The groom usually joined up with his buddies and had a few drinks. Occasionally someone would play an accordion or mouth organ and others would step dance. The bride usually sat with her attendants and close friends near the table on which the gifts were displayed. The presents were given to the bride at the wedding reception.

People tell stories about the various social occasions. Luther who was a guest at one wedding, told

me the following story:

I was to Gordon White's wedding. And Gordon got, I got loaded. I went over there and . . . went in the Eric Job's and Eric said to me, "Me and you go in the Phil Noel's now." Sometimes I used to go in the Eric's.

Went into Phil Noel's. Vincent was home and Jim and Phil.

And Phil and they got the cards out now and plenty a beer. All you mind to drink. And I got well, well lit. Loaded, we'll say. And I got on the floor putting it right down [dancing]. Boy, we had a wonderful night.

And now then, I don't know what happened to Eric, Eric Job, but I left to come out. And when I got down on Brook Cove Hill they calls it, there agin Victor Pike's, there was three or four, two or three fellows there from a schooner in the harbour. And wanted 'em to come to the wedding. No, they couldn't come, wouldn't asked. No, that didn't make no difference. I said, "I'm asked and you fellers is asked, you know." And I went on. I didn't know who they was. And I took 'em down to Gordon's wedding. Went in and they was having a wonderful night and I got loaded, see Larry.

And they had me down the Phil's house, put me on the couch. I went off the sleep. And I woke sometime in the night and took off fer home, you know, sometime late in the night. All hands gone now. Come on around shore [to his part of the harbour]. (MUNFLA C842)

Death

Death is a social event which usually involves the three sections of the community. The age at which one dies and the cause of the death govern, to a large degree, the community's feelings at the time. For example, if a man is old and has been sick for a long time, the community views it somewhat as a blessing. But if the man is young or middle-aged and dies suddenly from either an accident or natural causes, the community is deeply

grief-stricken. If he leaves dependents, especially young children, the impact of his death is even greater.

In any event, death is generally a unifying factor. When a man dies, relatives, friends, and neighbours will come to the house of the deceased. It is usually relatives--not close relatives--and close friends who come to the house and decide with the family on the funeral arrangements, i.e., selecting the pall bearers and grave diggers, getting the casket, notifying relatives who are "away" and deciding when the funeral will take place.

Usually the funeral is held on the third day after death. Window shades or blinds are pulled down in the house of the deceased, his relatives, and his neighbours shortly after death. On the day of the funeral people who live on the road travelled by the funeral procession likewise lower their blinds as a sign of respect.

The immediate relatives and close kin of the deceased are in a deep state of mourning and have little to do with funeral arrangements. Friends and neighbours help to clean and dress the body and lay it out in the parlor. Throughout the period after death and before the funeral friends and relatives from the community and nearby communities drop in to view the body and pay their respects to the next of kin. Some people spend much time at the deceased's house helping to get wood and water and

to cook the meals for the family.

Each night before the funeral friends come to the house and stay up all night. Two or three spend the night in the kitchen, and keep the kitchen fire going. It is in this situation that they reminisce and yarn about the deceased. Generally they take turns at napping. One man is in charge of the funeral--there are no professional undertakers or funeral parlors--and he sees to it that different volunteers stay up each night. The immediate family of the deceased never stay up all night but retire to bed fairly early as they are likely to be exhausted, particularly if the deceased had been ill at home for a lengthy period. Also, friends like to make this period as easy for the relatives to endure as is possible under the circumstances. Sometimes the next of kin are invited to sleep at others' houses each night until after the funeral. And they are often invited out for meals during the same period. In some instances after the funeral, especially if a husband had died, leaving a wife and young children, a woman will come and sleep in the house with the mourning family for a few nights.

The next section discusses the social events throughout the year in chronological order.

Calendar Customs and
Organized Social
Events

The Loyal Orange Association (L.O.A.), established in the community in the 1870's, was the only society which embraced the whole community for all males, eighteen years of age and older, were eligible for membership. The Loyal Orange Benevolent Association (L.O.B.A.) was an organization for women.

Members of the L.O.A. and L.O.B.A. used to have "times" or socials, consisting of hot suppers (meat and vegetables) once or twice a year. In early March the Orangemen would "walk" or parade to the church--to the Salvation Army and Methodist churches on alternate years--for a service after which there was a supper or a play at night. It has been suggested that the Orangemen's Parade is held in March instead of the more typical July date because fishermen are busy during the summer. When parading the Orangemen usually wore a suit, an overcoat and a sash which indicated their rank in the association. There were no bands playing, nor any singing while the men paraded to and from the church.

People from nearby communities who had no Orange Association in their own community, could become members of the Cod Harbour Lodge and would take part in the times and the parade. This parade was a big event for each spring people spent days preparing for it. Travel to the

parade was by horse and sleigh for there was still snow on the ground, and many looked forward to this time of year because it provided a situation whereby people could get together and socialize after the long winter months. In many instances, outsiders would arrive in the community in the morning and would spend the day talking, eating, and drinking with relatives or friends and at night would attend the supper and the play in which some Orangemen took part.

Another annual event was the day school picnic. On the closing day of school, the pupils (age 7-19) and their teachers, the only adults present, went on a picnic. Sometimes they would hire a boat to take them to a nearby cove or beach. There they would spend the day eating, playing games, and racing.

The Methodist Sunday School also sponsored a picnic each year.

The newspaper, the Twillingate Sun, gives the following report of a Sunday School picnic in 1880. They refer to it as the Sabbath School Festival.

There were 130 children present. At two o'clock the scholars, including those of [Eastern Head] met at the church, then proceeded to [Cross] Cove. The walk was enlivened with songs and the hearty hurrahs of the boys given in response to the salutes received by the way. (Twillingate Sun, 1880)

Afterwards there was a public meeting at the church where three ministers gave a speech and the main business man in the harbour, Jack Gosse, distributed the prizes. During

this picnic the Sunday school pupils (ages 5-20) marched around the harbour by road, carrying the Union Jack (the British flag). As they approached each telephone pole on the route they sang out "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" This picnic used to be held in a particular hay garden and consisted of games, races, and lunch.

Pupils of approximately the same age group took part in the races. For example, there would be a race for those aged nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years of age. Prizes, consisting usually of such items as scribblers, pencils, rulers, combs, or handkerchiefs, were given to the winners of the various races. People also tried their luck at grabs during the picnic. A bamboo fishing pole with a line attached was used to raise a grab (a small article worth five or ten cents) from a small enclosed area of the garden. Someone inside the area would tie the grab on a string. Luther told me the following incident which occurred at a Sunday School picnic, when he was about twenty-five years old:

I can remember having Rose one time out in the ring [singing game] up in a picnic up here. And when I went to catch her she wouldn't let me catch her. She wouldn't let me catch her and I muzzled in to her. The two of us fell down in the middle of the garden, out in the middle of the ring, you know. All the crowd roaring laughing, you know. She feeled embarassed you know. (MUNFLA C843)

Referring to the Songs "King William Was King George's Son" and "Sailing in the Boat," one of my

informants said, "they was the most important songs [singing games] then when I was growing up [in the late 1920's and 1930's]." According to him these play party type songs were associated with the Sunday School picnic. Illustrating the magnitude of this event the same informant told me about a fellow who was out on the fishing ground with his father and some other men. On the day of the picnic they had to bring him ashore so that he could attend. It would appear that a decline in Sunday School attendance and the lowering of the age group which attended was the cause for the importance put on the annual garden party; since it was considered more for adults and those in their late teens than for the younger children.

The church also held an annual Garden Party, in July or August, and it was sponsored by the women of the church and it was they who made most of the preparations. The scene was a large garden in which tables were erected and supper served. Adults were charged fifty cents and children twenty-five cents for the meal. The proceeds went to the church. After the supper various games were played by the older fellows and girls. People even came from as far away as Seatown (six miles by boat) to this event which began in the mid-afternoon and often continued until the early morning of the following day. Children went home early while young men and women spent the night

courting. During the late 1940's and throughout the 1950's, the garden party replaced the picnic as the big event of the summer and at this event play party songs were more prevalent.

Toward the end of October, school children of both sexes prepared for Hallowe'en. This was not a big affair and only children from 7-12 and those in their early teens participated. Each child would have his face covered, usually with a piece of old cloth and there were two principal types of lanterns which the children carried by hand. One kind was a small cardboard box, with eyes, nose, and mouth cut in one side for a face. This was covered with colored crepe paper. Inside a small lighted candle would illuminate the face of the box in the darkness. The second type of lantern was a scooped out turnip which also had a cut out face and candle.

Probably because of the age groups involved, the children covered only limited areas on Hallowe'en; they visited only a few houses in their immediate neighbourhood. The general pattern of behaviour was to knock on a door and to say "Trick or treat!" in a disguised voice. Apples, candy, and cake were the usual rewards for such a venture. None of the older people use the term "trick or treat." According to Halpert, the term "trick or treat" was introduced from the United States when the Americans built armed forces bases in Newfoundland in the

late 1930's and the 1940's.

Bonfire night was celebrated on November 5th and attracted persons of both sexes from children of early school age to adults in their early thirties. Some parents also,visited bonfire sites with their young children. Each of the three sections of the community would have its own bonfire during the early part of the evening, and in the majority of cases it included people of school age which often extended into the late teens. The older age groups which included those in their twenties and thirties, would have a fire in some central area of the community at around midnight. This midnight fire generally involved people from all three sections of the harbour. Often this fire would come as a surprise to community residents as information concerning it was very much a secret among the older and more daring males.

Preparations for bonfire night began around mid-October. School students cut boughs from spruce and fir trees and hid them away from the others. Too, there was stealing by older fellows of wooden boxes, barrels, blubber barrels (large barrels in which fishermen put cod-fish liver where it rendered into cod liver oil), puncheons, and even an old punt or motor boat. Sometimes they obtained tar barrels and puncheons from the merchants' rooms.

Most fellows appeared to get pleasure in stealing

from people whom they knew would be very upset by such behaviour. Nevertheless, most people accepted stealing and tricks, such as hiding away a fisherman's punt, during the bonfire season although such practices were not condoned at other times. Luther told me this story:

One night me and Hayward, one moonlight night me and Hayward went up the harbour and we went in agin Norm Gosse's. There was two barrels there. We got two of 'em and got out on the road. Hayward got clear with his and I got caught with mine, the minister's wife caught me going in. She was coming in the road. [Collector: Where did you steal the barrels from?]

Norm Gosse. She [minister's wife] made me carry the barrel back again, put 'n down agin the door where I got 'n. And Hayward heard me, you know. He was out in the road stowed away with his now.

Hayward jumped over the fence, out in Ed Wiseman's [garden] and when I put the barrel down, he was peeping at me through the fence, coming in through the garden. And I went on out, she come on out through the gate with me again and she shut the gate. When she shut the gate, Hayward jumped over the fence inside, inside me and took the barrel, come on out. By the time I got out, he had 'n put where his barrel was to.

We took them two barrels and we brought 'em down and we put 'em in Doug's store down there--up overhead in the store. And just before bon fire night now we sawed holes into 'em say. Holes to put, put a pole through. [Collector: For what, carrying 'em?]

For luggin, for carrying 'em, see. And we'd set a barrel afire and take 'n on our stick. Between us, you know, take 'n on our back, on the end the stick. Put the stick through the barrel and two of us carry 'n, see. Go on up around shore [around the harbour], with 'n, all flame going everywhere, see boy. (MUNFLA C 840)

Until approximately twenty years ago the Trustee Board of the United Church used to have a turr (salt water bird) supper each November. Since this board was

composed of men it was they who "put off" the supper. They did the cooking--each man dressed in a cook's uniform--and the serving.

The Ladies' Aid (now the United Church Women) of the United Church held either soup or bean suppers two or three times in the fall. To these would come people from nearby communities, as well as from Cod Harbour. Within the past few years this group has also produced plays for which they often solicit men of the community to play male roles. People of all ages from Cod Harbour and nearby communities would attend both the men's and women's suppers. A meal cost from 50-75 cents and the profit went to the church. Probably one of the reasons why so many people patronized these suppers was because they were for a "worthy cause."

Each Christmas both the Anglican and United Church schools held their Christmas concert, on separate nights, in the Orange Hall. Men, women, and children from both the community and nearby settlements made a special effort to attend. An admission fee of twenty-five cents for children and fifty cents for adults was paid at the door. It was during the Christmas concert that students who had passed a high school grade the previous year received their diploma and for them it was a big night indeed. The pupils took part in the concert which was comprised of recitations, carol singing, and dialogues.

Santa Claus arrived at the end of the concert and distributed gifts to the boys and girls. Cake, syrup, and ice cream were available for those who wanted to buy it. Proceeds from this event were usually spent on fuel for the school.

An informant gives the following account of his attendance at one concert:

Went in on Easterd Neck one night, see boy, me and Rex did. We was well lit [quite drunk] that night. Went in there and they was having a concert and we was all [covered with] snow, see boy, falling down, see boy, going in. Never started [unbuttoned] our overcoat or nothing at all, went on in the porch and they was singing out something. We knew what they was singing. And me and Rex never stopped at all 'til we got right up on the Barracks' [Salvation Army Barracks] platform and stood up, one of us on one side of the Officer and the other feller on the other. And the old feller putting it right out of 'n and he laughing to kill hisself. And hove it right out of us and we never left the platform no more fer the night, 'fore we come home. Up there all night and get our ice-cream, boy. Every now and then we sing out, "Bring it up to us, give it to us," and everything. We had the wonderful night. We knew the officer, you know. But he was some glad, boy. We, me and Rex used to lean right back on her [sing loudly] when we was singing, you know. This whatever they was singing, we knew it you know. (MUNFLA, C842)

Probably no other seasonal activity produced as much social joviality in the community as did mummering. It took place throughout the twelve days of Christmas (December 26--January 6). It included persons of both sexes, ranging in age from those six or seven years of age to those in their forties. However, the majority were in their late teens, twenties and thirties.

Dress was of a multifarious nature.² The face was often covered with a piece of old cloth with holes cut in the form of eyes to enable the mummer to see. A nylon stocking pulled over the head was used too. In later years a rubber mask purchased from local stores made its appearance on mummers. Usually the remainder of the body was covered with old clothing of a larger size than was necessary. Often the clothing had been in storage for a number of years and so was unfamiliar at the time or they may have borrowed clothing from some larger individual.

Luther reported that in his father's time (early 1900's) some people used to wrap a boat sail around them and go mummering. Skin from a cow killed in the fall was also worn, especially skin from the cow's head which was put on over the mummer's head. He also said that in his father's time people wore birch rind (made from birch bark) hats and carried hobby horses with them. He related the following:

I heard my mother say when, she could remember when she was only young they [mummers] used to come in the house with them [hobby horses] and she'd scravel [rush] in behind her father on the day bed, on the couch somewhere, sheeve away.

²For a detailed discussion of mummering disguises, see J. D. A. Widdowson and Herbert Halpert, "The Disguises of Newfoundland Mummers," in Herbert Halpert and G. M. Story (eds.) Christmas Mumming in Newfoundland, pp. 147-164.

Mummers would travel from house to house within the community and occasionally visit nearby communities. They would disguise their body and face. Men would sometimes dress and act like women (e.g., they would keep their legs together when seated) and vice versa as one means of concealing their identity. They would ask admittance to a house by speaking in a "roach" (deep ingressive voice) voice and saying, "Let the mummers in?" They would continue to disguise their voices when they had entered. They usually kept their hands covered since some people could recognize their hands or the rings which they wore. The children aged 7-12 would mummer from about seven to ten o'clock. Older mummers would begin arriving at doors at between nine and ten o'clock and continue until midnight and beyond.

The younger mummers usually carried a split (a small piece of wood used as kindling) which was used to knock on doors and to ward off would-be tormentors. Mummers did not like to be touched by their hosts. Some people liked to feel the mummer's hair to see if the mummer was male or female as this would provide a clue as to his identity. Of course, such action would be useless today (1971) when anyone may be wearing his hair long or short.

Some older mummers often carried musical instruments and after entering a house would play jigs for

others to dance. Often the people who lived in the house would join in the dancing--especially for a "swing." (Two members, usually of the opposite sex, would face each other and holding each other closely, would quickly turn round and round together.)

Inside a house the mummers were often given food, e.g., cake and syrup. Older males were sometimes offered home brew beer. Throughout the visit residents of the household would spend much of the time guessing who the mummers were. If the right name was mentioned a mummer generally uncovered his face. He was often relieved when guessed for in the kitchen where they were entertained he was likely to be very warm having so much clothes on. Sometimes the mummers would "take up" (uncover) their faces without having been named if enough coaxing came from the members of the household.

Sometimes a household would host more than one group of mummers at the same time. They would not have arrived at the same time, but households who let in one group of mummers would usually not mind letting in all who visited.

However, some householders did not want a group of mummers to be too large. This may have been because their kitchen was small or because a too large crowd might waken or frighten the children. One narrator disclosed a technique used by several mummers of the same group to

enter a house at the same time.

One time we went up to Norm Martin's--twenty-one of us. What happened see, how we got in was only two or three went to the door but the rest [of the mummers] was all stowed away behind the house. Now when they said, "Yes, come in," we all come out round the house and went on in the house. Filled the kitchen, see boy. Winston, or Lawrence, one of them asked 'n "Who are they Father? You know 'em Father?" he said. He [the father] said, "No, if the Lord don't know 'em no better than I do, the devil have the damn lot." (MUNFLA, C840)

Towards the end of the mummering season a certain group of men and women in their late twenties, thirties, and even forties came from a community ten miles away to visit two or three specific houses on the eastern side of the harbour. They used to be equipped with musical instruments and were good step dancers. In each of the houses, after having a few drinks, and some food, they would play, sing, and dance. After a while they would uncover their faces--especially at the last house visited since the wife of the head of the household was a former resident of their community. These mummers, as well as other older mummers, were called the "big ones." The younger mummers were treated as children.

Today the house visit is the principal feature associated with mummering. However, I have collected information showing that a form of the mummers' play was in vogue in the 1920's and 1930's. One informant related the following:

We, you know, go off then, we'd have a sort a, of the [to] South Harbour, the group, five or six of us, six or seven. Rig out the dogs and horses, get on the way to go the South Harbour now. Go around, have some kind of a program. Rigged out like a, well, there'd be a doctor, a nurse, a dentist among the crowd. You go in [the house] and somebody among the bunch, a mummer, would take the tooth ache. Well, call the dentist, see. Get this tooth pulled. And we'd carry a big old tooth. We'd get some old cow's tooth, come out you know, cow's tooth and 'em in your pocket. And go around get the dentist to come and haul the tooth see. Dentist have a old pair pinchers. Get hold and haul ya tooth. That was the fun we used to have then boy.

Similar programs involved a doctor operating on a sick person and a minister marrying two mummers who were dressed like a bride and groom. This may be related to the older mummers' play, but it has also been suggested by Herbert Halpert that it may be related to the dialogues acted during the Christmas concert.

Mumming was viewed by the community as an opportunity to have a "wonderful time."³ From several oral reports it appears that mumming provided the occasion to have a good time which otherwise they might not have. As Luther said:

Probably we'd be half drunk and we'd go to South Harbour [three miles distant] . . . we just want to get down there for a bit a fun, that's all. We didn't trouble [mind] if they knowed us or [if] they didn't you know.

Mumming provided the excuse or situation to behave in a

³For a discussion of the functions of the mumming complex, see Herbert Halpert and G. M. Story (eds.) Christmas Mumming in Newfoundland.

manner which would not be so openly condoned at other times, e.g., excessive drinking or "feeling up" a girl (feeling parts of her body which one would not do otherwise unless one was courting her).

I asked one of my narrators what he did at Christmas besides mummer. Here is a taped account of that conversation:

Narrator: Well, boy, there was a big lot more. There was just going around from house to house playing cards and having a drink of beer.

Collector: Plenty of beer Luther?

Narrator: Plenty a beer. Home brew in them times, see, all home brew.

Collector: [I] suppose everybody brewed.

Narrator: Everybody would have beer on for Christmas. Everybody had to have beer for Christmas. And every house you go in you'd get whatever you wanted to drink [quantity of beer].

Then he related the following story:

One time, this was, not too long ago, since Allan was, 'fore Allan was married. Since, when he was living in Andrew's house, you know. Up there in the evening and Allan had a barrel a beer on.

[Collector: Barrel.] Barrel, right agin the end [of] the day bed. [Collector: Up the Andrew's]

Up the Andrew's house say. Only his mother living there then say, I don't know if Ida [his sister] was living there or not. Ida was gone anyway.

Anyway, up there in the day, had some in the day and they figured I be back again in the night you know.

So, I went up there, left home, after home and had me supper, come over and went up there again. Not a soul to be seen on the road [enroute] nowhere. I went on up, opened the door and went in. Now, when I went in the only place was left in the house

was right there on the end a the daybed we'll say. They done that a purpose, see.

There was, Malcolm was there, there was, Wilf was there then I think, not sure, think he was. And there was Clar, Albert, and Arch. Oh, there was a crowd a fellers there you know, in the house. And they heard me coming see and this is what they done. All hands took a chair, there was no room for me only there, agin this barrel see. They knew what I was going to do. They had little small tin hung up on the barrel, hanging down the barrel. O. K., sitting down fer five minutes, give me a glass, all hands had a glass. Now I used to drink a bit fast or something another, couldn't wait for another one.

By and by I gets feeling pretty good so me arm lodged on the shim a the barrel, you know, and when they were talking away I decided to dip me glass down in the barrel and drink away. [Narrator laughs] They was all killing their selves laughing, you. And I'd dip 'n down, drink away, another one. Fun we used to have that night then boy. We do it purpose you know. This was the fun of it, you know. (MUNFLA, C840)

Immediately following the story we continued:

Collector: What did you used to go around to each others houses?

Narrator: Oh, yes, go around from house to house. They still do that a lot of 'em around here. But not too many nights; two or three nights [during Christmas] you know. For a while there [in winter] we be up here [in Collector's house], say the night [tonight], up here for the night we'll say. Perhaps mor [tomorrow] night now we [would] be up to Jack's--up Jack's 'fore he got married you know. And then another night somewhere else. Nearly always we [would] be here [at Collector's] sometime in the night. Nearly always be here, perhaps fer a starter [first few drinks], you know. Come here. Bern and Malcolm [former occupants, now deceased] used to get [have] a few, you know. Brave enough to go anywhere then.

Mumming must be viewed as a special form of visiting. In the following pages I discuss other types of visiting in the community and their functions.

Visiting Patterns

Most visiting within the community takes place after the evening meal between seven and eight o'clock. This gives the woman in the house being visited time enough to tidy up the kitchen and clean the supper dishes. Supper, the evening meal, is usually eaten between five and six o'clock. It is usually without any form of invitation although sometimes informal invitations are issued, especially at Christmas. Neither do those who visit usually notify their hosts that they plan to visit.

Visiting within the community might be arbitrarily classified as a form of entertainment, although all visiting does not fall into this category. Among the principal factors which govern visiting in Cod Harbour are: kinship, physical proximity, sociability, drink, and tradition (a person's family had visited there for a long time). Now let us examine these factors. One of the most important elements determining where one pays a visit is kinship. In the eastern section of the harbour there is an area locally known as the Sligo Shore. Here we find fifteen families of the same surname (Long) who are all related. Visiting tends to be most frequent among those kin folk who are closely related. For example, brothers and their wives tend to visit other brothers or sisters and their parents more often than they do uncles, aunts, or cousins. Uncles, aunts, and first and second

cousins tend to be visited more frequently than others except those already mentioned.

There is very little visiting among the three different areas of the harbour. However, in two cases we find continual visiting between two sisters and between a sister and a brother, respectively, who live in different areas. Of course, sometimes even within kin networks, quarrels or some other tension producing factors reduce the frequency of visits.

In many cases it is physical propinquity to others which generates visiting. In such instances the people may or may not be kin folk. However, that a man lives near or is related to someone does not necessarily mean that he visits them.

The fact that a man is sociable and entertaining is a visiting factor which often defies both kinship and propinquity. A man or woman visits a particular house because they are aware that the people being visited enjoy visitors, make them welcome--generally by serving a cup of tea--and have pleasing personalities. A good time can be had in that household. Of course, friendship must be taken into consideration with sociability.

The availability of drink, usually in the form of beer (home brew, usually) might be termed a sub-category of sociability. Beer is recognized by almost everyone in the community as a visiting determinant. Often I have

heard non-drinkers remark, "If I got to have beer to get me [my] friends, I'll never have none." However, men from their 20's to 60's visit specific houses to get a drink. Sometimes there is a reciprocal relationship between men who have supplies of beer. If A visits B and gets a few glasses of beer, then at a later date, B pays a visit to A. Men often know when others have a brew on and plan a visit for when they think it is bottled off and ready to drink. This type of visiting is not confined to any particular season, but the fact that there is more leisure time in the winter than at any other season makes winter a prime period for visiting. Men do visit on Saturday nights in the summer and at any night during the fall and early spring.

That a person visits a particular house may be due to a combination of the above factors or some other reason. For example, some men visit because they fish together.

Young fellows and girls generally visit people of their own peer group within and outside their neighbourhood. And such visiting patterns often transcend the parents' patterns. In some cases, where it is a family tradition to visit a specific house because of some previously mentioned factor--usually sociability--school aged children of the family sometimes visit the same house.

When I was growing up in the community I had to visit a particular house each day of the week except Sunday during the summer. I often visited there during the winter too. This, I did for five or six years. My parents would say, "Go up and tell Uncle Herb the news." Uncle Herb was my grandfather's brother who became blind in his late seventies or early eighties and could not get out doors very often. A fisherman all his working years, he wanted to know all the news pertaining to the fishery: how much the different crews had ashore (caught and salted), how much fish they were getting each time they hauled their traps, and if there were any salmon and herring around. Then I would relate any other community news I had heard.

In addition to night visiting, both men and women visit at any time of day to borrow something which they need. Women may need such items as sugar, milk, tea, and butter. Men are more likely to borrow tools, e.g., hand saw or shovel, or even a punt. Men also visit to inform men of the household that they are going to launch or haul up a boat and would like their help. Men visit others' fish stages, too, to hear the news.

Women seem to visit more frequently than men do, probably because they had more spare time. They often take their knitting with them. Thus they can accomplish something while they visit. All women knit socks and

mitts for their menfolk. They would be entertained in the kitchen--the only heated room in the house during the cold weather--as are all visitors and they are usually invited to sit in the rocking chair, a usual item of kitchen furniture. Here they knit and yarn with the women of the household. Sometimes the visitor suggests that the hostess take the rocking chair.

Seemingly, a common aspect of the female visiting--this applied to males too, but is not so pronounced--is gossiping.

Gossip

William I. Thomas describes gossip as "a mode of defining the situation in a given case and attaching praise or blame." (1968; 320) In the community under study gossip is actually both a form of entertainment and a means of social control.

A woman in particular, may pay a visit or drop into another house in the morning, afternoon or evening. She may be on her way home from the merchant's store and call on someone to have a chat.

A full list of topics which may be discussed would be almost endless, but the following are common: the church, the preacher, the merchants, the school, the teachers, an unmarried girl who is "in trouble" (pregnant), a person who they feel undeservedly receives government

assistance (welfare), the lazy, excessive drinkers, those whom they consider to be among the higher class, people who do not visit them (they wonder why), and anyone who has become mentally deranged.

There is an awareness by community members that people do talk about one another. Therefore, most people try to behave (at least outwardly) in a manner that they know is socially accepted by the community. However, all people do not behave "properly" all the time. This is what gives certain people their topics of gossip.

Within the community there are noted gossipers, or people whose "tongue is too big." In some instances, there are gossip groups, specific people who visit certain houses more than once a week just to have a chat and gather what information they can about others.

The house, chance meetings on the road, church meetings (women's organizations), and even talking over the garden fence while hanging clothes on the line, provide situations for women to gossip. Nevertheless, I would maintain that the chief gossiping centre for women is the house.

Some men gossip too. The house, fish store, stage, and the merchant's store tend to be their main gossiping places. However, most men do not appear to have the same interest for detail as do women. Often some tell lies to others just to "get them going" to get fun out of them.

In most situations bits of gossip tend to be given out cautiously for fear of reprisals. There is fear that someone will take what is said out of context or spread the rumor. Probably this is the reason why gossip is usually confined to an intimate friend, the teller trusting that the listener will not tell. Much gossip is prefaced by, "Don't tell a soul about this," or "Don't say that I said it." Often the teller wants the hearer to guarantee that he will not tell anyone else what he has said, not even someone very close to him. To a few in the community many will not tell anything which they would not want broadcasted because they would be sure to spread it to all. People usually trust and gossip to those whom they visit regularly and this is reciprocated.

One informant used to visit a family who lived on a small farm about a mile outside the community. The occupants have since moved and the farm is no longer operated. He used to go there for a drink of beer. To illustrate the awareness of gossip in the community, I have included part of a conversation with this informant:

Collector: That was a wonderful place to go, Luther, that was, 'cause there was no one around was there, no one.

Narrator: No one around there, go down to Beachy Cove, see boy, and you'd dodge up to ya liking, you know. And [there was] a very good road them times, dodge up on [on up]. And nobody around bothering ya, no one [would] know ya business.

Collector: If you move, I suppose you move now around here everybody is watching, you know.

Narrator: Oh, round here. Oh, you can't budge around here my son. You can't budge around here, boy. Goes in anybody's house sure around here to have a, a bottle a beer or anything, there is two or three talking about it the next day, or watching ya or. Yes my son. The way 'tis around here, that's down around the cove, they makes mountains out a hills.

Collector: Yeah, yeah.

Narrator: [They] thinks 'tis more and [than] what it is, you know.

With the exception of the Christmas period there is little for people to do when they visit in the community but gossip and tell stories.

I have mentioned that Methodism had an adverse effect on the folk song tradition in Cod Harbour. Unlike non-Methodist communities that I know of with a long folk song tradition, folk singing is not a viable part of Cod Harbour's culture.

We might speculate then, that Methodism's suppression of the folk song tradition and its stress on truthfulness left more scope for the personal experience narrative. Beginning in the next chapter, we will look at the storytelling process as a part of the community's folk culture.

CHAPTER IV

SOME ASPECTS OF THE STORYTELLING PROCESS IN THE COMMUNITY

There are many kinds of stories told in the community. I first discuss some of the traditional narrative genres. The major part of the chapter consists of a discussion of the personal experience narrative.

Traditional Genres

As mentioned earlier, I had originally planned a conventional folklore study which would include among other aspects of community life, the traditional genres. But in the process of obtaining the background material I became interested in the personal experience narrative. Nevertheless, of the traditional genres, I selected for discussion narratives about the following: ghosts, supernatural lights, phantom ships, buried treasure, and folk belief, as well as anecdotes and jokes. I did not ask for märchen and have never heard a story in the community which falls into this category.

As fellows growing up in the community we used to visit certain houses where people told stories about ghosts they had seen or heard. At that time the house in

the community in which the parson lived was reputed to be haunted. Strange noises were heard when one passed a particular house on the road joining Cod Harbour with another community. And there was the well-known story told by some men who repaired the cemetery fence. A man who was deceased appeared in the cemetery and came and lunched with them. After listening to such episodes we would be frightened and run home as fast as we could, while looking from side to side, afraid someone would grab us.

Ghost stories are told in the community, but they are seen by many as being untrue rather than fiction. These may see the ghost story as something foolish which only "odd" people believe. I have talked with both men and women who appear to be realists. Once ghostlore is mentioned they will name one or two people of the community who they think believe in ghosts. What follows is usually a derogatory comment about people's belief in such "nonsense." The two or three who tell ghost stories are aware of others' opinions concerning those who believe in ghosts. Telling a story which portrays one's experience with a ghost gives evidence of one's belief in them and some people do not want to be identified by the community as being superstitious. Two of my informants on different occasions clearly showed this to be the case. The setting in which ghost stories are told is in a house at night.

The later the hour, the more mystery and fear the teller is able to create for his listeners. Fear is illustrated by one of my informants in the following comments:

Yes Abner, boy he was a hard old man you know. [He] came up [to] the house night time boy. That was the fellow you wanted to get to tell about ghosts and spirits. Stuff like that you know. Oh, that used to be the real . . . Me hair used to almost stand on me head. Night time I used to to go down the Abner's down [to] Wild Cove [one and one half miles from Cod Harbour] with me poor old, with me father. And they [would] get talking about this, one thing and the other, you know, about years ago, what they seen and what they heard. Well, Larry, I, I was almost afraid to come across the Neck [the road between Wild Cove and Cod Harbour]. If me father wasn't with me I wouldn't be up yet--unless by boat. Anyway Abner used to be an awful man like that fer telling stuff, you know.

While I was growing up in the community I heard stories about supernatural lights only during two or three seasons. These stories were told during the winter by middle-aged men after someone had seen a strange light in the area during the season. My research, however, uncovered several supernatural light stories, the most common one being called Baker's Light. One version tells that a man named Baker was drowned between Cod Harbour and Seatown. People would often see a light out in the Bight (area of water between these two communities). One informant told me that not everyone could see it when it was visible. This informant was crossing the Bight one night with five or six other men and all except two could see it. He also said that a light will last out a man's

life--seventy or eighty years. Another informant said that years ago someone towed Baker's Light into the harbour (Cod Harbour) with a motor boat (the light followed the boat in).

Until the time of my field work, I had not heard a story about buried treasure or phantom ships. Nevertheless, I managed to collect a few stories in each of these categories. They were related by two men in their fifties and eighties both of whom also tell ghost stories.

I asked Luther if there was ever any record of anyone burying money here in Cod Harbour, burying treasure. He said:

No boy, no record of it. I suppose I heard places, places I've heard [He's heard of its being in other places]. A place down there in Little Harbour they always said there was money buried agin a certain rock, you know. Me and Rex have dug there dozens a times and never found nothing at all just the same.

He told me a story his father told him which his father heard on the Labrador. A man was digging for treasure and was visited by a ghost. The ghost told him to leave it alone, to go and get one more man, then come back and dig it up. The ghost said there was enough money there for the rest of his (the digger's) days and not to worry about what he might see while digging, e.g., a man with his head or arms sawed off. The first bag of money was to be the second man's and only one man was to dig at a time. The first man returned to his schooner and

did not say anything about what he had seen or heard. Nor did he dig for the treasure.

Reub told me a story about a phantom ship that his father saw on the way from the Labrador. The wife of one of the crew members was sick at home and he (the crew member) wished that he would see something before he got home to let him know if she were dead. On a calm morning, just before entering home port, a ship was "passin' along be 'em and she went on the lound [leeward] of 'em, went on ahead. No wind, went on, schooner went on see. Never seen her again. . . . So when he got home his wife was dead. He [the crew member] said he knowed it, knowed it when he seen de token' [the schooner]."

It is the men of the community who are the noted story tellers. They have large repertoires and are more dramatic **narrators than** the women.

Some men are better story tellers than others. The term "storyteller" is not used by members of the community, but a person with storytelling abilities is recognized locally. Some typical remarks about a good storyteller are, "Can he ever tell it!; He's able to tell a story; He can tell it just like it is." A man must be a good actor, especially at voice imitation, to be locally accepted as a good storyteller. One's story telling ability must be fairly high for one to be recognized by the community as a real narrator. At present I know of

only three men--one being my chief narrator--who have met the standards set by the community. The most skilled narrators are over fifty years of age. However, I have heard good tellers in their thirties, and they will probably become recognized tellers.

Among older men and some women it is not uncommon to hear a short folk belief story. One of my informants, a lady in her sixties, was a store house of stories involving folk cures. Unlike the narratives with which we will be dealing later, these folk belief stories are not great works of art, but are short and not dramatic. Such stories are usually told in a teller's house. However, one of my narrators used to tell stories involving folk belief in his small grocery store. It would seem that because these stories deal with an individual's belief in something which is sometimes laughed at by others within the community, he is reluctant to tell them to large groups of individuals at one time. These stories, then, appear to be told almost in confidence to a few listeners, usually not more than one or two.

It is the humorous anecdote which women use more than any other narrative form. The humorous anecdote is usually one which makes fun at another person and may be termed a form of gossip. Pat and Mike stories were told by teenagers of both sexes when I attended school in the 1950's and this tradition is very strong today. With the

exception of the joke and the anecdote, stories in the categories described above are told most often by men.

Among the traditional genres, anecdotes, jokes, and folk belief stories appear more spontaneously during conversation than those about ghosts, supernatural lights and phantom ships. Stories about ghosts and supernatural lights were often an account of the teller's own experiences.

Personal Experience Narratives

In the remaining part of this chapter I deal with the personal experience narrative. The discussion examines many aspects of this narrative form, including the characteristics of a good teller; the ascription of property rights to the narratives; the use of colorful community characters as subjects for the narratives; audience composition; telling situations; telling groups; some recognized tellers and possible functions of the narratives.

During the period of my research I became aware that I was recording narratives which did not fit traditional classifications and that these were more frequently told than any others.

These narratives are either an account of the narrator's own experience or the experience of someone else in the community. They thus may be termed personal experience narratives or to use von Sydow's term,

memorates. The content of a narrator's repertoire depends to a large extent on his occupational role. Or more particularly, it depends on how he obtains a livelihood, for much of the supplementary work in which the individual engages also affects his repertoire. It has been noted that the economic structure of the community has been based on the Labrador and the inshore fisheries, as well as on the lumberwoods. Whenever possible, in addition to their main occupations, the men of each household, also grow their own vegetables, cut their own firewood, and rear their own animals. It is the case then, that the narrator relates stories involving both his main and secondary work. Moreover, stories are told about aspects of social life, such as "times" and mummering.

One does not deliberately set out to tell personal experience narratives as one would jokes; instead, they develop normally out of conversation. The most commonly encountered pattern is for a man to be conversing with others about such things as fishing on the Labrador or sealing and suddenly shift the conversation to narrative form without being prompted by anyone. This is especially true if the audience exhibits any degree of doubt about events related to the conversation. On such an occasion he may tell only one narrative or several and more than one individual may engage in narrating. As the conversation changes to other topics other kinds of

narratives naturally develop. If the conversation is about sealing and is then changed to the Labrador fishery, it rarely reverts back to sealing.

We might suggest that a particular story is told because it best illustrates what the narrator wants to show, it is the one he likes best, is the most dramatic, or is maybe the first story which comes to mind.

The word story is used by some narrators and generally it is used to describe a true account of some happening or experience.

The narrators with whom I dealt recognized some stories as being better than others. A story was considered good if it contained humor, suspense, and action and was of great length.

None of my informants used specific titles to identify a personal experience story. A narrator would say something such as, "I'll tell ya about" If a person wished a narrator to relate a certain story he would say, for example, "Tell me about the time you"

The community is aware that certain stories "belong" to particular individuals. As Otto Blehr says, "Tellers have property rights to particular stories." (Blehr, 1967:260) If an audience recognizes that one narrator is telling a story belonging to another, the second narrator is pressured to conform to the original narrator's version. They will quickly remark about a

point or episode which was included by the first teller and omitted by the second. Proper voice and gesture imitation are stylistic features deeply imbedded in the folk mind and later tellers who do not use those closely resembling those of the first teller are soon reminded of this.

When the narrators with whom I am familiar tell a story belonging to someone else, they almost always apologize for their way of telling it. They will indicate the way in which the original narrator tells it. I believe that most narrators will not "steal" another's story. If it is used, its source is indicated.

While narrators tell stories about their own experiences, often storytelling revolves around some colorful character of the community. It appears that more stories are told about people who are dead, than about those still living. During the period of my research, I observed two or three men on two separate occasions, tell stories about two local characters who had been dead for several years. There seems to be some deterrent against relating episodes about an individual who is still living. One reason might be fear of gossip within the community. That an actor is dead also eliminates the possibility of checking whether or not the story is true.

Narrators are very much aware of audience composition. They may tell different types of stories to

different listeners. Some of the factors which determine the kind of story are:

1. the narrator's estimate of how interested a listener might be in a specific subject
2. sex of the listener
3. age of the listener
4. the listener's occupational role
5. the familiarity of the listener with the actors and places in a story.

Let us consider the listener's occupational role as an example of how a listener affects the narrator's choice of story. A local preacher visited one of my narrators a few days before I called on him. My informant told me the stories which he told the preacher. All three stories were concerned with church matters. In some instances a narrator will take advantage of his listener's occupational role to criticize what that role represents. Another of my narrators told me a story which he told the preacher. It was about a fisherman who, upon hauling his cod trap and getting no fish, looked toward heaven and blasphemed God. Here the narrator allied himself with the fisherman.

While most folklorists agree that the evening is the prime time for storytelling, I have listened to some men spin their yarns in the morning, afternoon, and evening. This is true of seven men from whom I collected

narratives. The heads of the households which I frequently visited would, if at home, narrate at any time of the day. One morning I listened to one narrator relate three long stories, taking about two and one half hours.

Narrating may take place in a number of settings. Some narrators have a particular telling place such as in their home. Other narrating locations are the wharf, fish store, merchant's room, garden, general store, blacksmith's shop, local road, and the bawn (grassy area where fish nets are mended summer time). One of my narrators does not often tell stories at his own house. He might be termed a travelling story teller for he often visits specific houses in one part of the community--especially at night--and there he often tells stories until early morning.

Men who narrate on the wharves are usually fishermen. A lull in the day's work provides time for sitting on the wharf and yarnning. Such a group usually consists of a fishing crew who operate from a particular wharf. At times they are joined by other men who may or may not be fishermen, for it is customary for fishermen and others to visit different crews to hear and tell news and stories.

Stories are also told while their tellers are working. On many occasions I have stood in a fishing stage while men were cleaning and salting their fish. Stories were told by both the crew and any others who may

be present. Sometimes the stories centre around other fishermen of the community and are short and humorous. In such a situation I have heard men praise the skill of other fishermen. They may, for example, describe one as a fast salter, or a fast splitter.

Stories were also told which did not concern either fishing or fishermen. Often they were short humorous stories about other members of the community. They particularly told stories about non-fishing men who worked on the merchant's room (this work was considered easier than fishing). Such stories would be humorous, yet derogatory. These stories appeared to serve as a channel through which fishermen vented their feelings about others and subtly bragged about their own hard work, endurance, and skill.

Storytelling has long been a tradition of the people of the community. However, certain groups of narrators as well as individual narrators are better remembered than the others.

One informant told me that in the 1930's and 1940's, young fellows used to come up around the (sea) shore at night and go down to my (collector's) grandfather's stage. There used to be a crowd of people there, he said, and there would be no lighting. The only light was that which came from pipes and cigarettes which were being smoked. The older men would be telling yarns and

the young fellows would be listening to them. According to my informant, this was an important social gathering when the men were not fishing, when there was no fish, when it was put away (cleaned and salted) early, or if it were a windy day. In the stage the men would be seated on trap kegs, puncheon tubs, barrels, and even the splitting table.

It seems that a continuation of this traditional stage gathering was the Sunday afternoon get-together which took place during my own growing up in the community. Especially in the eastern part of the harbour, men would gather in a central area--in close proximity to the fishing stage referred to above. Some would sit on the wharf and yarn. There was also a large rock on which people sat on the road. Others seated themselves on a long log placed in the shade near the fish store. Men of all ages would begin assembling at this spot after church and the noonday meal each Sunday throughout the summer when the weather was suitable. These gatherings would continue till around 5 p.m. when the men dispersed and went home for supper and got ready for the evening church service. It was in this spot too, that teenage boys who no longer attended Sunday School gathered and listened to the men telling stories. Competition for the prime seating places on Sunday was strong. One of the narrators with whom I worked aimed to be the first man there each

Sunday. He would arrive at around 1 p.m. This long, traditional storytelling gathering was broken up in the early 1960's. At that time, the rock formation on which some of the group sat, was removed to make way for a new spur road through this part of the community. However, even today some men still gather on one of the nearby wharves.

Throughout my research, I observed one very interesting male gathering. The group was composed of three elderly men, one in his eighties and two in their late seventies. Of these three men, one was the community blacksmith, one a fisherman, and the other a local engineer and skipper man who had been employed by one of the merchants. Sometimes a fourth man, also in his seventies was present. He had been a lumberjack-farmer.

On warm summer afternoons, these men would gather on a wharf belonging to a merchant whose operation is now defunct. Here they would sit on a long wooden bench for most of the afternoon. One informant told me that these men actually had two different places in the same general area where they got together and yarned--the merchant's wharf and the public wharf. On any day they would select the warmest area--that which was shut off from the wind. They would not arrive there simultaneously, but one man would go down on the wharf and sit down, then another until they were all assembled. Once there, they

recollected about years past and each told stories of his experiences to the others. Also, they told stories about men who have been dead for several years. It was common for them to give the exact year of a certain event and they seemed to pride themselves on their memories. Some of them had a standardized way to begin a story, "I can mind [remember] the time . . . "

Another time when personal experience stories are told is during drinking sessions at a certain house in the eastern part of the harbour. Three or four men drop in on a Saturday night during the summer and the group drinks home brew and bought beer. The gathering is informal; men drop in without any written or verbal invitation.

A specific topic is mentioned, such as fishing, drinking, or specific individuals, and each man aims to participate in the discussion. Invariably, the conversation generates to a point where one man tells a story. Then others compete for equal time to do likewise. During the evening each man tells several stories which are part of the conversation. On many occasions, I have witnessed men trying to butt in to tell a story in such a situation.

This gathering may continue for four or five hours, depending on the composition of the group. If a recognized teller is present, it may be well past midnight before the men disband. I have seen sessions continue until 2 a.m. A meal is usually served during the

evening, and, in the majority of cases, it consisted of something cooked by the woman of the house, such as roasted fish or meat, fried meat, fish, or cod tongues. Sometimes a meal will climax the evening, but I have seen storytelling continue long after a meal had been finished.

Having discussed some storytelling groups, I shall now describe individual tellers.

One of my informants spoke of a story teller who lived about one and one-half miles outside the community, but who bought his supplies and went to church in Cod Harbour. He said:

We used to leave and go down [to Abner's], bunch of us see, get together. Pick up now Jack, and ya father, poor old Bern, I know, Peter Johns. And we'd go down Abner's now in the night and go in fer bit a fun. We'd go down and go in and Abner would . . . We'd wind 'n up and get 'n going and by and by he'd start off about Raymond Perry [a local merchant].

"Raymond Perry, I've, Raymond Perry," he [Abner] said, "I've, I don't know, but," he said, "I wonder where he's going, I wonder where he's going."

We [informant and companions] said, "Going! What do ya mean?" "Well," he said, "there's nowhere," he said, "fer'n," he said. "The devil, the devil is waiting fer'n. The devil is waiting fer'n, you know . . . Hell was his doom. Hell was his doom."

We'd [informant and companions] say, "What's the trouble then Abner, what's the trouble?" [Abner said] "The biggest rogue in the world that man Raymond Perry. There's nar [neither] bigger rogue in the world than that man Raymond Perry."

We'd get him going then and he'd, my sonny, you'd never heard the like. All you had the sit down now and listen to 'n. He'd be up in the house [standing up in the room] with his walking stick, you know, lay down the . . . , you know.

Another colorful personality was Nathan Ross. He lived in a nearby community and each year, a day or two before Christmas, he would visit a small merchant's grocery store. Nowhere around was there anyone else with such a loud, dramatic, and forceful voice. He was also very much of a comedian. Moreover, he is a folk hero, insofar as others tell stories about him and his experiences. He told many of his stories while shopping. Usually, he would arrive by horse after the noon day meal and remain in the shop all afternoon. As soon as the men folk in that part of the community heard that Nathan was up to Allan's (the merchant's), they would make an effort to get there.

I used to be one of the young fellows who entered the shop, sat on a box and listened and watched. No one dared to compete with him. He was the centre of attraction throughout the afternoon. Going there to see him was even more interesting than attending some of the community's organized social functions. The group that would remain in the shop all afternoon and listen to him usually numbered between ten and twenty men and boys. It was here that other men learned his stories. One of my informants learned several in this situation, and prides himself on being able to mimic Nathan's voice and gestures. I was able to collect some of them from Harry.

One story teller is a fisherman about 36 years of

age and it was with him and his wife that I lived during the research period. After the noon day meal in particular, he would lean back in his chair and tell story after story about his own experiences--about fishing and the lumber woods. This was done without my prompting. Sometimes he told stories about others in the community.

Another interesting narrator was a man in his seventies telling stories in his fish store to another man who lives only a few houses away. The teller used to work in the lumber woods, and had fished from both the community and on the Labrador. He is also a veteran of World War I. Today he does not travel outside the community, nor does he go outside his own neighbourhood within the community. He confines himself to his own house, wharf and stage, and his own son's house. Some people describe him as a recluse.

Each afternoon and evening during the summer he goes to his fish store and sits down. The man who usually comes to listen to him is one of my chief narrators--a man in his fifties. Because my narrator is unable to work, he can afford the time to listen and learn the other's stories. I was able to collect from the older man, but collected more extensively from the younger.

The final storyteller to be discussed in this chapter is Gordon White. He is in his fifties and has spent his life cod fishing from the community. He is

viewed as a "comical hand" by the community residents, but he is not classified as a fool. The main element in his stories is humor. He wants to get a laugh from a story for himself and provide more laughter for his audience. It is apparent that he likes best and excels at, relating stories where he has to mimic other people of the community, even those of his own neighbourhood.

Throughout the 1950's, it was the custom for a particular family on the eastern side of the harbour, to invite Gordon from the western side to their place one evening during the Christmas season. Although it would be an evening get-together, Gordon would likely arrive in the afternoon. He is a very dramatic and colorful story teller. All of his stories are accompanied by gestures, voice imitation, mimicry and acting. He becomes the central figure in any group, but especially so when that group consists of friends or acquaintances. The house visit at Christmas just referred to was not only a social function for the inviting family, but entertainment for other men in the immediate neighbourhood. Some other men would be invited verbally, but others, when they heard that Gordon was up to Jack's, would go to see him too. With a few drinks, Gordon would tell stories until after midnight without being prompted to do so. Usually, nobody present would attempt to compete with him. The evening was his and he would have everyone laughing.

Apparently there are three main functions of the telling of personal experience stories. The first function is that of entertainment.

There is no doubt that narrators use storytelling for entertainment. For example, in a community where public entertainment was very infrequent, and house-to-house visiting was very common, it was one way to pass the evenings.

The second function is the substantiating one. I feel that the primary function is a substantiating one, used during the course of normal conversation, either to substantiate something the narrator has said, or to reinforce an image of himself which he wishes to portray. One of my informants, for example, was telling me how rough the weather used to be on the Labrador coast. Then, he told me a couple of stories to show me that it really was rough. He seemed to want to give evidence.

The third function is didactic. Unquestionably, some personal experience stories have a didactic function, especially among some of my older narrators. On numerous occasions, I have seen my oldest narrator—a fisherman—in his eighties—become upset on hearing a remark about fishing from a younger fisherman. He would exclaim, "Who told ya that, boy?" and then add, "Das [that is] all trash, all trash, all nothing." Then he would proceed to correct the point the listener made, telling him a story

which usually dealt with his experiences while fishing on the Labrador. Some narrators will not become upset at hearing or seeing something which does not coincide with the accepted folkways. Instead, when the opportunity presents itself, they will relate a story which shows their ideas and thus make their point indirectly.

It is difficult to say exactly why a particular story is told but I think it is a combination of the story which best substantiates a point and the one which the narrator likes best.

In the next chapter, I examine three male narrators who have not previously been mentioned.

CHAPTER V

THREE ABLE STORYTELLERS

This chapter discusses three narrators from one part of the community. A biographical sketch of each is given and his repertoire, storytelling situations, and style are described. The first narrator is Luther Penney.

Luther Penney

Biography

Luther, the son of the late Henry and Isabel Penney, is the younger of two brothers of a family of two boys and two girls. His father died around 1948, and his mother in 1955. His father, who was born in Cod Harbour, was nearing ninety at the time of his death. Luther's mother was a native of a community situated about two miles from Cod Harbour.

Luther is fifty-eight years of age, about four and a half feet tall, and weighs approximately 140 pounds. He has been a little deformed since birth, with a heavy chest out of proportion with the rest of his body. He walks slowly, and sways a little from side to side, giving

the impression that it is difficult for him to move along.

Unmarried, he has lived an unsettled life for the past ten or twelve years. He lived with his parents until their death, then lived alone in his father's house until the late 1950's. For various lengths of time since 1959, he has lived with two of his brother's sons, who are married and living in the community. He lived with the younger of the two for about three years until the nephew went away to do carpenter work in St. John's, then he began living with the older one. When the younger nephew returned for any long period of time, Luther would move in with him for that period, e.g., during the winter months. However, during the past five or six years, he has lived with the older nephew continuously, and is now more settled. Luther's contentment in the midst of such unstable arrangements is amazing.

Luther has not had a long occupational career. He worked as a caretaker on the United States Naval Base at Argentia, Newfoundland, for eight or ten years during the late 1940's and early 1950's. With this exception, the remainder of his occupational career consisted of fishing from the community with his father and Danny Churchill (a man of the neighbourhood). This occurred before he went to Argentia to work. From the mid-1950's, to the early part of the 1960's, he fished for lobsters with the younger of his brother's sons and cod fished with

Harry Long, another of my narrators. They used trawl, hook 'n line, and jigger. Since the early 1960's he has not fished on a commercial scale although he still has a motor boat in which he goes fishing to catch a fish for brewis or to catch enough fish for the winter. The boat is also used in summer to travel to different parts of the harbour, usually to procure supplies from one of the merchants, or to go to the places where he makes hay.

During the latter half of the 1950's, Luther, after some persuasion from friends, set himself up as a barber since there was not one in the community. Luther did not, as is usual for barbers, wait in his barber shop for customers to come. Instead, he was most likely to be elsewhere such as in the house or fish store, and customers would find him there and ask if he would cut their hair. Then he would take them to his barber shop to cut their hair. This was for Luther, more of a pastime than an occupation. For a barber shop he used a small building 12' x 8' x 6 1/2' which had one window facing the road. It contained a small wood stove, a wooden swivel chair, and a wooden bench where two or three men could sit.

Most of his barbering was done on Saturdays, but occasionally there would be a few customers during the week days--usually at night. Although he preferred to work by day, he did work at night using a gas lantern to light the shop. He charged 25 cents for a hair cut but

most people gave him more than that amount. Each customer felt obligated to give him something else besides the fee he charged. One man used to bring him rhubarb in summer when he would get his hair cut. Another man would bring beer and also pay the charge. On one occasion after he had cut the hair of a man who had been drinking, the customer stood up and recited the song "Quare Bungle Rye." Of course, he also paid the fee of 25 cents. Some patronized him because they were aware that he did not have much money. He was viewed by the community as being physically incapable of working as other men were.

He stopped operating his barber shop in the early 1960's, and has been unemployed since. Today, he receives a small disability pension from the government and does odd jobs around the house in addition to fishing and haymaking. In the summer he helps his brother's son plant and dig potatoes and in the winter to cut firewood.

Luther is a very sensitive, self-conscious, and fiercely independent person. I know of several occasions when he was invited to someone's house for a meal. In almost every instance, he did not arrive. Paralleled with his independence, was the idea of what he thought others would say about his going out for meals. He did not want to portray the image that he was bumming something to eat.

Repertoire and Telling
Situations

Previous acquaintance with Luther made me aware of his good memory and the satisfaction he received from telling about old times and relating stories he had heard. My father and uncles appeared to have good rapport with him and luckily I had not done anything to spoil that relationship. In fact, I was always interested in hearing about what he had to say about when they were growing up. When I mentioned to his nephew about interviewing Luther, the nephew replied, "Sure you should talk to 'n 'cause he can remember everything he ever heard."

I had talked to Luther occasionally during the summer and made sure that I kept good rapport with him. One day I went to his place and he was sitting down in his small fish store. We talked awhile--he told a few stories--and I told him that I would like to have a talk with him about years ago. I said to him, "Come up [to my family's house which was vacant at the time] tonight; I have a few beer up there." He said, "Perhaps I will around dark." I thought this would be too late (around 10 p.m.) for it would not give us very much time to talk. Then he said, "I haven't dressed up [it is customary for people to "dress up," i.e., be clean and presentable to go from one part of the harbour to another] and went up around shore [around the eastern part of the harbour] fer so long. If I go up the s'evening everybody is going to

wonder where I'm going, 'Well, where's he goin' the s' evening,' they'll say." I said, "Yes, I suppose." Then I added, "Why not come up tomorrow afternoon if you don't have anything to do." (Earlier he was telling me that he was going to ochre his stage the next day but later said that he didn't think he would.) He agreed to come to my place on the following afternoon at around two o'clock. I said, "I'll be in the house and have a fire in," "O. K." he said, "I'll be up; you'll be on the road somewhere [on the road near our fish store]. On Thursday afternoon with cool beer, a fire burning, and recorder set up, I was ready for a taping session. It was a warm sunny day and there was a light breeze of southwest wind. At around 2 p.m., Luther arrived by boat, a distance of about one half mile. By coming by boat, he avoided the houses along the way.

That afternoon I recorded fifty-four narratives. Twenty-four were about his own experiences. The remaining thirty were about other people and included one trickster story, two strong men stories, ten folk belief stories, three fishing stories. The remainder were about a multiplicity of others' experiences. I also got much information on folk customs.

With Luther, I used more of a structured interview than with my other narrators. The principal reason for this was that I knew he was an easy person to guide. That

is, he did not take control of a discussion as did my other narrators, and, therefore, he could easily be led from topic to topic. This was apparent also during the interview.

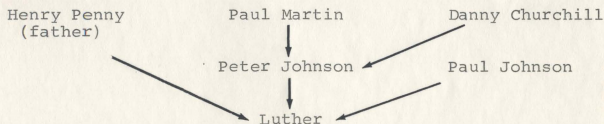
Before the interview he wanted me to explain again what I was doing. I told him I was interested in old times and what people did years ago. I am inclined to think that this satisfied him since he was one of my most willing informants. As well as having knowledge which I desired, he was eager to help me in my work. Moreover, he remembered that I was interested in "old times" when I was living in the community.

Most of the narratives about his own experiences illustrate his attachment to the past, for they tell about the good or "wonderful" times he used to have. At that time Luther was playing a social role similar to that of his peers, e.g., mummering, visiting, drinking, and preparing for bonfire night. Then, throughout the 1950's and early 1960's all of his buddies were married and his relationships with them changed. He was still single and without hope of ever marrying. Also, as already noted, he could not work to the extent that other men could because of physical handicaps. Therefore, one might speculate that since he was aware of his conspicuous status within the community, social interaction was kept at a minimum when he got older. The present day offered few rewards

and through his stories he not only reminisced about the past, but also told them as evidence that he too, at one time, played a part in community activities.

In contrast to Samuel, my major narrator, for example, Luther does not aim to be the hero of his stories; he is more concerned with the "we" instead of the "I." And unlike Samuel and the last narrator in this chapter, his repertoire is lacking narratives surrounding an occupation. We might suggest that the reason for this is that his experiences were different from theirs. He did not spend most of his life working at one occupation.

There seems to have been a high degree of oral transmission of stories within Luther's neighbourhood. For instance, not only does Luther tell stories which he heard from his father, but also stories which he heard from Peter (a World War I veteran), who had heard them from Paul Martin and Danny Churchill. (These last two men have been dead for from 25-30 years.) We might diagram the transmission pattern in the following manner:



Luther was greatly interested in finding out about the past. He told me that he used to go to the old

fellows' houses and talk about years ago. He said that:

The way 'twas with me see boy, when I was young, you know, after I got big enough, say ten or twelve, fifteen like that, I was wonderful fer digging into things, asking old people, see. Now upon the Squid Jigging Ground when [I'd] see Uncle Jeremiah Job come over in the evenings, I'd grab the punt and put her [go] up there see, long side of 'em. Oh, I fished with Danny Churchill. Fished with 'n all one fall. Fished with Danny Churchill, yel [yes]. Paul Martin, see, used to tell Peter an awful lot a stuff about his day, you know. Peter would remember what he [Paul] say boy; what he heard Paul Martin say, you know. Stuff like that.

One of the places where I often observed Luther telling his stories was in his small fish store. On many afternoons during the summer he would sit in this store smoking a cigarette and watching others as they went along the road. Some people would drop in--usually they were in their 30's and 40's, belonged to the neighbourhood and with whom he had had wonderful times--and yarn with him. I have listened to them tell stories about years past. One would say, "Can you remember the time we did 'such-and-such'?" A story about the event would invariably follow.

I have been visiting--not recording--there when he and I were the only ones present and he would, without my prompting, tell stories about his own experiences and about Paul Martin and Danny Churchill (the two fishermen already mentioned).

Sometimes Luther went to Peter's fish store (during the summer of 1969) which is only about a hundred feet away

and they would narrate for the whole of the afternoon or evening. They had ample leisure time since neither was working. I was fortunate enough to observe both Peter and Luther narrating in Luther's store and to hear their comment and laughter. They seemed to get great enjoyment out of the experiences which the stories were about. Also, they liked telling stories and it certainly helped them to pass the afternoon or evening.

There seemed to be some innate desire to tell stories which linked them with the past. In some stories they told in the store, I detected protest--protest against life as it is today. They praised the qualities of life as it was years ago and, in particular, talked of how hard people worked, e.g., building their own schooners. "You'll find no one like that today," said Peter. Luther especially showed a great awareness of changes in the community.

Although I have heard Luther tell stories in the house in which he lives, in his barber shop, and on others' fishing wharves or in their stores, his fish store is his principal storytelling place. Luther wants to be relaxed when he is storytelling and his store provides this away from children and housework. He does, however, tell stories at the house in the winter. He does not require a large audience. After having heard him narrate in various situations, I feel he is at his storytelling peak when

just one or two persons are present. He also gives the impression that he must know his listeners well before he tells his stories. He likes people who enjoy his stories and those who will not gossip about him.

On one warm and sultry morning he had his motor boat tied up to our wharf while he spread hay in a nearby garden. At around 9 a.m., I met him walking towards the wharf on his way home. We sat down in the shade of the stage and started talking about the weather and the making of hay. He rolled a cigarette and after a while I said, "That's a nice looking engine you have in ya boat." "I'll tell ya about that one now," he said. He did, telling me about how and when he got it.

Style

Luther is not recognized by the community as a storyteller as is Samuel, for example, but he is a narrator of a different kind. Let us look at his storytelling style.

The narratives which I collected from him by recorder he told while sitting at one end of our kitchen table. His arms were both lodged on the table and he looked me in the eye while he narrated.

Gesture was at a minimum and confined to short movements of the hands and occasional movements of the head. He used some facial expressions as part of his

narrating technique. The phrase "you understand" was often used to show me that he assumed that I knew and understood what he was talking about. This was accompanied by a slow movement of a hand to the left or right. Luther responds affirmatively to a listener's comments by saying, "em, em." He talks slowly in a low, somewhat monotone voice while narrating and laughs heartily at his own humorous stories. For example, he considered the following story to be humorous:

I was up here one time, see boy, with four dogs. Went down Wild Cove, see fer Clar, with Clar, see. And Clar and they had, you can't remember, a little store where Frank got his house to now. [Collector: Yes they did, used to have store, yeah.] Well that year, that fall Uncle Allan killed a calf or cow or something, see. He had her hung up in this store... and she wouldn't very far from the ground, see, boy, from the floor, you know. Hung up the cow or calf or whatever 'twas hung up, you know. And... Clar said to me to come up with he when I come up from Wild Cove about perhaps five a'clock in the evening. Dark, you know, snow on the ground. [Clar said,] "Come in the house now." [We] hove the hay off in the stable there, barn they had there. Went in the house and started drinking beer, see boy. By and by time fer me, I going home now.

I come on out. And while I was there someone else come, someone else come, young fellers, you know. Well, that... drawed their [Clar's and others who may have been present] attention. They wouldn't going to come out doors with me, see. I come out and all the dogs was gone, every one of 'em. Four dogs gone. Four dogs. Slide [was] there, all slipped their harness. I whistled to 'em and here they started coming... out a this, this little store. Had the clapboard tore off and in this store was this cow, see boy. This where they was to I suppose, eating this cow. I never heard no talk of it, you know, afterwards.

So, I goes the work and grabs hold one of 'em,

the black and white one. I know I had to catch he hold be the pole [neck] and haul 'n out through. Put 'n on the slide and jumped on her. And trying to get down this path here drunk all as I was, there was spur, skirt shore, coming out through the fence, you know and the bridle a the slide, this is where she, one runner went on one side, you know, and the other one the other. And when they brought up, see boy, behind the runners drewed the nails in the beams and she come right apart. [Narrator laughs] The old slide come right apart, boy, flat on the ground. Here I was. I went on down agin Reub's down there and turned her bottom up. Took Reub's axe... and nailed her together. Reub was there, gave Reub the axe and jumped on her and went on home. (MUNFLA, C843)

Unlike Samuel who derives much pleasure from dramatizing a story, Luther's satisfaction in the majority of cases comes from relating a story because he can remember it. He likes to be able to relate a story his father told him when he was young or one about something Danny Churchill said or did. To know a story to tell is of great importance. A sense of satisfaction would show on his face when I commented on his having a good memory. Luther resembles the narrator mentioned by Sandor (1967) in that he goes from episode to episode without much detail.

In none of his narratives does Luther imitate the actors. However, like most of my other narrators, he gives an explanation at the end of most narratives. An example of such explanation is shown in the following story:

One time me and Jack was down there agin...

down there on the road, I don't know how we come to be there boy, I dunno. I come up around shore, I suppose, and Jack was there. And we was there... stood upon the road by the store. By and by we seen Abner coming out off the road. Just the same as a bulldozer. And he turned all of a sudden, swung around. He listed right out when he swung. Walking stick in his hand and down the road, out on Andrew's wharf. Caught hold Andrew's shop door first, he was locked. Out on the wharf. And we took off, me and Jack. Up round shore too, see, and went out in Andrew's store. And here they was into it, Andrew and... Abner. And I got up in the ladder. 'Twas a ladder Andrew used to have to go up overhead. I got up in the ladder and Jack stood up on the wharf look in on it.

And boy, Andrew sawing off a piece a board, you know, boy. By and by Andrew shoved his hand in his pocket and said, "I wonder have I got ere [either] candy fer ya Abner?" That made Abner mad see, mad all the time. He planked his old walking stick right down long side Andrew like that. "You're the God damnest liar," he said, "that ever the devil hauled over the coals a hell." [Collector: Said to Andrew?] Said to Andrew. Went out through the door and went on.

What happened, see, Abner owed Andrew a bill, see, and Stephen [Abner's son] come home from the lumber woods and give Abner a bit a money. Abner went up and paid Andrew. Well now, Stephen come up that next day or the same day and paid Andrew again, or paid Cecil [Andrew's son], one of 'em, and tore his bill up. Went home and told his father, "I paid that little bill you had up the Andrew's" and made Abner mad see, because now Abner after paying it. Grabs his walking stick and up the road. This is why he was vex when he turned down the road, see. (MUNFLA, C843)

The next narrator is Harry Long with whom Luther fished and from whom he learned some stories.

Harry Long

Biography

Harry is the great-grandson of Caleb Long, the first Long to come to Cod Harbour from England in the late

1700's or early 1800's. He is the grandson of Azaniah and the son of Silas and Rachael Long. Both his father and grandfather were born in the community, but his mother was a native of a community of the South Shore of Trinity Bay. His father and grandfather fished from the community and on the Labrador.

He is 53 years of age, 5' 6" tall, weighs about 170 pounds, and is stoutly built. He is partially bald, jolly looking and has lost the fourth finger of his left hand in a shooting accident. He is married to a woman from a community about fifty miles away. They have three children, a son and two daughters, all of whom are married and are residing elsewhere.

Harry has spent most of his life as a fisherman, fishing from the community for cod, lobster, and herring. He also worked in the lumberwoods in the late 1930's and 1940's, and for one year in the 1960's as a ship's cook. He is still engaged in the inshore cod fishery and does a little lobster fishing. He has never owned a cod trap, but has always fished as a crew member with someone else. However, the fishing crew with whom he has worked usually used Harry's fishing stage and flakes. He is presently fishing with his brother's three sons and it is the eldest of these brothers who is the boss. The brothers own the trap skiff and the cod trap.

Although a man who owned a cod trap appeared to have a little higher status than one who did not, Harry is a hard-working and experienced fisherman. Some people call him a "scrounger." I have often heard the remark, "Uncle [referring to Harry and spoken in a humorous and rather derogatory manner] is sure to get along, see." This refers to the fact that unlike most fishermen he must depend on someone else for a berth. Some say that he lives on a minimum income, yet he has such an exuberant personality. He appears--in spite of his occasional complaints about the plight of a fisherman--satisfied with his lot. He is contented to live from day to day and has little concern for the future. Probably this helps make him as he is, congenial and humorous.

He is very much tied up with the past and often reminisces about the "good old days." While talking about the period before Newfoundland became a province of Canada in 1949, he said:

I mean to say, we are only a little country, but still people builded schooners, built boats here in Cod Harbour and every man was working [during] winter and summer doing something . . . And everybody was happy and contented with their lot.

Locally he is called "Harry the Rover." He used to have a dog named Rover and since he is seldom at home and enjoys going around visiting others, someone originated that nickname. Often he visits in search of beer and seems to prefer being away from home. In his own

neighbourhood there is one house which he visits often for there he can usually obtain beer. However, he enjoys talking and visits some houses for the specific purpose of having a yarn and a meal. He has a reputation of staying very late when visiting at night. Often it is midnight or much later before he leaves to go home. He will often get up to leave, but talk for another twenty minutes before he finally walks out the door. He has been known to sit again and talk after making a half-hearted attempt to go home. Most people enjoy him, however, even though they do not like his long visits. I was told that his wife, who has been in poor health for the past seven or eight years, has become reconciled to the fact that Harry is seldom at home.

Repertoire and Telling Situations

My main interview with Harry was discussed in Chapter I. During this session in his brother's son's house, he told nineteen stories to me and his nephew. Eleven additional narratives were recorded during two Saturday night drinking sessions in the same house. Besides Harry, the man and woman of the house, and me, the woman's brother and his friend were also present. It is evident from my experience with Harry that he needs an audience before he can tell his stories. The audience in this instance was composed of people ranging from 30-38

years of age.

Of the thirty narratives I collected from him on these three occasions, sixteen were about his own experiences and fourteen were about others, eight of which were about one man, Abner Boland, who is now dead. None of the narratives were prompted by me although as it has been shown, his nephew did suggest a few during the first interview.

It was during the drinking sessions that Harry told stories about the wonderful times he had when he was growing up in the community. Almost invariably these stories were about drinking, getting drunk, and things which were done when people were drunk. These stories were short and humor was the dominant feature. Harry wanted to get others to laugh at what he used to do. One of the stories he told in this category went this way:

Boy, went over de Clar's one night, went over de Clar's one night, I did. [Hiram is telling a story and Harry tries to break in.] Over de Clar's one night, we was drinkin' over de Clar's. Sot down drinkin' now, gettin' well canned. Now we wanted something de eat; wanted a fry [some meat fried]. We used de go down de Stewart Martin's see, and... roast caplin in de store. Not only roast caplin, 'twas roast potatoes. And... but, this time over de Clar's, in Clar's drinkin', by and by we wanted something.

And I said, "I knows where's some, der's some, some moose. Where? Up Barbour's store... up Luke Barbour's store." Went up and, I dunno, I daresay 'twas twelve a'clock 'fore we left. Goin' fer [towards] Luke Barbour's now. And when we got on de road... come out here on de road and thought struck--that's the time Hiram that you and Norm killed this

moose in over Church Hill--and thought struck me then, see boy, "They got a moose, the buggers." Anyway, the thought struck, I knowed they killed 'n 'fore the season opened, see. And... I said to me self, now whatever, they killed the bloody moose, I knows that, before the season was open.

So [we] come out on the road and this thought struck me [he claps his hands together]--go down the Norm's. Went down there, Norm's and Sandy's store. Went up agin the door and the door was, chain on the door, padlock, locked. [Narrator claps hands again.] Clar goes up, chain comes on, busted the chain and everything and goes on in.

Here was the meat, the moose and beef. But we thought; we took down and, I wouldn't so drunk that I didn't, I was just as sure, you, 'twas, 'twas moose I had. I know he had beef there, too, see, quarter [of] beef. But I was sure 'twas moose, I was sure. But I suppose I must be three halves drunk. And I said, "Yes, that's, that's moose." I knowed he had beef there--quarter a beef too, see.

Takes a buck saw and saws off de steak a, a moose. Leaves [the store] and shuts the door and goes over Clar's, gets the fryin' pan and puts 'n on the stove, slices it up and I gets the onions and cuts up and fries the damn fryin' pan full. [claps his hands together]

Number one [that was fine]! Goes up and calls Frank [Clar's brother]. Frank is in bed and sleep. Calls Frank de come down, got a feed. Frank gets up and comes down. He puts the frying' pan down long agin 'n, on the coffee table, and a bun a bread and every man help his self. [Narrator laughs.]

Next morning Sandy and Norm come up over Church Hill, 'long be my place goin' in de woods. Fall [season], see. And my, I was down under de house and there was nar thunder cloud ever rose no blacker dan when Sandy passed up along. [Narrator laughs] Anyway I said to me self, "Well, the bloody old moose they killed 'fore the season was open, they can't say nothing anyway."

And when it come to, this was, I cut it up, 'twas the beef. When Frank was eatin' it, Frank said, "That's best moose, best tastin' meat that ever I eat in me life." And this is where we cut it off, the bloody quarter a beef after all.
(MUNFLA, C824)

Humor is the most salient feature of the stories

which Harry tells about other people. These stories are rather long and are usually in praise of the main actor. I might suggest that Harry's frequent reminiscing about the past is probably the reason he tells stories about people of years ago.

In none of his stories does he aim to be the hero and he appears to get more enjoyment from telling stories about other people than about himself. These stories give him the opportunity to imitate the actors--for which he is famous--and they are told more dramatically than are those about himself.

When he tells stories about one community character, he tells all the stories he can remember at the time about that person before switching to stories about another individual. The opening sentence of the following story indicates that it is not the only story told about one community character on one occasion. In fact, I recorded several about him in succession at that time.

Another time Stephen was working in the woods somewhere, was away now working and Abner was down Wild Cove--of course.... And Wilf Pye was going back and forth in the woods. Wilf Pye, you knows. You've heard of Wilf Pye. Wilf was a comical fellow, you know. Wilf was dry and comical... and a good old sport. So they used to land, used to come down from Newport, see. Land in Hillport and walk down here across the neck, you know, passenger boats coming out then. Paul Lee, bringing 'em down. He land 'em there and they'd walk South Harbour then.

So when... Abner saw Wilf coming he runned out and, "Good morning Mr. Pye [Harry imitates each].

Wilf said, "Good morning Abner." He [Abner] said, "You're home from the lumbering woods." And Wilf said, "Yes, out for a run." And... Abner said, "I suppose you never heard talk of my son Stephen in there anywhere." "Well now," Wilf said, "I did hear talk of 'n kill a man and chopping 'n up for dogs' grub," he said, "in there."

Certainly that was enough for Abner. He didn't say no more. Abner reeled around on his heels my son and took fer the house. He went in and he rigged out to come to Cod Harbour. He had to come up to tell this now. He didn't ask 'n no more. My son, he was wild, he was bubbling. This is the way Wilf Pye told 'n off. He come up and he went in the Gosse's... and, "Good morning Mr. Perry." "Good morning Abner." You [Larry] know Raymond. He said, "You know," he said, "the answer I got the day from a man," he said, "from a man, man belong to South Harbour, Mr. Wilfred Pye?" He said, "I went out," he said, "and met the man--he was just coming home from the lumbering woods--and I went out and spoke and asked him a civil question. I asked him just a civil question, I asked him if he heard any talk of my son Stephen in there anywhere. And you know the answer I got from that man, and you know the answer I got from that man?" Raymond said, "No," he said, "I don't know." "Well, I just asked him a civil question. I asked him if he saw my son in there anywhere. And the answer I got: "Yes, heard talk of 'n killing a man in there, chopping 'n up for dogs' grub." He said, "I met a good many fools in my day, in fact, I met a good many damn fools, but he's the God damnest fool that ever I met. That man Wilfred Pye, that man Wilfred Pye. He was the damnest fool that ever I met. That man Wilfred Pye." (MUNFLA, C838)

Unlike my three other narrators, Harry wants a few drinks to get him in the storytelling mood. Probably this is one of the reasons why he travels in search of an audience instead of remaining at home to tell them to visitors. Apparently when he drinks at home and becomes rather vocal, his wife tries to control his behaviour. This is especially true, when there is "company" or

visitors at the house. It seems, then, that he does not feel free to tell his stories in dramatic style at home.

Apart from storytelling at other people's houses in the neighbourhood, I have heard him telling stories in a nearby merchant's shop and in his own fish store. However, it is in other people's houses that he tells most of his stories.

Style

He told me that he learned the stories about other people from the old fellows--meaning his parents' generation--who lived in his neighbourhood. Although he does not use titles for any of his stories, he is aware of the narrative as a distinct unit. Before one story began he said, "I must tell ya that little one."

Before beginning to tell a story he wants to make sure that the audience has not heard it before. One story is prefaced by, "You heard about the time. . . ." On several occasions he seemed to doubt me when I said, "No, I have not heard that one," in reply to his remark that, "You knows you heard that one." And I had to convince him that I had not heard it before he would begin.

Harry's style contrasts greatly with Luther's, even though they fished together. He is very dramatic, while Luther tells a story in a quiet voice. Jansen says that "the reciter of the bit of folklore steps outside

himself as an individual and assumes a pose towards his audience, however small that differs from his everyday, every-hour-in-the-day relationship to the audience. Integral in this posing is a purpose." (Jansen, 1957: 112-113) Harry gives the impression that he takes this posing and purpose into consideration even before he begins a story. This theory of Jansen's does not fit Samuel (my chief narrator described below) so well.

Harry also has a tendency to give a short comment on the personality of the actors in a narrative if some member of the audience has no knowledge of these actors. And in imitating certain actors, he identifies with aspects of their behaviour, e.g., specific things they might do or say.

Harry is very capable of playing the role of both narrator and actor. As noted by Melville Jacobs, "Although oral literature recitals lack stage settings, they resemble in presentation and structuring of content those special performances of plays in which one speaker acts all the actors' roles." (Jacobs, 1959: viii)

In some stories Harry is the key actor. Such stories are usually ones in which the narrator has been drinking or as he says, "having a wonderful time."

Because some of my collecting from Harry was done in a natural context, I was able to observe certain

audience influences. On several occasions when a member of the audience told a story, Harry would always tell a similar story, e.g., about drinking or a particular person.

Harry has a habit of trying to begin a story before another person has finished telling one. This competitive element is shown by Harry's saying, "I'll tell ya one brother, I'll tell ya," or "One time, one time." Such opening phrases are an attempt by the narrator to focus audience attention on him. And he is never satisfied until he gets a chance to tell the story.

In a couple of the stories, laughter from the audience encourages him to repeat a phrase in the narrative. Apparently, since the audience was provoked to laughter at this point, the narrator desired by repeating the phrase, to get them to laugh again. From the laughter the narrator got obvious satisfaction.

The audiences familiarity with the different actors in the narratives established expectations of which the narrator was aware. These expectations caused the narrator to imitate the voice and gestures of the main actors. Probably too, the narrator gets satisfaction from imitating. Moreover, as Lessa has stated, " . . . narrators aim to be like the protagonist." (Lessa, 1966: 6) Unlike the other narrators, Harry uses single phrase repetition which, for him, is very effective in dramatizing

the narrative. In some cases this is of a rhythmic nature. I would agree with Boas that "the liking for frequent repetition of single motives is part due to the pleasure given by rhythmic repetition." (1959: 492) Nevertheless, I think that narrators also use repetition to impress their point of view on the audience.

At the conclusion of humorous stories the narrator has a habit of laughing loudly. In stories which point out mistakes which he makes--behaved in the wrong way--in certain situations, he laughs at himself. When Harry is telling a dramatic story--one which involves much action--he seems to lose himself in the telling. Only occasionally will he look someone in the eye while telling a story and this is usually at the beginning when the narrative has not reached any dramatic point. Sometimes he will stand up and walk around while telling a story. In this situation he makes excessive use of his hands to illustrate the story. When he wants to show sudden surprise during a story, or bring a story to a close, he will often clap his hands together making a loud noise. Either standing or sitting, Harry talks in a very loud voice at key points in the story. He desires to be emphatic in what he says. When he sits to tell a story he generally bends forward and rests his elbows on his knees. This posture again changes when increased action occurs in the narrative. As the tempo increases, he sits more erect.

After he has told a story, the narrator usually adds some comments. These remarks take the form of comment on the narrative. Sometimes I have noticed that the extent of such comments depends upon the reaction of the audience. If the narrator observes that that narrative was not fully comprehended by the audience--this is judged by audience response--then final comments are enlarged upon. Otherwise, such comments are kept at a minimum.

Reub Bussey

Biography

Reub Bussey is 83 years old, the eldest son of Paul and Emily Jane Bussey. His parents lived in Cod Harbour all their lives and his grandfather was the first Bussey to come to the community. Of English origin, his grandfather came first to Carbonear and then travelled north to Cod Harbour where he married a girl from the community.

With the exception of the time spent fishing on the Labrador and carrying freight in his schooner, Reub has lived in the community since birth. He is married to a woman from a community twenty miles away, and they had six children, and all but one are living. At present, only one, a daughter, is living in Cod Harbour.

Reub is about five feet six inches tall and weighs approximately 160 pounds. Despite his age, he has an

excellent memory. He prides himself on a full head of grey hair, but he is a little deaf. He admits that he can remember things better about "yers ago" than some recent happenings. For example, he once told me about the forest fire which swept through a part of the community in 1895. "I was just a boy," he said, "but I can mind that." He also told me about the old fellows who used to build their own schooners for the Labrador fishery around the turn of the century. He pointed out the beaches where they were built and the names of some of the schooners. The community recognizes his good memory and other people will often suggest that "you see Reub about that, he should know."

Reub is the brother of the narrator in Chapter VI, and they fished together on the Labrador for twenty-four summers, Reub being the skipper of the schooner. He and Samuel quit going to the Labrador in 1950, when the markets for Labrador cod declined. When he finished fishing on the Labrador, he fished with a cod trap from the community, not retiring until the mid 1960's. During the past twenty-five or thirty years he has operated a small grocery store which is on the opposite side of the road from his house. However, he received the major portion of his income from fishing, not from his grocery store, although by having a store he could get his own

provisions at wholesale prices. Until the 1960's, Reub grew his own vegetables in a garden next to his home.

For most of his life, he has been a staunch Orangeman. He has been a steady church goer and much of the Methodist tradition still lingers with him today. In fact, he sets himself up as a critic on the church and its preachers, has been a member of the various church boards and neither smokes nor drinks.

Reub is steeped in folk belief. My father once fished with him, and one day on their way to haul the cod trap, a crow flew across the head of their boat. He believed it to be a sign of bad luck and immediately he turned the boat around and returned home. He would never sail on Friday when fishing on the Labrador (unlucky to do so) and always turned his boat with the sun (unlucky not to do it). One of my informants told me that he once visited Reub's house when he was cleaning his gun. Unaware of what he was doing he stepped over the gun and Reub became angry and shouted, "I'm ruined, I'm ruined, I'll never kill another thing with that gun."

Repertoire and Telling Situations

When I first went to interview Reub, my principal purpose was to get information about fishing on the Labrador. Actually, a few days before I interviewed him I told him that I would like to have a chat to him about

his life on the Labrador. "Any time at all, boy," he replied. I recorded him in the living room of his own house and beside Reub and me, only his wife was present.

Although I used the occupational approach, e.g., "Tell me about fishing at Belle Isle," the interview was structured to a degree. Apart from fishing, I mentioned such things as supernatural lights, ghosts, ghost ships and life of years ago. Within each category, I did not press him for any particular story, but he was free to wander at will.

I recorded 26 narratives on tape, plus much folk life material. However, during the summer, I heard him tell several other narratives, some of which I was able to record myself on tape. Of the 26 narratives that were recorded from Reub, thirteen concerned fishing on the Labrador, and thirteen dealt with folk belief. In the first category, the narrator is involved in twelve of the stories whereas in the second category four are personal experiences.

Of the thirteen personal experience narratives dealing with sailing and fishing on the Labrador, five tell about storms, two show how quickly the weather can change at Belle Isle, two illustrate how "tricky" a cod fish can be, three show how the narrator knew where to set his cod trap, while others did not know. Finally, one story shows how another fisherman at Belle Isle knew how

to set his trap, while another did not know.

Although Reub spent a considerable amount of time fishing from the community, he did not tell one story about these experiences. He did say that his first trap berth was Mad Moll when he started the inshore fishery and that the four crew members caught a total of 300 quintals the first year.

Probably he was aware that I knew about the local situation and there was no need telling about these experiences. However, I am more inclined to believe that fishing at Belle Isle was seen as an adventure by him. Telling these stories not only functioned as a means of communicating with the past, but told others about that of which they had little knowledge. Undoubtedly, such stories portray the narrator as a man of wide experience and in several of these narratives the element of self-praise is obvious. For example, his knowledge of how to set his cod trap while some other men did not as shown by the following story:

And the same thing with, with the prime berth I was talking about. The last summer, the second last summer was there, like that, we put the trap out there and I went out there; the water was right clear, see where the fish was to, see if any fish there. I looked down, yes, right der comin' along by that edge der, comin' up to our trap der, we gettin' twelve and fifteen barrels a fish der. Another man said to me, he said, "I can't get no fish." I said, "You put your trap long side ours just down der, come off shore a little ways," I said, "Come off and you'll get the fish." So he

went off, he didn't come off so far as I did see. Next mornin' he had four barrels and we had about ten or twelve, see. He said, "I didn't get it." I said, "You never come far enough off shore, that's all." Fish was off der. He go out against the back of his trap and jig away the fish, see. You could jig that. [If] you had the trap there you could get it. I told 'n where I could jig it to, I could get it [trap it]. (MUNFLA, C850)

A man must have self-control, courage and endurance to cope with storms at sea. Also, he must know what to do and what not to do. Therefore, in Reub, we see the illumination of a personality which borders on a hero, but not to the same extent as his brother in the sixth chapter.

The narrator seemed to have a particular liking for stories with some unusual element. In the following narrative, for example, he is struck by the unusualness of the situation. What has happened is not common to his everyday experience.

I can remember... two or three times pretty tricky on fish now. 'Cause I can mind we was gettin' about four or five barrels over to... Gull Battery [berth], on the back side of the island then. Go over and haul our trap and go back with four or five barrels. Come back again, haul 'n, and have four or five barrels. By and by we wait fer the evening fer to have another haul, see, get another four or five barrels.

I knows Lewis Tucker come along there and he said, "We just hauled the trap, we just hauled the trap now, we had four or five barrels." He said, "Just a [as] well go and haul 'n again now boy, see if we get any fish." And I foolish like, went out, come on, all right boys, go and haul 'n now. Wouldn't doing nothing at all, jigging a few fish that's all. Had a skiff log load, I don't know but we didn't give he some, see. That's how tricky 'twas. (MUNFLA, C850)

Personal experience narratives are so much a part of Reub, that he cannot talk for very long before talking in story form. Actually, this is the way he seems to think, in episodes from his own experience. Almost every time that I have been with him, he has told me stories.

An important feature of his narrating technique is the order in which stories are told. The narratives at a particular time fit the conversation preceeding the narratives thus giving unity of storytelling. One of two things appears to be operating here as a part of the technique employed by Reub and others who tell about their experiences: Either (1) narratives are categorized to fit specific units of conversation; that is if a narrator is talking about bad weather on the Labrador, he tells two or three narratives which show this, or (2) specific conversational units (e.g., fishing, bad weather) are utilized in order to introduce a narrative. The transition from ordinary conversation to narrative form is done quite smoothly, and without interruption.

Reub's principal storytelling place is his grocery store, and here I have heard him tell stories at all times in the day. This is a small neighbourhood grocery store, about fourteen feet long, ten feet wide and six feet high. Both the door and window face the road. Along one side is a wooden seat on which four or five people can sit and

face the counter against which Reub leans when he tells stories. The store is heated by a small wood stove.

He has no specific store hours, but one will find him there especially in the afternoon and evening. Business is not great, but he enjoys being in the store. When he was fishing at home, he could not spend very much time there except in the winter. Sometimes when he was not in the "shop," people would go to the house after him. If it were evening, between 7:45 p.m. and 8:15 p.m. he would say to the person looking for him, "Hold on a bit you, I want to get Gerald Doyle [the news bulletin on the radio]."

In his store, usually the people who listened to his stories are customers. On other occasions, especially at night, men go there to pass the evening. Usually it is men in their twenties or thirties who comprise the audience although he does tell stories to older men.

I have found that one of the best ways to get him going is to mention the weather when you enter the store. For example, I have said, "I think we are going to have a gale of wind, a storm or some bad weather." Or mention something pertaining to the fishery and in each case he will begin telling stories about his experiences at Belle Isle, about the weather and fishing.

I have also heard him telling about his Belle Isle

experiences while splitting fish in his own fishing stage, while visiting another man's stage to hear the news after he had his own fish away, or when he had little fish, on the road in his part of the community where men congregate during a lull in the days work, in a small grocery store up the road from his own, and at his house. It seems to me that he is at his best outside of his own home away from the restrictions of his wife, for often she views what he says as trash. A typical comment by her is "I wish Reub knock off [shut up] that old foolishness."

Style

Although Reub is not so dramatic a narrator as his brother described in the next chapter, he does have individual qualities which make him an artist in his own right.

When I recorded him, he was sitting on the chesterfield in his living room. Seated in a chair to his right was his wife, while I was seated some distance from him on the left. While narrating, he did not use hand gestures, but had his hands folded on his waist, or each hand lodged on the chesterfield or palms down on his thighs.

Sometimes he tells stories in a monotone, but usually his voice is high pitched, varied to suit the incident being described. Occasionally he lowers his

voice to a whisper, swallows, tilts his head forward, and with a smile on his face, looks the researcher straight in the eye. Such behaviour seems to imply that he wants the audience to agree with what he said or he wants to know if they understood the story.

Rueb differentiates what other actors say by talking faster than usual and with more emphasis. This is unlike Harry, who strives for exact imitation. Several of his stories have a formula opening, e.g., "Another time," "One time," or "I can remember one time." Some stories begin without such an opening. Principal actors and plot framework are introduced at the beginning of the narrative.

Many of his stories have a formula ending, e.g., "'Tis a tricky piece of business down der [Belle Isle] sometimes," "That's how tricky things was down der [Belle Isle], see boy," or "Hard times that was, boy." Following most of his narratives, Rueb makes some comment generally in the form of narrative interpretation and explanation.

In the next chapter, I discuss my principal narrator, Samuel Bussey.

CHAPTER VI

SAMUEL BUSSEY

In this chapter I discuss my major narrator, Samuel Bussey. As in the preceeding chapter, I present biographical information and discuss Mr. Bussey's repertoire, telling situations and style. In the succeeding chapter I will analyze his narratives.

Biography

Samuel Bussey is the youngest of three sons of the late Paul and Emily Jane Bussey of the community and the grandson of the first Bussey to come to Cod Harbour. He is seventy-one years old, about five feet seven inches tall, and weighs approximately 220 pounds. He is raw boned, not fat. His face is dark coloured from exposure to the sun and wind. His back is a little bent, and when he walks each arm is extended some distance from his body. Usually he wears knee-high rubber boots, denim overalls, an old suit jacket, and a black peaked cap. Sometimes he wears a blue gurnsey sweater in place of the coat. Samuel is married to a woman from the community. They have one married son, but there are no grandchildren. His wife calls him

Samuel; his son, who is a little afraid of him, addresses him as Daddy, and his daughter-in-law uses Mr. Bussey. His brother, Reub, who is his nearest neighbour, and his friends address him as Sam.

Seldom has he been away from the community except to work. He has worked outside Cod Harbour when hunting seals off the Newfoundland coast, carrying freight in his schooner between St. John's and Cod Harbour (a distance of 300 miles), cutting pulp wood in the lumber woods, and fishing off the Labrador Coast. Each occupation took him away from the community for various lengths of time: fishing on the Labrador about two and one half months per year, for twenty-four consecutive years; carrying freight in his schooner, about one month a year for thirty years; ten or twelve seasons at the ice fields for about one and a half months each season; and fifteen or twenty winters in the lumberwoods for about two and one half months each year. Samuel and his son own in addition to a fishing stage and a wharf, several boats: a speed boat, punt, motor boat, and trap skiff. Today they fish together from the community with a cod trap during the fishing season. They have fished inshore for about 20 years.

In addition to fishing, Samuel mows hay with a scythe during the fishing season. In the fall and winter, he cuts firewood from the forest behind the community and hauls it home by his horse-drawn sled when the snow comes.

While mowing hay and cutting firewood he incessantly chews tobacco. As spring approaches, he spends most of each working day in his fish store mending his cod trap for the following summer.

Samuel, his wife, son, and daughter-in-law live in the same house, and to the observer exemplify the ultimate in both social and economic co-operation. They all suffer from various types of illnesses. Samuel, has arthritis, and his wife, Alice, has a heart ailment which has kept her almost constantly confined to the house for several years. Paul, his son, although able to do some fishing, is crippled with polio and partially blind. Nellie, Samuel's daughter-in-law, almost constantly suffers from acute bronchial trouble and has had several narrow escapes from death.

The family lives in a two-story, one-hundred year old home, which belonged to Samuel's father. It is located about one hundred feet from the salt water, and is 8-10 feet above sea level. A spur road around the eastern section of the community separates his house from his fish stage, store, flake, and outdoor toilet, which are located on the seashore. His barn is around 200 feet from the house and the family well is about another hundred feet further away. Danson and crab apple trees, and black currant bushes grow near the house.

The house is relatively large, and contains four

bedrooms. There is no indoor plumbing nor central heating. The kitchen is the area where the family spends most of its waking hours when in the house. Since the kitchen is the main setting for Samuel's storytelling, I shall describe it in some detail. It is approximately 18 feet long and 16 feet wide. It is about 8 feet high and its ceiling beams are exposed. Besides the door which leads through a porch to the outside, another door leads to the hall, living and dining rooms, and upstairs. Two windows face the seashore and a cliff, respectively. The kitchen contains a table and chairs, sideboard, refrigerator, electric washing machine, wood stove, a rocking chair, two couches, a washstand, a radio, and a telephone. Thus, old and modern styles are present in this one room. In addition to these items, which are part of the kitchen furniture, there are other items which are used exclusively by the men in the course of their work. Between two beams over the kitchen table there is a gun rack which contains three guns (7/8 [bore], 22 rifle, 303 rifle). The guns run parallel on the rack. A barometer, locally called a weather glass, hangs on the wall by the table. Each day Samuel looks at this glass and taps it. By it, he gauges the wind and weather which is very important to the daily operations of a fisherman.

Through the kitchen window, which faces the seashore, one can see the family's fishing property and part

of the harbour. During the summer, all the family can watch the fishing boats departing and returning from the fishing grounds. Being very astute people, the men, upon seeing a boat coming from the fishing grounds, can determine how much fish it contains. This is done by estimating how far the boat is submerged in the water. It is through this same window that the wives sometimes call their men in the fishing stage to their meals by singing out "ya-hoo, ya-hoo." This is the only call of this kind that I know of in the community.

In addition to the three regular meals of breakfast, dinner and supper, the wives prepare the table for three lunches every day. These are usually the "levener" at 11 a.m.; the "fourer" at 4 p.m., and a lunch before retiring at night. If there is company or visitors in the house, they too are urged to "have a cup of tea," which includes much food such as a dish of home preserved jam, home-made bread, biscuits, cheese, and cream. Each family member has his own place at the table, which seats eight people. Samuel has his own big, high-back, wooden chair in which he sits at the head of the table.

Samuel is regarded in the community as a strong man, and several stories depicting him as such when he was in his prime are still in circulation. For example, Luther told me the following story:

I seen Samuel Bussey one time on the deck of his schooner down there, although I told that to a lot a fellers since--not too long ago--and they made out it was wrong you know. But I seen 'n meself take four fifty-sixes [pound weights], two in each hand and put 'em over his head on the deck a the Jane and Ann [schooper]. Now they wouldn't fifty-sixes with the handle¹ down into 'em. Like Andrew's up here. Andrew used for weighing off fish you know, rings in 'em see, take two rings and rise 'em like that, push up. Pushed the four of 'em boy up over his head. (MUNFLA, C843)

He was also known to lift cask^s of oil and barrels of beef. In fact, his physical prowess is one thing which distinguished him from other men. Of course, at fishing one needs a great deal of strength to perform such work as hauling a cod trap, moving barrels of beef and casts of oil, carrying hand barrows of fish, and hauling up boats.

Samuel is a great lover of animals. His horse, cat, and dog are treated as though they have human understanding. He talks to them and is convinced that they understand what he says. There are many stories which show his faith in and control of his horse. He trained his horse and dog with affection.

Samuel respects the ideas and knowledge of others and often praises other men's qualities and aptitudes. He does, however, adamantly express his own ideas,

¹These 56 pound weights did not have a ring in them making them easy to lift. Instead there was a bar across the top under which there was a hollow space where the hand could be placed when holding the bar. Lifting such weight was hard on the arms, hands and back.

his own way of doing a particular thing, and is sometimes critical of those who make "foolish" mistakes. He is so steeped in the ways of his own physical and cultural environment that the "skill" for most situations in which he is likely to find himself is familiar to him.

Interaction with people from other sections of the Harbour is at a minimum. In respect to visiting others' houses, he is the direct antithesis of Harry, the second teller in the preceeding chapter. Most men do visit their neighbours. Neither when I was growing up in the community nor today is he known to visit, except on two occasions when someone died in his neighbourhood. Probably one reason for this is that his house was always one in which other people of the neighbourhood congregated. One always feels welcome in his house. During the winter especially, people visit to play cards in addition to listen to Samuel's stories.

He is a likeable man and will not hesitate to yarn or tell stories to those who will listen. Friends and strangers he treats alike, with kindness and hospitality. When I go to the community, it is his house which I usually visit first. Often I have met him coming out the garden pathway from his house. Immediately a broad smile covers his face. His first words are usually "Well, where did ya come from? Come on in." It makes no difference if he is busy. He returns to the house slightly

ahead of me to tell his family that I have arrived. Sometimes when he opens the kitchen door, he tries to trick his wife by saying, "I got a big stranger here, Alice."

The community recognizes Samuel as a good storyteller. It is significant that he has received this recognition to the extent that other people imitate him. I have mentioned or described many other people in the community who are storytellers, but they are not as popular as Samuel. Unquestionably, the community takes two things into consideration; the narrator as a person, and his performance.

He is liked by everyone in the community; I have never heard anyone criticize him. Said one informant:

Samuel Bussey has something [about him] that most people don't have. He is never mad or upset unless it is with himself. We tell jokes [really anecdotes--short humorous stories] about him, but he has something different.

Another informant told me:

Samuel Bussey is the kind of man that you can't find a fault with. A honest man, hard worker, ready to help anyone. Even in his house they give away more cups of tea than anyone on this side of the Harbour.

One informant said this about him: "You can't go into his house and talk about people 'cause he won't talk about anyone. Boy, he is a wonderful man, isn't he?"

He seems to understand other people, their problems, and their situation in the community. He listens to

all who talk with him; a man or woman of any age, or even a small child. I have seen him stop on the road and talk, and laugh with teenage children and those who were younger.

Repertoire and Telling Situations

While collecting in the community, I observed him storytelling in many different situations: resting his arms on his garden fence, standing and sitting in his fish store and stage, standing in a merchant's small store, and sitting in his own house.

My experience with Samuel shows that he gets much satisfaction from telling a story whether it is long or short. But I feel that he gets more pleasure from the longer narratives than the shorter. These are the stories with much detail, action, and many episodes.

In his kitchen he sits on a small couch by the stove. The distance from where he sits to the stove is no more than two feet. Occasionally he leans forward to put wood from a nearby wood box into the stove. But this function is performed by other members of his family when he is engaged in relating a long story. It is here that he is, to use a community expression, "in his element." In the evening, when he is not engaged in conversation or storytelling, he lies on the couch and smokes his pipe. When he starts to tell his stories, he sits up, pipe in

hand, and strokes his thin, receding hair. On this couch, I have, since my childhood, heard him relate dozens of stories which usually took the form of personal experiences. He loves to tell stories about his own adventures: fishing on the Labrador, seal hunting, or working in the lumber woods. Often he will jump up from his seat on the couch and walk back and forth in the kitchen, making gestures and dramatizing some unique or peculiar event from his experiences.

Samuel wants an attentive audience, one that demonstrates an intense interest in what he says. When one asks a question relevant to the story being told, one can detect a look of pleasure on his face. If during or after a narrative there were things that I or others did not understand, Samuel would explain it in a natural and spontaneous manner. He seemed to take pleasure in helping others understand, and often he detected lack of understanding by the audience and clarified it. This was especially true when my wife was present for she was not familiar with the culture. Two or three attentive listeners seem to give him greater enjoyment than one when telling stories. I have sat in his kitchen on several occasions when only members of his family were present and listened to story after story.

Although evenings seem to be the most favourable time for him to tell stories, I have heard him tell

stories during the mornings and afternoons as well. One morning I sat without a recorder in his kitchen for two hours and listened to a story about rabbit catching in the year 1914. Beside him and me, only his wife was present. I did not elicit that story or any other on that particular morning. Thus, in most instances, the narrator will relate stories without being requested to do so. He will tell stories on almost any topic, but he has to be in the right mood. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned that I should go to the Post Office to collect the mail. Upon hearing my remark, he began another story with "Yes, I sent an envelope one time without the letter." This was during his rabbit catching trip (referred to above) to the interior of the island of Newfoundland. It was winter and he and his brother were camping near the railway track. He even hailed the train which stopped and took aboard his "letter." Later he discovered that the letter was still with him and that he had halted a train to mail an empty envelope. It appears then, that if during a conversation, a topic which has similarities to the experiences of a storyteller is referred to, and the setting is appropriate, the storyteller will seize the opportunity to tell a story related to the conversation. The stage is set, and I have sensed a kind of compulsion, on the part of most storytellers, but especially Samuel, to take advantage of such a situation. The above story

indicates, too, that Samuel is able to laugh at himself.

Once Samuel begins to discuss a particular topic or tell stories about his experiences, his total personality becomes involved. He just wants to talk on and on about the things which are of interest to him. This prevented me from using a structured interview when I collected from him.

Although Samuel dominates a conversation, he is not considered a bluff. He has a vast knowledge of the culture and one cannot talk to him for very long before this becomes apparent. Whether it is about cod traps, boats, schooners, engines, cleaning and making fish, wind, tide, or horses, he is able to converse wisely. Every job was to be done in a particular way; and some of this knowledge is reflected in his stories.

Samuel has no problem in convincing his family and other people about the authenticity of his stories. His narratives are accepted as true testimony of his own experiences. On various occasions his son told me, "Daddy can tell you about everything he ever did." An anthropologist once visited him and Samuel's son told me what he said to his father: "He was wonderful impressed with Daddy, my son, and he [the anthropologist] said, 'Sure you can write a book about yourself.'"

Throughout the period of my collecting, I heard him tell about seventy-five stories. There were so many

occasions on which he told stories that I was unable to record all he told. I dictated fifteen on tape immediately after hearing them and fourteen stories I taped as he told them.

The three recording sessions took place in his own house at night. The first session, as I have indicated in the chapter when discussing methodology was not very successful because unsympathetic visitors were present. The remaining two sessions were extremely successful. For one of these, only he and I and his family were present; my wife accompanied me for the second interview and he enjoyed her presence.

In addition to the stories, I also collected other information from Samuel. Some of it would fit the category of personal experience. Much of the material centered around a sealing trip to the ice when he was only 23 years old.

An examination of both groups of stories taped and dictated shows that 25 of the 29 are personal experiences. Sixteen of the total surround occupations or different types of work: fishing, sealing, working in the lumber-woods, and hunting. This illustrates the importance of work to Samuel. As one would expect, the greater percentage of these are related to fishing and the sea. He spent most of his life at sea and it became a part of him. Dégh makes the remark that:

. . . among the itinerant storytellers, we must also count sailors, boatmen, and fishermen, especially where people lived along the coast, since they often spent weeks on the water. John [Ulrich] has observed that fishermen and sailors are good narrators. (1969: 71)

His experience in schooners at Belle Isle, sealing vessels at the ice, trap skiffs, motor boats, and in the lumber-woods comprise a major part of his work life. All that these facets of life entailed is important to him, and it is through the medium of story that he communicates his experiences in his environment. This seems to follow the theory set forth by A. R. Radcliffe-Brown in discussing legends of the Andaman Islanders:

The legends . . . serve also to give a social value to the places with which he is familiar. The creeks and hills that he knows, the camping sites at which he lives, the reefs and rocks that act as landmarks by reason of any striking feature they may present, are all for him possessed of a historic interest that makes them dear to him. (Radcliffe-Brown, 1968: 65)

Actually, the greater part of Samuel's stories deal with things for which he holds a high value. Samuel seems to be more involved in his stories than are the other storytellers, and the stories appear to mean more to him.

Samuel is a conscious narrator who is, in a sense, an actor. He loves to relate story after story. One cannot help being struck by the natural and spontaneous flow of his stories. He always has full control of the storytelling situation.

We may ask ourselves why Samuel became such an

avid storyteller. What factors have so shaped his personality that we recognize him as a true narrator? In such an analysis, where do we look for the answers as to what gives him great storytelling abilities, and why does he use personal experience stories rather than some other form of folklore? Part of the answer lies in the socio-economic milieu in which Samuel found himself: fisherman, sealer, and lumberjack. It is his role as a fisherman that has most shaped his personality. Occupational lore manifested in personal experience narrative dominates his repertoire. This is, however, only part of the reason why he is such a good narrator and is recognized as such. Others have spent many years on the sea, but they are not good storytellers. Nevertheless, Samuel is representative of a widespread pattern. We must examine other factors.

How could we explain the delightful good humor which is reflected in many of his stories? In his part of the Harbour, I have heard several people remark about the apparent happiness and contentment that exists among the members of his family. In Cod Harbour, two-generation families have not been notable for harmonious living among their members. Perhaps Samuel's humorous stories act as a partial release for tension and anxiety, for he seems to be more at ease in his home community than most people.

Although Samuel fished on the Labrador coast for 24 seasons, it was his brother who was skipper of the

schooner. Samuel was engineer. Since I have observed the two brothers competing at storytelling and Samuel adamantly trying to minimize the importance of what his brother said, I believe competition prevailed in the total socio-economic system in which the two brothers operated. To be skipper-man put one in a prestigious category. The skipper gave the orders; he was boss. Everything was dependent on the captain. There was no doubt though, that Samuel was not easily "bossed around." He had to distinguish himself in some manner. One way in which he was able to do this was by performing feats of skill and strength--heroic behaviour. Samuel has a need to talk about himself. In ordinary conversation, he cannot boast of himself as a hero--a man who has endured much hardships, praise different phases of his life's work, or portray his various skills. Therefore he uses stories.

Today, in old age, Samuel is no longer the successful individual he used to be. Without doubt, his own and his family's numerous illnesses have incapacitated him and his family. Because of the narrator's fierce independence, his incapacity causes a lack and this must be compensated for so that he will continue to appear in the limelight--where he desires to be. Neither Paul (the son) nor Samuel is able to work as hard today as when they were in their prime and probably both feel it keenly. Although Samuel and his son set and haul their cod trap

each summer, they lag far behind other fishing crews in the community with regard to the number of quintals of fish caught. They cannot compete with men who are younger and not bothered by sickness. Samuel wants to earn a livelihood by hard work but is unable to do so. Until he began receiving his old age pension, he must have had a hard time. His stories depict a life that is past--an ideal life when he could play a more active role.

Actually, we might speculate that a latent function of the storytelling event is a portrayal of that ideal. It may be said to serve as disguise for his present situation.

These stories in which he seems to glorify himself, his skill and his knowledge may be only slightly exaggerated. He makes himself a hero, but others say he was a hero.

He brags about his knowledge but the community agrees that he had that knowlege. Stories about fishing and rough times on the Labrador, how smart and nimble he used to be, what he could endure physically, and hard work at the ice, all portray heroic capabilities which he no longer possesses. He wants to maintain that heroic role--to depict himself as others once saw him. Some of his stories show, for example, his talent at getting cooperation from a horse. One informant told me that Samuel was able to drive his horse all day and not make her sweat. Some years ago he went to Newport (about 18 or 20 miles away) twice onewinter's day and his horse did not sweat.

He added, "He just knew how to do it." In the next chapter I am giving one story which was dramatically related, showing his skill and knowledge in the handling of his horse.

Also, others tell stories about him, and in doing so, they imitate his voice and gestures. It was mentioned earlier, that Samuel tells some of his stories in a local merchant's store. Here he finds people who will listen to his stories. Incidentally, this coincides with a comment by one of Dégh's storytellers, "that the true storyteller must tell stories, and when he does not have listeners, he goes and looks for an audience." (Dégh, 1969: 80) On several occasions, I observed one of the local merchants telling stories about Samuel and striving to imitate his voice and gestures. He appeared to derive great satisfaction from doing so. I have seen a teenage boy trying to tell Samuel's stories. He strove to imitate his voice and gestures and even stick his tongue out from the corner of his mouth as Samuel sometimes does when he is storytelling. One day I found myself telling one of Samuel's stories (taking the doctor to Seatown) to a man who knew him well. A lady who was present said, "He told me that just a few days ago and he lived every minute of what he was saying." When people imitate Samuel, it is not to mock him, but to give credit to his dramatic art.

Style

Samuel introduces the main characters at the beginning of his stories, tells what the story is about, and gives an explanation of the action. He tends to give much detail at the beginning of his stories so that the audience will understand fully what is happening. He wants to make sure that his listeners grasp the sequence of events.

Samuel has a flair for concrete detail. He is bent on giving a precise picture. In story number 5, he makes the statement, "de marnin' 'fore daylight." This does not satisfy him. He adds, "just as dawnin'." There appears to be a compulsion for him to give detail insofar as it communicates actual feeling to the audience. For example, "'twas cold, bitin' cold, wonderful cold." (story number 8) For Samuel, everything must be complete to the extent that it satisfies boundaries set by him and members of the audience who might be familiar with the narrative situation. Sometimes detail, by the select use of words, is used to evoke laughter from the audience, e.g., "He was batin' [beating] hees hands pretty smart and clicking hees feet on the slide." (This means that he is cold) (story number 7) [The gesture of swinging the arms across the chest, each hand striking the opposite shoulder, is used by fishermen to warm themselves when they come in from hauling the cod trap.]

Spatial or geographical elements (place, names) are usually given for each story. Sometimes this is also true for time elements. Often, however, the opening "One time," is either mentioned or implied. Although the main elements of time and place are given, as Lessa says, the "setting has a certain timelessness." (Lessa, 1966: 79) Sometimes, instead of chronological time, an event is timed by reference to some other occurrence in the community or elsewhere, e.g., "That's when all de schooners drove up through." (story number 2)

Sometimes Samuel ends a sentence without completing it, e.g., "Anyway, 'twas a wonderful . . . " (Story number 6) I have seen him struggling for a specific word. But instead of stopping to explain what he is saying, he continues. To halt would disrupt the continuity of the story and he is not going to be stopped by not knowing a specific word.

When he repeats the words of another actor, he says, "He said . . . " Where Harry usually imitates the voice of each actor, especially the protagonist, Samuel shows the difference by continuing in his own voice, but varying it from a low to a very high pitch, e.g., story number 7. Samuel also uses emphasis in repeating others' statements, usually by moving his head slowly up and down.

"Anyway" is a word used in several narratives. Sometimes it is used to link episodes in a story in order

to give continuity. On other occasions, it is used when there appears to be a loss of continuity, probably because the narrator has forgotten some minor point. It might be suggested that there is some correlation between the narrator's forgetfulness and the use of such a word as "anyway." This specific word seems to be used when there is a gap in exact detail.

One characteristic of Samuel's style is his use of comparison or parallels. For example, in story number 5, he says it took him 15 hours to walk from his home to another community. This was a difficult journey because he had done it on another occasion in only 4 1/2 hours. In another story (number 7), he builds up a contrast between himself and a medical doctor. Sometimes he uses comparisons in an attempt to create humor, e.g., "as light as a sponge cake," and "hot as fire." (story number 10)

When Samuel is in a storytelling mood, he speaks at a fairly fast rate. In one story, a comment by the collector caused the narrator to talk very fast. He talked at such a speed and with so much repetition that one could hardly detect what was being said. But this is unusual. He tries to give information with his gestures or bodily action.

In most of Samuel's stories there is a voice variation. Another stylistic feature is voice rhythm, a salient element in story number 10. When he speaks about

the actual stealing of the cake, the rhythm is so increased that the various actions flow together. The audience can visualize what is happening: Samuel going into the galley, taking the hot cake and running over the barrack head to the jib boom. The total scene creates laughter among the audience.

Exaggeration and sarcasm can be detected in some of his stories. Often both are used to create humor. The narrator sometimes uses sarcasm for didactic purposes; to teach the listeners that a certain thing is right or wrong. At times this almost reaches the point of coercion toward the audience and an evident release of tension by the narrator. Political discussions usually put him in such a mood.

Gesture is a stylistic feature at which Samuel excels. When he is involved in a story, and emphasis is at a peak, his tongue protrudes from one corner of his mouth. His arms extend to the right and left and he raises them up and down, depending on the action in the story. For certain stories, he sometimes extends both arms in front of him and he makes various quick movements with his hands, all the while holding his pipe in his hand or mouth. Probably facial expressions and movement of the head better convey a particular message. When he smiles, he usually moves his head to the left and right. A comment from the audience with which he understands and

and agrees, causes him to move his head up and down affirmatively. In such instances, his face reflects a serious expression. Through gesture he seems to say, "Yes, boy, that's how it is." When he is opposed to some person or some action in the story, he partially closes his eyes, bows his head and slowly gives a negative response. On one occasion, I observed him suddenly spring to his feet and position himself in the centre of the kitchen floor. He was relating a story about walking through salt water with paddles. He illustrated this by quick movements of his arms and legs. This was an example of gesture at a maximum.

I have never known Samuel to tell stories in the presence of his own family only. Excellent rapport with his daughter-in-law confirmed this. Often she has said to me, "Well, you should have come down to the house last night. Frank was there and you should have heard Mr. Bussey [Samuel]. I never laughed so much in me life." Samuel thus seems to want listeners from outside his family network in order to obtain a high degree of satisfaction from telling stories. This parallels Dégh's comment that, "Since traditional communal work has faded into the background, the folktale has been restricted to the family circle and is told only when company comes." (Dégh, 1969: 77) When Samuel is telling stories, a varied audience usually results in greater dramatization.

Actors in the story who belong to Samuel's section of the community are called by their first name only, while those from outside the community are called by both their christian and surnames. Persons from other parts of the community may or may not be called by their full name. I feel that in each case this is governed by the audiences's acquaintanship or relationship with the respective characters. I, for example, was expected to know who Frank and Lem were in story number 5. No clarification was needed on the part of the narrator to illuminate the picture or present a clearer understanding for me.

An attentive and responsive audience is necessary for a high degree of performance by the teller. When a story is humorous, the listener usually gets much laughter from him. He seems to suggest that the story is funny or amusing and that the audience should laugh with him. In other instances he suggests humor by acting. Sometimes he does not laugh even though there is much laughter from the audience. As Messenger says about one of his narrators, "He smiled but did not laugh after telling something amusing that aroused great merriment among his listeners." (Messenger, 1964: 203) Like Harry, at times he uses repetition when he has detected that what he has just said went over well with the audience.

For Samuel, and for my other storytellers, the message that is communicated must be understood. Narrator

and audience must be unanimous in their grasp of the various episodes. The audience was expected to know the different terms in a story, e.g., "between open and fast" (story number 9). Of course, in most stories much is left to the imagination of the audience. And unless the audience utilizes or activates its imagination, then they do not enjoy fully the particular work of art.

At one point in story number 4, the narrator is interrupted by his daughter-in-law who claims that he is not talking about the bread. She is not fully aware of the gradual detailed progression which is necessary for each story. The narrator does not challenge her remark; he ignores it and continues. There is a picture in his mind and he must finish.

There are many good storytellers in the community, but in Samuel, the dramatic is a high art form. Between him and his stories there is an intimate bond--life itself.

In Samuel, a widespread community pattern is typified: people who see interesting things in their own experiences and have a desire to tell others about it. However, the ability with which these narratives are formulated, the style in which they are told, and the narrator as a person, all play a part in the acceptance of the narratives as works of art by the community.

CHAPTER VII

NARRATIVE ANALYSIS

In this chapter I include ten narratives which I collected from Samuel by recorder. I have attempted to transcribe each narrative as accurately as possible.

These narratives have been selected because they appeared to be ones which the narrator liked best. Also, they are good examples of his style and dramatic art.

Wherever possible the narratives are arranged in the order told and where comments prefaced or came after the narratives I include them. Where there is laughter by the narrator or the audience I indicate it in the narrative text with the use of square brackets. I do the same for the explanation of local terms or references rather than add a possible distracting footnote. Each narrative is analyzed, indicating what it suggests about the narrator and the community.

The narratives are taken from the first two recordings of the narrator which occurred four days apart. The first four stories are from the first interview, while the remaining six are from the second. Both recording sessions took place in his house; one in the kitchen with

his family and four visiting relatives present and the other in his living room with my wife and me in attendance. During the first interview, he told his stories while sitting on the kitchen couch; during the second session he sat on a daybed.

[1]

(Collector: What do you remember about going to Belle Isle in 1928?)

Oh, well now we went der [Belle Isle], see, and didn't know... turned off with de wind southern. We went, we went, went down [to Lark Tickle] and didn't know as much about de island--de tickle--the workings of it. An de tide was goin' down through [the tickle] ...the tide was runnin'down... goin' down through the tickle... well, about three knots... and we goes on down and was gazing around, watching this one puttin' away fish and others... and we was sort a late in gettin' unto... and we dropped one anchor an let 'n go... only had 14 or 15 fathom a chain on her [it was possible to add more] and went on down [and] let go de anchor and he never... runned out 15 fathom... da was all. So we went on an went on down [in the forecandle]... and lunched... men come aboard... Skipper Harvey Snelgrove come aboard and we was there you know... sittin' down and by and by someone looked up and [we were] drivin' ashore. And 'twas 15 fathom, 14 fathom a water where we had the anchor down and she dragged 'n [the anchor] in, certainly. And now 'twas get the boat on her [connect the schooner to the motor boat] and try de tow up [try to tow the schooner with the motor boat]... runned out [put out] a line. We couldn't get her up [from the shore], de tide an de wind was too stormy, see... we wouldn't able de get her out a it. She was a brand new schooner now, [with a] new chain... we right down on de head [point of land]... Skipper Andrew Snelgrove and Earl Hodder and dem, right down on de coast, and no, no, no, boats all out... and by and by a boat come and got on her [tried to tow schooner]... and then another boat. Skipper Oswald Tucker--he come and hees crowd... an they was only like squid jiggers on 'n... and we

couldn't get her out of it. And then der was 4 or 5 boats got on her.. Skipper Arthur Scammel got on her... yes we had 5 or 6 boats on her and one motor boat--one seven Hubbard [boat having a seven horsepower Hubbard engine]--come der... and took de line [towing line]... hove [threw] de line out to 'n... and bit 'n up [tied it on]... and he took her on and all the rest [of the boats] fell astern [behind]. One boat--one motor engine--took her out of it--a seven Hubbard... now and he went on, straight on up [through the tickle] and he dropped our anchor.

And I tell ya we had some fuss [difficulty]. We was about four hours, three or four hours trying de get dat schooner out a that... be [there were] eight, five or six boats, one tuggin' against de other, you know, and... trying de jig her up out of it. Couldn't get her up clear de head de schooner... and we still had our anchor out... and that boat--dat seven Hubbard--took us right up through de tickle... and we hove down our mud hook [small anchor] and give her de thirty fathom then [thirty fathoms of chain on the anchor]... and that was the first offence a [trip to] Lark Tickle... put in twenty-four years der after dat... and seen bad times der... and good times... rough, but not too bad. (MUNFLA, C861)

The narrator admits at the start of the story that he and the other crew members knew little about the weather at Belle Isle when they first went there. They were not familiar with the wind, tide, and depth of water on this part of the coast. Actually the story serves as a contrast to later experiences at Belle Isle. Over the years, a once foreign way of life becomes familiar and a vast accumulation of knowledge makes the narrator a master of the Labrador fishery. One can sense a feeling of unsureness in the crew's observing the other men putting away fish.

Although Samuel and the other crew members were

strangers to this part of the coast, other men came aboard to visit. The visitors were from an island community in the same bay as the narrator. This was reason enough for friendship in a distant fishing area. Moreover, fishermen and others who are in similar occupational roles have a tendency to band together.

The crisis of a drifting schooner, with the ever-present fear of losing her, results in help from the other fishermen. This is not unusual. At the beginning of the crisis the situation appears desperate for there is no one around to help. Help comes. The average motor boat engine is four horsepower, but a boat with a more powerful engine and, presumably, a skillful crew is successful and it is this boat which the narrator praises. "Squid jiggers" is an appropriate comparison here since they are pulled back and forth with very little strength being exerted when used by fishermen to jig squids.

He concluded the story by saying this was the first time he was at Lark Tickle (Belle Isle). A nostalgic tone is found in the final three sentences. One can detect a sense of reflection on his face--a look which seems to say, "I have lost something close to me." He feels the need to inform the audience of the length of time he spent at Belle Isle.

Samuel does not portray himself as a heroic figure here because he lacks the experience. After he has gained

more experience he becomes aware that he was among the great men and would not get in the same situation again.

In the last two or three sentences the narrator praises their ability to endure the life on the Labrador. He knows that it required a people with superior knowledge, a determination to work hard, and a willingness to gamble. The final sentence informs the audience that the weather could not get too rough, for the crew could always succeed.

Samuel's comments about bad weather remind him of story number 2 and he goes into it without comment on the present story.

[2]

[I] seen it blow ninety mile [per hour] der [Belle Isle] one time [when] we leaved her [schooner] in Lark Tickle... now worked 'till two a'clock in de night [at putting away fish], broke our gas lantern, oiled up our engine, put two set a batteries on her [put an extra set of batteries in the motor boat for fear one failed to work], had our lunch and left her... had her loaded, 600 qunitals of fish in her... jumped, took our gas lantern, smashed he [the lantern] on deck--runned into de wheel and broke he--jumped aboard de skiff, tied on our punt [to skiff for safety] and left her... went over in the [where the other schooners were]... with four or five trap grapples [grapnels] and moorins [rope], hung up [remained] fer de night. And we went aboard of another schooner, Max Thistle, and that's where we... hung her tough. That's when all de schooner's drove up through [the tickle]... Rupert Bailey drove up through and he had his two engines going. [Paul, Samuel's son: Rupert Gulliford] Rupert Gulliford. [Paul: Yes, he was only a young feller, 18 or 20 year old] Yeah. [Paul: And he had his engines goin' all night long sure.] [Nellie, Paul's wife: Shhhhhh] Yeah. They had a hard time. [Samuel doesn't notice Nellie trying to get Paul to stop interrupting.] And then Skipperman Randell der...he drove

up [through the tickle] and hees and hees... and he drove up through the tickle and de schooner batin' up to de cliff.

Well now, we had a brand new boat and... and she... we kept her ready in case of a emergency and 4 or 5 trap moorins aboard, and... in der, if anyone get in hard dutch [difficulty] [we'd] go fer 'em. And we heave out our grapple de take 'em [would moor boat while taking aboard those in danger] and den... we had plenty a moorins and grapples aboard fer to... Anyway, while de fray [wind] was on he [Randell] got up der and he had hees submerged, sunk... and... hees boat bate up... hees motor boat was sunk to her side and he put her... then he had the other punt... he had one put on deck. But he was up to de cliff, only ridin' [moored] on 15 or 16 fathom a chain. But the wind dropped off [abated]... and he hauled [his cod trap]...we... we went over... we left then. [Paul: That's the feller they said would drown a [salmon.]Yes. And we left and went aboard de schooner [their own], see, the wind dropped off, goin' up to 'n [towards the other schooners], we intended to go up to 'n, the wind dropped off and we let 'n bide [did not go there]. [We] went aboard of our own schooner, she was over on Ring Bolt Point degether [together, not beaten up] and I looked back ... looked over to see dose fellers was doin' out in punt--other fellers [of narrator's crew] down [in forecattle] boilin' de kettle--and I seen this feller goin' ashore with a anchor, you, goin' ashore on de rocks. He had a anchor... He was goin' de get'n upon, on, on de bar, you know, Lark Island. I looked at 'n an here come de sea over de bar... and de sea comin'... well now... de sea was goin' de kill 'n... and here was de breakin' sea comin' over de rock, she was rollin' over de rock, comin' twenty-five feet over hees head.

Well, he looked back and seen 'n [the wave]. He hove down de anchor and he runned... and certainly I turned me back on 'n [didn't look] and went down de forecattle and I knowed he was gone [drowned] an I said, "I'm not goin' de lose my life de go and try and save he cause 'tis, 'tis all naught [useless] I knowed he was killed... he was bate de pieces. [I] never passed a, never said a word about it [to any other crew members]. [I] went down. When the kettle was boiled I said, "Let's go up board old man Randell and see what's wrong. That man is in a hard dutch up der. Let's go up and try to get 'n out of it." So we got in de skiff and went up and Clayt

Sturge, he was der, and he got aboard with us.

We went up and towed her out of it, towed 'n down [through the tickle]... de old man was cryin' and they was in a hard dutch, you know. So, we towed 'n down and shackled 'n [connected chain], we pumped in de chain and shackled 'n and moored 'n up down tickle, moderate now [relatively calm]... never asked 'n [Randell] nothing about this man he lost 'cause I knowed he was gone, I never even spoke about it... never said to Reub [narrator's brother]... but in the night--now we had de lef our schooner again, come on de blow--we went over aboard a Max Thistle and while I was der and I said, "I wonder what happened to Uncle Randell's man." I said, "He lost a man dis marnin' [morning] over on dat island." He said, "You [narrator] was aboard der!"... and up speaks Max Thistle's second hand [man next to captain], "He, dat feller," he said, "where, what happened?" I said, "I seen 'n on de island, seen de sea comin'!" "He, my dear man," he said, "he'd drown [swim better than] a salmon, dat feller would." He said, "He jumped out in dat tickle three times and went and land dat anchor and put hees rope on 'n... went and jumped out in a boilin' bark pot [refers to an iron pot used by fishermen to boil bark for nets]--Lark Tickle was nothing only a boilin' bark pot--swim back and went back and landed on dat island and a gull [seabird] wouldn't pitch der, let along a man... [It was] just de same as you go on Cod Harbour Rock [a submerged rock near the entrance to Cod Harbour] and he goin' twenty-five feet under water. But he went der and land hees anchor... and tied 'n on... and got 'n to hees schooner. And we went and towed her out of it, never asked [about the man who was supposed lost]... I knowed de man was gone, see, poor old feller [Randell] was heart broken and frightened de death 'cause he was in a hard place... anyway we had 'n stowed away [out of danger], we was over der. "Yes," he said, "dat feller 'd drown a salmon." Now you [just imagine!]! But he wouldn't worried, dat feller, he, he was a young feller about 22 year old... and a... couple year afterwards I was talking to hees father... [he] was down here one night--he was down here--and I was askin' 'n [the father] about 'n [the swimmer]. He said, "Dat feller." He said der was no worries about he in de water, he said, 'cause he'd a went on de Quirpon [a fishing community in northern Newfoundland]... he could swim up around de island. He was safer in de water than he was in de punt. [Collector: From Belle Isle?] Eh?

[Collector: Swim from Belle Isle de Quirpon?] Yes, he said he was able de swim de Quirpon. He was able de swim anywhere... cause he could live... he could live in de water like a seal [amphibious sea mammal]. He said he was just as good as a seal in de water... there was no such thing as drownin' he in de water... cause he could put in all day in and day out and day in and day out. But 'twouldn't in de water, see, 'twas dis boilin' bark pot he was in to. You know what a man do in de sea [rough sea].

But dey tells me... but dey tells me he, he, he, he's not able de go down de stage now, dat feller... lost every bit of his nerve. (MUNFLA, C861)

Immediately after the story, the narrator's wife adds, "I should say he did."

Samuel continues: "Lost every bit of his nerve. They tells me now hees not able de go down stage de untie a punt, that young feller. And I'll tell you he was able de untie a punt then. So, a man, a, he can be [have much nerve and lose it]." [His son interrupted: "Still fer all see boy, 'twas a livin' hurricane a nol'east wind see boy and de Lord rigged it out that way. It got start black calm in de tickle, start black calm.]"

Samuel: "Skiff upsot you know. Skiff, big skiff, 33 foot [long], capsized bottom up. Rupert Gulliford down [in] de skiff: She rolled bottom up. We freed her. Give it to her [got her out of it]. The say [sea] you know.... So 'twould very... black lumber [swell] from de hill you know comin' over and she fullled full a water and upsot. This a hard place fer a man to get a livelihood, in a storm you know. That was, that was de last a August [Leslie is grinning]."

Leslie [visitor]: "That's the end of it."

Samuel: "No der was no end to that."

Collector: "No sir."

Samuel: "'cause that way, you was always into that. Well now, we loaded after that. We we finished and got out of it, now. Went down... and took up our trap, Sunday."

Paul: "Look at de time we come out a de Straits a Belle Isle and a dense fog. Never knowed der was a schooner handy. Der was about two hundred schooners in our sight when de fog cleared up. You can mind that sure, Daddy."

Samuel: "Yes, oh yes. Well, that happened often

then. Wouldn't happen now 'cause der's ne'er [neither] schooner. I suppose der's ne'er yard a canvas de hoist now."

The story gives us a partial picture of a fisherman's life on the Labrador. A storm and a man overboard are the main points in the story. Exaggeration is a technique used in the narrative.

At the beginning the narrator mentions a captain who is only 18 or 20 years of age. This is a young man, but it was not unusual in the area to hear about a young person being captain of a fishing schooner. Some young fellows go on the water when they are between nine and twelve years old and learn about fishing and sailing from their father or other men.

The story shows that emergencies can come at any-time and that the fisherman must be prepared. In times of crisis men help each other. Here it is a storm which unites the men. Samuel and the other crew members went aboard another schooner because they feared theirs might swamp. The other schooner was probably moored in a safer location.

The narrator exhibits a high degree of reticence when he thinks a man has drowned. He accepts it as a natural consequence of the storm. However, he appears shocked that the man did not drown. Then there is the relief which comes with the knowledge that the man is safe.

Although I have heard it said that most Newfoundland fishermen are unable to swim, this did not apply in Cod Harbour. Especially during the days of the Labrador fishery, some fishermen used to dive from the schooners and swim across the harbour and return, a distance of one mile.

When Samuel tells about old man Randell, he speaks in a sympathetic tone. He is very much aware of what is going on, but feels helpless. It is almost by innuendo that he refers to a man he thought was drowned. In closing, the narrator brings the story to a low note. A fisherman has been immortalized as a swimmer and, in a sad tone, the narrator tells that the same man has lost his nerve. He is dumbfounded at such a paradox.

The story gives a description of life seemingly enjoyed by the narrator. It was a hard life but Samuel does not condemn it; it was one of the few ways to earn a living. One can detect a note of Samuel's pride in having belonged to such an era. He admits it was a hard way to earn a livelihood, but those days are dear to him. He praises them and in so doing, praises himself. He does not accept the comment from the audience that "That's the end of it." The idea must be communicated that most of his life was like that. Such experiences were a part of him. His comment "I suppose der's ne'er yard a canvas de hoist now" was said in a low and mournful voice, his

head bowed. He is aware that there are few schooners going on the Labrador today. In it one can detect his attachment to the past, to schooners and fishing. On his face was a look of sadness and the speech portrayed a critical attitude towards life today. For him, the great days are gone, and some of the men were ruined physically in the process. By implication even Samuel is not in good shape.

After Samuel finished commenting on story number 2 we continue to discuss his fishing experiences. The following are comments which immediately preceded story number 3:

Collector: You had some experiences now in twenty-seven, what was it, twenty odd years down Belle Isle?

Narrator: Twenty-four, yeah.

Collector: Twenty-four years! [admiration]

Narrator: We never missed a summer there either out a de twenty-four. 'Tis longer than that you know, on de shore down der, around. That was only one occasion, that was one packet. [He then tells a short fishing story about trapping cod in September month at Williamsport in the White Bay on the east coast of the Northern Peninsula]

Collector: [Immediately after the story] Can you remember the time you laughed the most down on, down Belle Isle?

Narrator: The what?

Collector: You said there were good times and bad times just now you know. Was it any time you laughed a lot down there, got a great bit a fun out a something?

Narrator: I don't know; there's times I laughed I dare say.

Daughter-in-law: Think now. [He bowed his head, pipe in hand and looks toward the floor. He thinks for several seconds and then looks up smiling.]

Narrator: Yes. De time Reub caught fire. [Laughs heartily] [Audience laughs but does not know the story] By God [laughing]; yes, everything'll happen boy.

Collector: What happened der now fer Reub de catch fire?

Then Samuel begins to tell story number 3.

[3]

Well now he [Reub] runned up over the hill pickin' bake apples [wild berries], see, gettin' a feed [for himself] a bake apples an... while we was boilin' de kettle and he come back and he shoved on [threw gas on the fire]... I had some gas der and 'twas a mistake in de gas [wrong kind]--'twas Three Star gas instead a proper local gas--and I had it hid away. He come back... and runs along and he come along be [by] de can a oil, see boy, and he grabbed up de can a oil and I bawled and said, "Don't throw dat in de fire!" And he threwed it on de coals, and when, and when I made de thrill [roar], he drawed back de can and flicked de gas all up over hees face and head, certainly. And that was all afire. Certainly he made fer de water, nice run der, good sea. He never looked fer a road 'cause he went right on over de boulders. [Narrator and collector laugh.] Be God, we had a job de hold 'n, see [we] had de bury 'n up we [with] water, 'cause if he got in de water he'd a never got out 'cause de sea was mountains [high]... we holdin' 'n and, and captured 'n [Audience laughs] with hees oil jacket, you know... well, I could laugh a little bit. Yes, and when we hauled de coat off 'n, he was still afire... be God 'twas bury 'n again [throw water over him]. [Narrator laughs] We douted it [doused it] and lassied 'n [put molasses on the burns to cure them] over then, put de lassy [molasses] to 'n. [Nellie: Lassy?] Over hees hands and hees face. 'Twould a been serious if he been der be hees self. [It]

happen we was der and grabbed 'n. If he'd a got in de water, he wouldn't a got out because big run [tide] der, see. He didn't know what he was doin'. When he got afire, he didn't know what he was doin'. He was unconscious, no sooner [he didn't know what he was doing as soon as he caught fire]... he frightened de death, certainly. That was it.
(MUNFLA, C861)

This story was recorded during my first interview with Samuel and he appeared to be a little suspicious of what I was doing. The narrative was not spontaneous but came as a result of a direct question by the collector, and the narrator was not in the storytelling mood. The action in the story revolves around a serious event, yet the narrator has turned it into a humorous situation. For the narrator, his own brother Reub is the butt of humor. Reub is about ten years older than Samuel and probably it is because the community attributes greater wisdom and knowledge to the older person that the narrator saw the situation as comical. There was reversal of prescribed roles. Reub should have been more careful, but he was fooled by using the wrong kind of gas. After the story the narrator adds: "Dat was it. A man a go panic you know. Yes. He made right fer de, right over de rocks fer de... [laughs] Yes, der's stuff you know that you can tell. You wants Melvin White now de tell ya a good story. He can do it." [narrator laughs] Here Samuel tries to explain Reub's behaviour, e.g., "A man a go panic you know." This leaves the impression that there was nothing

unusual in what had done. Also, one gets the feeling that this comment is a form of an apology for the narrator's attitude towards his brother.

After the story I said, "That's not where ya had ya brewis was it, out there?"

Narrator: Eh?

Collector: That's not where ya lost ya brewis out there?

Narrator: Oh no, that was in Ming's [Bight] we lost our bread. Yes, that was, that was another occasion. Yes, when they ripped up the beaver's dam. No, when I lost de bread, da was in Ming's [a community in Green Bay, approximately 40 miles from Cod Harbour].

Collector: You didn't hear that one Leslie [a member of the audience and narrator's sister's son]

Leslie: Em?

Collector: You didn't hear that one did ya?

Narrator: Da was, da was, da was, da was...

Collector: Oh my son! [meaning it is a good story.]

The narrator starts to tell story number 4. This story shows that, as I said before, he is often reluctant to tell a story when he is not in the right mood.

[4]

[we were] over [to] Ming's Bight, see Leslie. We de Ming's, you know. And we goes up now and we had a bit of a, a... rudder problem with de skiff so we said we'd go up de Ming's now and get a bit a board off a those old... in de houses in der--good houses in der and de old mill--and piece a smoke stack fer de engine.

So we dodged [walked slowly], we dodged... we, we went into de mine... three or four of us, four of

us. And when we was comin' out... we all had a load on our back... stuff fer smoke stack an that... so... Reub and Frank, they, they decided de go over and rip [tear] up... they seen der was a beaver had de water rose. They goes over now and rips up de, de beaver dam and I was hurryin' on out... tryin' de... go out, and I roared out. I said, "I'm gone on"--wouldn't goin' de wait fer dat--so I didn't bother about rippin' up a beaver's dam or nothing.

Anyway dey got over der and I suppose Frank... he sort a... bid [stayed] so long and Reub he, he, they done, no doubt dey tore up de dam. Well Reub had de make a good job of it [laughter]. He tore up a little more. And... I was gone on. Anyway Frank roared out to Reub that I was gone on and Reub come on, see, and he was goin' on. And Frank took hees [load]... he had a piece a smoke stack, pipin' on hees back and a piece a plank de make a rudder now. Our rudder head was cracked. He was goin' de have a... make a piece a rudder fer de boat. And Reub left, and he runned, see, down through de alders--[the] road [was] grewed over and Reub was running, you--and he never seen nothin' fore he seen Frank's neck. Up he [Frank] comes you know. When he come up he took, took 'n here [points] on de forehead, right der on de eye. Knocked 'n down a... cold junk [unconscious state]. [Nellie: What about the bread? That's not about de bread.] And we come out... now. I bawled. Frank said, "My God, Reub is killed." Certainly, I rushed back, went back and here he was... bate his forehead... blood flyin' out of 'n. Anyway we bandaged 'n up... got myrrh [from a tree] and stuck it [the wound] up.

So comin' out... come on out [to seashore], I went on out. So der was no... der was a little dribble [of water] comin' down over de hill der... an I goes to de bread box [a wooden, cone-shaped lunch container] now and gets dis hard bread [tack] and carries it up and puts it down here in under de cliff you know, where de dribble was at, and sits down by it. Now soak me bread now. When de other fellers come we'd boil de kettle now and I'll have me bread soaked fer eatin' it. This hard bread I could eat away at it, you know, when 'twas soaked.

And when we was der sittin' down, de other fellers [Reub and Frank] was sittin' back a bit. I was der sittin' down under de hill when by and by I heard a roar. I knowed nothin' fer de river a Niagara [he compares it with Niagara Falls] landed out over me head. [Audience laughs.] Be God, I

runned fer me life... and anyway she pitched about twenty feet over me. Took dat [water] now, [we] walked out, took dat water a lot longer de come out than we did. [Leslie: This is where dey picked de beaver dam de pieces?] This is where de beaver dam was tore up, see. Come mud and sticks and turf and everything and 'twas comin' in force too. Took it three days de run off de water. Or 'twouldn't runned off in three days when we went back der again. Now they had, they had, they had about ten mile a water backed up, that beaver did... in dat brook... where he had his dam built... 'cause de pond was in der he was, he was two or three mile long... after he, after he, then he was petered [narrowed] down. He dried her off der. Where 'twas no pond at all der was, der was a pond when de, when de beaver's dam was gone. They're pretty cute.

Anyway, 'twas a, a big fright, my son. No doubt' der was a good, der was a good roaration [loud noise which probably scared Samuel] when he put her out. 'Cause I believe he, he, he [the beaver] knowed it, you know, and I up der soakin' dis bread [Audience and narrator laugh]. Sittin' down on 'n and here she land [water comes], you. 'Twas a wonderful happenin', though boy, I tell ya what. I got me bread down salt water [it had floated down the brook] afterwards, you know, when it petered out [slowed up]. Our bread box went bottom up from de, from de fankers [comparison with fire] [which] was flyin' one side... 'cause we, I had de cover tied... and just de same... der was some water de old beaver had dammed off der... he had some [a large amount of] water backed up. (MUNFLA, C861)

I had heard this story before but was not in a position to make a recording of it. At the first telling he and his wife and I were present in the family kitchen. The first telling was more dramatic, detailed and the narrator included more episodes than in this version which I recorded. And he appeared to have gotten more enjoyment from the first telling than the second. Actually these were characteristics which were true for any story which he told more than once to the same audience. When he

tells a story for the first time to a new audience we usually get peak performance if he is in the right mood.

The story is a portrayal of self-directed humor, for the trick is on him. Notwithstanding his claims as hero in many situations, here he is satisfied to laugh at himself. As Y. M. Sokolov says of the storyteller Sozont Kuzmich Petrushichev, "He was very good-natured, and in general was not averse to having a laugh at his own expense." (Sokolov, 1950: 409) The same is true for Samuel.

The story shows a distinction between the narrator and the other two men. They got satisfaction from destroying the beaver's dam for devilment and did not care about losing time. Samuel, however, is more determined to continue with his work.

The narrators' comments, "Well Reub [his brother] had de make a good job of it. He tore up a little more." In part this is a sarcastic remark toward his brother. Also, it is an apology for what Reub had done. Frank is not criticized. The narrator, because of kinship, feels free to make the remark about his own brother but is reluctant to criticize Frank, a non-relative. Not only did the narrator hold Frank in high esteem, but gossip is a strong social force within the community. The narrator would not want Frank to know that he had made derogatory remarks about him.

He uses exaggeration, e.g., "she pitched twenty feet over me head" and comparison, e.g., "de river a Niagara" to impress the magnitude of the happening upon the audience. The following comments preceeded story number 5, which is the first story collected during the second interview:

Collector: Now you can start and tell me about your seal hunt sir. [The narrator, deep in though, his head is bowed, and his elbows resting on his knees.]

Narrator: Yes, I, I, I am kind a puzzled you know on de year. What year Jack sick I wonder, Jack Long. De year that he had pneumonia. Frank come home from Boston. Do you know? [looks at collector]

Collector: I dunno de year that Frank was in Boston. I was wondering that the other day.

Collector's

Wife: But you can find that out.

Narrator: In '29. In 1929.

Collector: 1929. That's the same year.

Narrator: Yes. Cause he [Frank] went de ice. He went de ice, he went de ice with a, with us. And come home, say, Jack was sick. 1929 yeah. Went de ice.

Having established the correct date, he starts the story.

[5]

We leaved here, you know, and rigged out [got ready] and went out in de Aratusa [sealing vessel]. Now Windsor [a Seatown merchant] bought this boat, this schooner from Boston... and [I] gets a chance de... de go de ice. Frank was, Frank was goin'... and I was goin'... and Lem was goin.' Certainly de time come around now, de go. And wonderful hard

goin' [refers to hard walk to Newport en route to St John's]. Oh! Der was rough [arctic] ice in de run [ship's route] and... made it wonderful difficult, when de drift snow come and we left de go up and didn't know about dis rough ice... and had no snow shoes. [We] walked out a Hillport [nearby community] in de marnin' fore daylight... just as dawnin'. When we walked out a Hillport we walked right over Grassy Island... couldn't see 'n fer snow. Next thing we was up on rocks... didn't know where we was to, hardly. By and by we discovered we was goin' over Grassy Island and we went on.

We had very good walkin' till we got to Night Island, you know, between de rifters and above Night Island, we, we got above Night Island, we took de rifters [steep-sided ice] when dey come in de run and we... we was goin' de lunch der. We never had no kettle de lunch because we didn't think we, we eat a dry lunch, and we made it, you know as fast as we could do. [We] beat along be de island and right be de island now 'twas a bit a slob on level ice... up along be Humpty Island, and when we got up to Sceviour's Island der wouldn't a place [to eat a lunch]. Everything was in a... and der was one young feller, he give out and Frank took hees luggage along with hees [own] now, and he brought it. And he [the young feller] used de lie down then and he want us de lef 'n. No, we root 'n [prod and help] along and de other feller, Lem, he had a heavy clothes bag and he had a sleigh and he began, he haul 'n [the fellow]. Last he couldn't get hees sleigh over de clumpers [rough ice] and we had de help he then change. He take ours and we take hees and help 'n along. And we never got, we ... it took us all day and de sun begin de go down and we wouldn't goin' de make [get to] Newport. And der was no moon.

My son, I'll tell ya we was bate out, all of us. Snow to ya waist. When ya go down between dis rough ice you had de crawl and... de last three mile, I dare say [it] took us four hours de make three mile. Now we was bate out, you get de cramp and we got de Wigwam Point up der, you know, we struck [it was better walking], we was in clear de rough ice now, and we waddled on up and when we got on de road up de Fryin' Pan Tickle, up to Mussel Bed Island, we made fer de road der, got upon de road... and we lid [lay] down. We eat our lunch now, eight a'clock. And de Seatown team [group of men] come in and we got up de Mrs. House's [hotel]

and had our supper. And I'll tell ya now de next day our feet was some tender, and our joints. My son, de hard as gold. Now five a'clock in de mornin' till eight a'clock in de night, you know, fer makin' eighteen mile... straight as de crow flies, I'll tell ya 'twas a hard walk and you could walk it in four and a half hours if you had... that's a difference. We had de wondrousful groulin' [grueling] time that time. Never in de history a man, never seen it any worse. And another feller outside, Stewart Stanley, he walked up with snow shoes, and we seen 'n come up de run and he walked on up and he went de Salt Pond... and he passed we and he had, he had hees dinner in Salt Pond... now. He passed... we seen 'n goin' up outside. He was goin' out de ice too with Skipper Paul Bowden. And he walked up on snow shoes and had hees dinner in Salt Pond. Passed [us] 'fore we got de Night Island. On snow shoes out in de Northern Run, you know. He didn't mind de clumpers because he was walking over snow.

If we'd a had snow shoes 'twould a been a wonderful lot better. But rough ice, you, and snow, light snow over it, see. You wouldn't know you was on a slippery knob 'fore down down you'd go and strike ya knee, see boy [audience laughs], and have ya self bate de pieces [hurt yourself]... and this light snow... just enough to cover it and you know nothin'... perhaps you think you was making a good step and by and by down you come on top a dis clothes bag, all rapped. [Audience laughs.] Boys 'tis cruel [difficult] and den you cuss, see you, and cuss... wonderful time... we had de wonderful time sir, roARATION... 'cause Frank was able de have a dialogue [fun] anywhere on de run, see. Only fer dat de poor, dat young Pike. He said, "If I ever gets in Newport, I'll never return again." [Pat: was that the fellow who gave out?] Yes, yes give out. He said, "If I can get der," he said, "I'll never be seen down de run [home] again." Now... dat was Mose Pike's brother, you know Lionel, Lionel Pike. And he went in Bishops Falls de work--he got work in Bishops Falls--and he never returned no more fer twenty odd year. [Collector: Well Lord save us!] Yes, he come back. That Sunday I was in on de neck [Squid Cove] and I seen dis young feller and he looked and he come along and he said, "How are ya?" And I didn't know who he was. And he told then who he was. He said, "I'm de feller dat give out goin' up de run." I said, "Go on!" "Yes," he said, "I'm

Lionel Pike." Well now, that's after his brother was drowned here in de navy, he come home you know, Boyd Pike was drowned... he was killed in de navy, you know... and he Lionel come home den de see Mose and dem. Now, he was gone twenty odd year before he come back... see. He went away about 1929 and he come back in about 1946, well now... handy to it. Anyway, yes, that was a groulin' time. (MUNFLA, C863)

The trip itself was something to tell about for it was outside the community and people did not go away unless it was for a specific purpose. It was a traditional thing for men to walk to another place during the month of March to join sealing vesssels and it took courage and strength to survive such trips. There are a number of reports of this tradition in the MUNFLA which shows that often men would take a chance of getting a job after arriving at the port of sailing.

The story tells us about men who are going away, away from the community. Some people in the community boast about being independent, but there comes a time when they band together: going to the ice, fishing, or to the lumberwoods. Since primary relationships exist in Cod Harbour, for one to travel alone would be considered wrong. Travelling was a social occasion and some men told stories about their adventures on a boat, in a hotel, or while drinking. Within the community men are dependent on each other and it is this dependency that usually cements relationships. One fisherman needs another man to fish with him, help haul up or launch a boat, help in the

garden, get firewood, to go for a doctor in times of sickness, and help when death comes. Actually, it is such a synthesis of cooperative endeavour which makes the rural community tick.

The narrator said he "got a chance de go de ice." This phrase means more than meets the eye. Sealing and fishing skippers usually knew the men they took on their ships. The men had to be good seamen and good sealers and fishermen and had to be strong rugged men. A man's initial year proved his worth and Samuel had proved himself.

The "run route" taken by the men is the shortest way and normally it is good for walking. The trip covered a distance of eighteen to twenty miles over rough arctic ice. Not only is it hard walking because of the clumpers of ice, but it is also sometimes dangerous. This is especially true if there has been insufficient wind to pack the ice together. It took determination and strength to survive on such a trip and so the story is an example of endurance by Samuel and others. One man became fatigued but this is not uncommon on such a trip.

Often people within that particular environment reach a point where they give up. Such is the case with the young man in the story. He becomes fatigued and vows that he will not return for a long time and he does not. Harry told me about one fisherman who got sea sick and "almost died." While coming in from the trap one day, he

lay in the cuddy (nose) of the boat and cursed. It was in the late 1940's and he left the community and went to Toronto. There he found employment and settled down, returning only occasionally for holidays.

Frank carries the tired man's luggage along with his own. Within the community he is known for helping others. Samuel says, "Frank was able to have a dialogue (reference to dialogues at the Christmas concerts) anywhere on de run, see." This was humor with which Frank used to help keep up their morale.

Frank and Samuel live in the same neighbourhood and both fished on the Labrador. Both were considered good fishermen and good men in the community. In their everyday lives they were close personal friends, Samuel especially having a great admiration for Frank who was not only a fisherman, but a carpenter, historian, and marine captain.

In the midst of the foregoing story, Samuel tells another story so as to give a comparison, which is also a means of emphasizing. The intervening story follows:

[6]

I've walked it [to Newport]. Me and Sandy walked it in 4 1/2 hours one time. [Collector: Sandy Long?] Yes Sir. Yes. Walked it in four and... and Sandy. I was goin' de Newport on horse and slide, see, with Paul Lee and Sandy [Lee] was goin'. Paul was goin' de ride [take] us up, me and Sandy [Lee]. And... Sandy [Long] come down here and

Sandy [Long] said, "When ya goin' away?" I said, "I'm goin' now." He said, "I'm goin' away too." He was goin' in de country [lumberwoods]. He was goin' de Buchans, in [to] look fer work. He said, "Where ya goin'?" I was goin' over cross de island [west coast of Newfoundland], over with Sandy [Lee], Sandy Lee had de camp over der and I was goin' over with 'n de work now. And I said, "I'm goin' up, der goin' de ride me up, I'm goin' up." Paul is goin' de ride up Sandy, you know, and I'm goin' up with 'n. "Well," Sandy [Long] said, "I wonder would he take my luggage?" I said, "I dunno boy, I'll ask 'n, but I don't suppose he would." And when I went up and told 'n [Paul], they couldn't take it... too heavy, too much, and 'twas hard, sort a poor goin' [difficult travelling].

Anyway... when we got goin' out a Hillport [They left from Hillport because the distance by ice was shorter from there.]... they wouldn't wait fer Sandy [Long]. Anyway, they was too... they wouldn't hear it and they went on and I jumped on de slide with 'em and went on. When I looked back Sandy [Long] was just gettin' over Matt's [Matt Long of Hillport] wharf, half-past eight. He had de walk up de run alone. Anyway I said... to... our fellers, to Sandy Lee, I said, "I'm goin' de get off, I'm goin' de get off and walk de Newport... with Sandy [Long]. He can't go up alone. He got de walk up, he's goin' de walk up dat run alone. Next door neighbour," I said. "No boy," I said, "I'm goin' de walk it." "No," they cussed. They wouldn't hear it. I said, "Yes," so I went on. They wouldn't hear [of] my goin', you know, get off de slide. But 'twas too hard fer de harse--- three--I was heavy and dey was heavy and me luggage one. Anyway when I got de Grassy Island I seen Sandy [Long] comin' on now with his suitcase, he ploddin' on. Anyway, I jumps off de slide. I said, "I'm goin' de walk it." "No." Anyway they stopped and they said, "You can walk it but," he [Sandy Lee] said, "you'll get ne'er berth [job] with me. You'll get ne'er job with me in de country. If you gets off de slide and lefs me," he said... "de hell with ya." I said, "Good enough. I'm a young man," I said, "I don't, I'm not beholdin' to ya." [Collector's wife: How old were you then, now?] I was around 27 or 28 year old. [Collector's wife: Oh, yeah, in ya prime.] Or 30. Oh yes.

And... Sandy [Long], I, I waited fer Sandy and Sandy was wild with [disgusted], with me. "What did you get off a de slide, a man goin' de ride de

Newport," he said, "and get off de slide de walk der, de bate der, de walk der?" He said, "I don't care when I gets de Newport as long as I gets der some time de night." I said, "Yes, boy." I said I didn't care either. I said, "I don't mind about walkin'. Walkin' don't hurt me. I'm ten year younger than you, ya know, Sandy. And I'm pretty light footed [can walk easily]. I'm goin' de help ya lug [carry] ya suitcase. They wouldn't wait fer ya." And... I had no lunch. Me lunch was on de slide 'cause dey wouldn't wait fer me. They got vex 'cause I jumped off, see. And anyway me and Sandy dodged up de run. I said, "Give us ya suitcase, Sandy." Sandy gimme de suitcase and we took off [started out]. I took de stick [used to carry suitcase on back] and I said, "We'll chase them now, whatever." We, we grouled [trudged] on her. And when dey got de Night Island, dey went ashore, goin' de feed der harse now--they was drivin' ya know, trottin'--and we scabbered [hurried], good goin', and good walkin'. We puttin' 'er right to it [going as fast as they could]. And Sandy was able de walk and I skippin' along, you know.

Anyway, when we, we... they went up [ashore] de get de water now fer de water der harse and took out der hay. When dey come down and looked down around de island, they seen we comin' up around only 'bout a half mile from 'em. Now we had seven or eight mile gone now, walked and... here we was long side of 'em. Dey clawed de stuff in de bag--never had der lunch--only put de whip to de harse and drove her up along be de island. And we took de road and we dodged on, and we plod on, and we went on, and we could see 'em goin', de harse 'd trot so long and then she'd walk. By and by she got hard goin' [by horse] up above, but 'twas good walkin', see. De harse 'd break through [the snow]. And we skipped up along and when dey got out from the [hotel] table up de Newport... we walked in de kitchen when dey come out from de table in Mrs. House's, in de hotel. We walked in.

And Sandy jumped over Matt's wharf twenty minutes after eight and half past twelve we walked in de hotel to our dinner... now. Whatever de miles was, about 18 straight as de crow flies, 18 mile and a half. But... we walked it in four hours or four hours and a half. 'Bout four hours and Sandy, you, you could hardly believe it, ya know. I mean 'twas a good walk. But... we done it. Well now, when we went dat time de ice, it took us from five a'clock in

de marnin' to... eight a'clock in de night... de go de same distance. So dat was hard walkin'. We didn't know we walked it up der when 'twas good walkin' [it was an easy trip]. [Audience laughs.] 'Course, if Sandy had de walk der hees self, you know, with no one de help 'n lug hees suitcase, I'd lug so long and then he'd take 'n. [Collector's wife: And where was your suitcase?] Mine was on de harse, and me lunch and all, see. Determined now dat dey wouldn't goin' de run away from us very much 'cause de harse was a slow trotter, you know, and she had de be forced de go. And I sooner walk anyway and... I could run de Newport [Audience laughs.] Yes, I was able de dog trod de Newport just as a fast as de harse, harse could go. Use de runnin' and chasin' football and out de ice, you know. I was pretty tough on de feet, ya know, de run along... skip along, I could do it, and chasin' de harse around too, see. Always on de run, see Larry. You'd run, run, run, run, run, run, not too fast but... nudge along, see, and you was always into it. Anyway, 'twas a wonderful... (MUNFLA, C863)

This story shows the dramatic contrast, the ease of one trip and the difficulty of another. In the story the element of decision making is present. The narrator had committed himself to the man with whom he was going to work, a distant relative of his. He was leaving the community on horse and slide with them. Then an unrelated neighbour comes along which puts the narrator in the position of having to bargain with the other people. There is no doubt that Samuel would like for his friends to take at least Sandy's suitcase if not the man. In this instance, for one man to go from the same geographic area of the community and leave another behind, would be an affront to the second. But Samuel wants to please Sandy. Samuel appears satisfied to ride on the horse until he sees his

friend getting off on the ice with his suitcase. Then he makes the decision to walk up the run with him.

He sympathizes with his own neighbour's position in walking over the ice alone. He is probably afraid that Sandy will have trouble crossing the ice. He feels the obligation--sanctioned by local community pressure--to wait and help his friend. To ride on the horse gives him the feeling of shirking his responsibility and it might cause his friendship with Sandy to be severed. It must be understood that reciprocal relationships are a part of the operating structure of the community; most men will try and help at some time. Samuel realizes this.

We notice also, the opposition encountered by the narrator once he has made up his mind to wait for his friend. He is told that he will not get a job if he leaves them but this does not bother Samuel. He asserts his independence; he is a young man and not beholdng (depending on them for a living) to them. This reinforces what I said earlier about the narrator. He is a man of determination and is not easily manipulated by external threats.

We see that his friend Sandy does not acquiesce without comment. He declares that he could walk the run alone. This is an assertion of his own pride and independence. However, it does not mean that he was not pleased that Samuel waited for him. To admit it would show himself less than a man.

Throughout the story the narrator praises himself. In confrontation with his employer; in telling his neighbour that he does not mind walking, that he is light footed; that he would wait for Sandy, the others would not; being able to walk to Newport in four hours, able to trot to Newport as fast as the horse. All this is in defense of himself as a hero although he does admit that Sandy is older.

The story is told as an aside, while telling another story, but it is dramatically independent. As Samuel stopped in the middle of one story to tell this one. There seems to be an impulse to relate this narrative before he forgets it. But seemingly paramount was his intention of using this unusual story for comparison.

The story also illustrates the competition between those who are walking and those on horse. I get the feeling that Samuel wants to catch up or get ahead of the people on the horse. The narrator made the comment about walking to Newport and wants to show the contrast. Samuel and Sandy have an advantage over those on horse in that the soft ice prevents the latter from going very fast. Because of this, competition develops between the two groups. Those on horse detect the competition, do without lunch, and probably feel ashamed that those walking are gaining on them.

After the story the narrator adds:

Narrator: And me and Sandy walked it in, till half past eight to half past twelve. Lugged a suitcase between us.

Collector's

Wife: I suppose that's the way they always used to go when the ice was in.

Narrator: When de ice was in, oh yes. I went der millions a times.

Collector's

Wife: I suppose.

Narrator: Yes. Yes. I'd do it three hours on de horse, on Molly [horse] you know.

Collector's

Wife: Yeah.

Narrator: Yes. She knowed de road. She knowed every lunch ground [where people ate] goin' up der.

Collector's

Wife: That was the best horse you had Molly, was it?

Narrator: Oh yes. She was, she was a outstanding. She was a pet she was.

This conversation gives him an opening to relate the following story:

[7]

I went de Seatown one time fer [with] de doctor. Carried down de doctor. And he, and de doctor... he wanted de get down, and bad night and I didn't agree de go down, you know, and he wanted. Anyway, 'twas force put [I was forced] and I had de go. He was up fer young Rudel Gosse [who was sick]. Anyway, he was a Scotsman--'twas after de war, you know--Dr. Fleet. All right. 'Twas cold enough, 'twas frost burnin' and I had on a pair a, I had dose sheep skin cuffs, mitts, skin mitts and dey was all sheepskin inside... in me haversack. So when I met 'n over in Cross's Cove--he was comin' up--he was dressed up fer winter weather, you know, in his, in his army rig, 'cause he was a soldier in de army, you know. And he was back

der now servin' down Seatown... after de war.

Anyway I... I said, "You got on... your hands are goin' de get cold de night..." "Ha," he said, "no boy," he said, "my hands don't get cold. I'm toughened up de dat." Now 'twas dark was overtaken us, dark was. 'Twas dark when I picked 'n up over against Paul Sinclair's. Dey [relatives of the sick person] was comin' up der on harse with 'n... when I took 'n on. And he wanted me de drive de harse [make the horse go fast]. I said, "No, I'm not goin' de drive her. I don't drive de harse," I said. [Pat: He was goin' back de Seatown now?] I had de take 'n de Seatown now. I said, "I'm not drivin' her. She knows when de go. She'll go [hurry] when she wants to and... I never drives her." "Oh," he said, "Drive de brute," he said, "we can't be all night gettin' de Seatown." I said, "Yes sir," I said, "you can, you can run, if you like, ahead. I'm not drivin' her," I said, "she knows when de go." So when she gets de... he wanted me de drive her up hill, see, up along be Steve Perry's, you know, up dat way, see, up over... Hill. Wanted me de trot her, see, drive de harse. And she was hurrying along, walkin' along, you know. But, he, he was goin' de get cold and I said...

Anyway, we come on and went on. When we got a goin' in de... up Cod Harbour Pond, dark as pitch and de drift a snow enough de... de moon hadn't rose yet. De moon was goin' de come up by and by. And 'twas [the wind] cuttin' around de Soud'east Point der, goin' up der, goin' in de arm. And... he was batin' hees hands. I seen what he had on. He had on two pair cotton gloves. [Audience laughs.] And I had on two pair double-ball mitts [mitts knit with two lots of wool together]. [Audience laughs.] And rigged out... all right. And he was goin' in and Molly was takin' off in der. She was, she was sailin' in de Soud east Pond, wind in her favor and she was goin' on in and up de Three Hills. Now, I said... goin' up de Stickin Hill Mashas [Marshes]... I said, "You hold on now goin' down here," 'cause she wouldn't back [slow down] goin' down de hill, see. She knowed now she was on de road goin' de Seatown and de quicker she got der de better. [Audience laughs.] And she [the horse] was pinnin' back de [her] ears, you know, goin' down dose yes-mams [small hills]. And he said, "Hold back dat brute." He said, "Keep her back. Don't she back?" I said, "No, she won't back." [Audience laughs.] And I said, "You all you got got de do is hold on." And he holdin' on brim

death [like grim death] and she [horse] goin' just like the old feller [devil] through long grass, goin' down der, and... went down in Mussel Bed and... got off on de ice and he said, "Where ya goin'?" I said, "I'm goin'..." He said, "We [he and whoever brought him from Seatown] never come dis way." "Ah, well," I said, "Dis is de way I'm goin'." He said, "We never come here. You been down here before?" I said, "Yes, I was here once or twice." [Audience laughs.] I said, "She knows where she's goin'." "Yes," he said, "she knows where she's goin'." A harse knows, I knows, I know dat." He said, "She only got harse sense." [Audience laughs.] I said, "O. K. I knows where I'm goin'."

So went on down in Mussel Bed. He didn't come [didn't come that way before]. He went out de other way, see, went out de route dat way, see. But I come down through Stickin Hill Mashies and made de turns and went on out on Mussel Bed. Anyway, goin' in de route... when he got in de bottom Mussel Bed, he said, "Where's dem gloves you had, where's dem mitts you had?" He was batin' hees hands pretty smart... and clickin' hees feet on de slide, you know. [Audience laughs.] He said, "Where's dem mitts, dem, dem, dem sheep skin mitts you said you had?" I said, "Der in me haversack." So I stopped de harse right in de drift [Audience laughs]--just [as] ya take de Mussel Bed goin' up ward [toward] Andrew Lake's Pond der--and I and, and he took off, he, he took off hees gloves and hauled 'em [narrator's gloves] and they was all sheep skin lined inside, ya know. All heavy sheep skin, just de same as a sheep skin boot. And a place here in de middle where you could relax, let ya hand, sweat out, see. And... he hauled on [the mitts]. And when he seen 'em he took de other one and looked at 'n and he said, "What's dey fer?" I said, "Da was a paratrooper's mitt... when de paratroopers fer jumpin', you know, holdin' der guns, see, out in Alaska." He said, "Boy God, I was down in Alaska. I never seen, I never seen dat. No, never seen a rig like dat."

He took hees gloves and put [threw] 'em out over de snow somewhere, wherever he could fire [throw] 'em and he put 'em [narrator's mitts] on. And I said, "Do you want a pair socks on, wants a pair socks?" He said, "What a you got socks, what a you got a rig [prepared]?" I said, "Yes, I got a full rig if I get in de water. I got a, I got a rig de put on from socks and everything. You wants a pair

socks haul on ya boots 'cause you're goin' de freeze ya feet." "No," he said, "I got woolens on. Me boots is good," he said, "der water tight, der good." He said, "Me feet is... only der a scattered bit," he said, "cold."

Anyway, we pulled [went] on. Went over Friday's Bay now and we had de go around de bay, see, get off over in Bear Cove. Well, [it was] only froze over a day or two then and 'twas bitter cold, see... 'twas 'bout 18 below zero. And 'twas a bitter cold night. Now de moon was comin' up. I said, "I think I'll go out here now, out a Bear Cove," and he said, "Why hadn't ya went out down below?" I said, "De ice was no good down der." Ice not strong enough. He said, "Where's water dis marnin', 'tis good enough now, I know." He was game [daring], you know, 'cause he was a dog in de water [could swim well]. But I wouldn't goin' de get in de water dat night, you know. But 'twas good ice der 'cause I come over dat day, day before dat--brought over Ada, you know, Albert's wife. Anyway, he, he, when he got out on de ice... de harse runned out over de black ice, you know, and she trotted on out, see, and when she struck de rough clumpers, I hold her up. I wouldn't goin' de trot her over de rough ice. [Narrator laughs.] And he jumped off de slide, see you, and he had dis... parka on. He jumped off de slide, had de parka on and when he, he runned ahead de harse, and he was a big tall man, 'bout 6 foot four and when he slewed around dis parka blew back over his head, you know, frightened de harse de death. [Audience laughs.] [I] only just caught her. And she'da made fer de black slob, you know, she'da made fer Lucky Harbour in de fright, but happened I just grabbed de harn [horn of slide] as she was wispin' [running] along be me and I just grabbed de harn and hold her and got on de slide and... and he runned, see, and frightened her dat much more. Dis windbreaker, dis cap drivin' ... well, see boy, laughable. Anyway, I got down and got de lines [reins], you know, and tied her up.

But she was pretty nervous now and he, he... I said, "You get behind de harse and get on de slide if I'm goin' de ride ya down and dat's all der is to it." So we went on and he bid behind de harse, you know, and de harse walked fast over de rough ice. And we dog-trotted on [took our time] and went on down. Went inside a big Black, a Black Island down der. We had de, we had de cross de neck de island, go on de road, down de go cross de Baze's Harbour, see. And he never come dat way. He said... "You

know de road here?" I said, "Yes, I was down here once before." He said, "Have ya been down here de year?" I said, "No, ain't been across here." I said... He said... "you're, you're gone wrong." "Oh well," I said, "de harse knows." [Audience laughs.] He said, "De harse, de hell," he said, "de harse knows." He said, "You're not dependin' on..." "Yes," I said, "I'm dependin' on de harse." Oh my son, he got wild with me. He said, "Stop her." I stopped de harse in Baze's Harbour. "Now," he says, "get dis straight. I wants ya de understand. Now," he said, "a harse," he said, "only got harse sense... and a man he's, he's supposed... takin' around a doctor or... anyone, he's supposed... de know where he's goin'." So now," he said, "you knows where you're goin' de night, where you're goin' de take me?" "Ah [narrator laughs], I'm damned if I knows where I'm goin' de take ya," I said, "perhaps de both of us a [will] end in water to our necks." [Audience laughs.] "Well," he said, "das cruel, das cruel, boy." He said, "Dis is a cold night, you know." He said, "And you dependin' on, on a nag." I said, "Das [that's] no nag, my son," I said, "das de best bit a harse flesh in dis, here on dis part a de world. Not on de island, but on dis part a de world. And you know, he said, "What's her name?" I said, "Molly and one a de best. [She] knows every turn and every, every hump goin' down here."

"Well," he laughed. He said, "You're, you're astray, boy." [Audience laughs.] I said, "All right, you wait." So I said, "We're in Baze's Harbour now and she knows where de pick de road up. Der's no snow and der's ice and frost and everything and [I] ain't been down here de winter. But," I said, "she knows every bend and every road de take. I don't care what you knows," I said, "about de road, I'm not goin' de folly [follow] de, de summer road. I'm takin' de winter road. She's goin' de folly de winter road and cross de ponds--de ponds is good enough." Well, he was beside hees self. He wanted de hold [keep to] Loveless's Road, down round Moore's Cove. I said, "No, I'm goin' through de country." Moonlight night. And so I said, "Get on Molly," and now we come to de pond. He said, "We crossed dis pond. I seen dis pond, yes." But he said, "You're wrong." "Ah," I said, "de harse is right." [Audience laughs.] I said, "She's goin', I'm not goin' de lead her," I said, "I'm not guidin' her, she's goin' on." Couldn't see a track on the pond. And he got out lookin'. I said, "Don't you go ahead

of her no more; you keep behind dat harse." 'Cause she knowed, see, he has dis hood he'd give her a scare... she was... right on her tip toes, you know, goin,' see whatever she could walk, Molly was. You know, so frisk as a lion, see, dependin' on me and I dependin' on she, see. So... when... he got out on de pond, he wanted me de stop her. He said, "You're gone wrong boy." I said, "No, I'm not gone wrong, I'm right. De harse is right. I knows, where I'm to." And he, when we got across de pond he, he put her up [became angry]. Take 'n back on de other side, "'cause I'm goin' de pick me self up [find the right road]," he said. "I've been up over dis island a good many times de fall and de winter," he said, "I knows where I'm to." "Yes," I said, "I knows where I'm to, too. You can go across, you can go back cross de pond [if] you wants to, I'm goin' Seatown with de harse. So," I said, "you hold on to de slide. And," I said, "when she strikes dat turf bank now she's goin' whatever is in her. She's puttin' fer Seatown." I said, "And don't jump off de slide; hold to de slide. She knows where she's goin'." I said, "We goin' pass a little rock here now and then she's goin' de make a sudden turn and go up here and take de country road and gone on. She won't go on Seatown Island [out in the community]. She's not goin', she a [will] come out against Dr. Brake's. And he hold on grim death. And by and by she began to come. He said, "Der's de Arm." Now, goes in de Arm. "Look, marked up, Arm Road." I said, "Yes, that's de winter road."

And she was pilin' on her [going fast] and now, you, 'twas cold. He said, "What kind a flesh you got," he said. He said, "I knows 'tis 88 below here now. [Audience laughs.] 'Twas never so cold down in Alaska as 'tis here," he said, "and you're not... Turn around see if you're froze." I said, "No, I'm not froze." He said, "Your face." He said, "I can't keep me face alive and you haven't rubbed yours de night." I said, "Hold on now," I said, "Don't you get off, don't you make any bad move on de slide," because Molly was boilin' [eager] de get goin' now. De get straightened out fer when she take dis downgrade.

Anyway, you, we went down and when, when by and by popped open he seen, he seen de pond where dey had de ice took out. They had ice took out, you know, fer de ice house down der. They had de ice sawed out a de pond. He said, "Yes boy, she's goin' de make it. Der's Dr. Brake's house."

And she was sailin' out. She was comin' out through. Now she was goin'. And... she went down. He said, "where you"; he said, "You got de come de hospital de night." He was goin' de take me de hospital now and make me up a drink and... a make up a bed fer me. And he said, "You got de stay de hospital." He said, "You know anyone in Seatown?" I said, "I do. I knows a scattered person down here." [Narrator laughs.] "Well now," he said, "you don't have to worry, ya harse a be put in de barn," he said, "and you're comin' in with me," he said, "and I'll make up a bed fer ya in de hospital," he said, "and I'll give ya a good drink."

And I said, "No thank you Doctor," I said, "I'm goin', I knows people down de Arm. I'm goin' down de Arm." "No," he said, "You're comin' up." And when we got down against... Sandy Fuller's now I said, "Can you make de hospital from here?" He said, he said, "Make de--isn't you comin' up?" I said, "Unless I got de haul ya up der. But," I said, "you only warm ya self if you run up der now." [Audience laughs.] He said, "Where're you goin'?" I said, "I dunno. I might go de Windsor's barn and I might go down de Ernie Frampton's," I said, "I'm goin' down de Frampton's, down de Henry Frampton's." [He said,] "You know anyone down der?" I said, "yes, I knows one or two persons down der." I said, "I got a sister down der. I'm goin' down der." "Oh, I see," he said. And he said, "Well, here's ya gloves, here's ya mitts." I said, "No, you can hang on to de mitts." "You a freeze de death. Here's de mitts," he said. "If I freezes de death no odds about it," [I said,] He said, "You can't, ain't froze de night," he said. "You must have some circulation in your face," he said, "not freeze."

Anyway me feet had all dey could stand. But I was doin' a good bit a running [he was running to keep warm and to lighten the load for the horse], you know [Narrator laughs] and jumpin' see, but he was on deslide, see, not movin' see, cause de horse didn't mind me runnin'. But when he jumps out with dat hood on, let'n blow back [Audience laughs] see, she was goin' de take off.

Anyway went down. Well he, he got a wonderful kick out a that you know. Dis horse, he was tellin' 'em. Dis horse dat I had, dis Molly. What kind of a... Oh they told 'n. Ern Loveless [Seatown merchant], said "My dear man,"--he was telling Ern Loveless dis harse, Molly--Ern Loveless said, "My dear man," he said, "he talks to dat horse. He

got her learned. She knows every word he says, and every bank [hill] and... she a do what he tells 'n. And [if] he wants her de run all day, she'll run all day and won't sweat. [Narrator laughs] She's not over taxed... So.....

Anyway, [I], made de grade. (MUNFLA, C863)

The story contrasts the local man who is experienced in the ways of his own environment, with the doctor, who comes from outside the culture.

At the beginning of the story, Samuel is hesitant about travelling on such a night, but he feels an obligation towards the doctor. When he is asked, Samuel feels obligated to carry the doctor to Seatown for that is where the doctor is needed at the hospital even though the weather conditions are poor and it is night. Maybe--which is often the case--the patient's relatives had brought the doctor from Seatown, but it would be too difficult for them and their horse to go back again the same day.

Samuel is not only properly dressed for the occasion, but knowing the trials involved in travelling, he is prepared for an emergency. He has extra mitts and socks. There is a local belief that if your body gets wet, your hands and feet should be kept warm. And when travelling on horse in winter, a man's hands and feet are the first parts of his body to get cold. The doctor shows his ignorance by not knowing what kind of clothing to wear and later on by wanting to drive the horse up hill. Throughout the story, the doctor wants to control the

horse's behaviour. First, he wants Samuel to drive (make go swiftly) the horse, but the doctor cannot compete with local knowledge gained through experience.

Samuel was always a lover of horses. He talked to them and firmly believe that his horse understood him. He know that his horse knew the route--and horses quite usually know where they are going--and put his confidence in this. The doctor disagrees on this point but to no avail, and tries to use his prestige to order or bully. When the doctor asks Samuel if he had been over this route before, he replies, "Yes, I was here once or twice before." This is a gross understatement since the narrator has much confidence in himself. He has been over the same route dozens of times before--winter and summer. At this point, the doctor passes a sarcastic remark saying that the horse has only horse sense. This evokes a reply from the narrator--it seems that his better judgment has been attacked--that Samuel knows the way. Samuel lets the horse go at her own pace in the beginning and when she wants to go fast he tells the doctor to hold on to the sleigh because she knows what she is doing. When the doctor tries to direct him on the road, e.g., says it is not the road by which he came, Samuel quietly insists that the horse knows the way. Only later does he let the doctor know that he (Samuel) knows the way. This mocking understatement toward outsiders is not unusual in

Newfoundland. Samuel and his horse, quietly build up the ideas that they have the knowledge in local affairs. There are times when Samuel controls the horse, e.g., when they are near black (unsafe) ice. This shows that in the end, Samuel is in control.

The story reflects the narrator's skill in handling the doctor. He does not force him at the beginning to put on wool mitts and socks. But one can visualize the narrator saying to himself, "You'll find out how you should be dressed before long." Indeed in other situations, I have seen Samuel, who is steeped in local knowledge, say, "I knowed what he was going to do, ya know." It is the doctor who must acquiesce. The narrator does not hesitate to put the doctor in his place when danger is involved, i.e., when he frightens the horse by walking in front of her. No man, no matter his prestige, can behave in a way which contradicts local sense and sound judgment. He must conform.

About half way through the story the narrator is provoked to a rebuttal when the doctor uses the term "nag" in reference to the horse. It has a local connotation of being an old, useless horse. This element activates the narrator's own personal beliefs about his horse. He gives the horse's name--Molly--it was his prize horse, and says she is the best horse in this part of the world. Such an attachment of man to a horse was not unusual in the

community. There were three other men in Cod Harbour who regarded their horse almost as human. Nevertheless, many people became annoyed at Samuel's incessant talk about Molly.

Towards the end of the story--after such a display of confidence by the narrator in himself and his horse--the doctor uses praise to establish an equilibrium in the relationship between the two. The doctor reflects, "I have been wrong." He tells Samuel that he is a tough man to stand the cold. Samuel does not admit that he is cold too. He must be a better man. Right to the end, the narrator makes understatements. When asked by the doctor if he knows anyone down here, he replies, "I knows a scattered person down here." Samuel was well known in Seatown and had friends and relatives there. Finally, the narrator refuses the doctor's offer of lodging for the night. He has a sister in the same area and he will stay there. Family ties are usually close knit and to stay elsewhere would not look right to himself nor to others. Also, the narrator was not accustomed to sleeping in a hospital house or residence. Herbert Halpert has suggested that Samuel does not accept the drink or the bed from the doctor because he (Samuel) wants to cut short the relationship. This reflects the doctor's attempt to return a favor after seeing how foolish he (doctor) has been. When talking to his own equals in the area, Samuel does not

refrain from boasting about himself, but he must prove himself to the doctor. He does not stand up for his horse until the doctor insults him several times. Samuel might not have put up with so much from the doctor if it were not for the prestigious positions which doctors hold in the area. The doctor is interested in hearing what the merchant has to say about Samuel. Samuel brings in that the merchant--who is above and therefore outside Samuel's social class--knew about him. He uses this to substantiate that he (Samuel) knows what to do.

Even after he has finished telling the story he continues to talk about Molly:

She was good. Knowed, knowed things. Had a, had a, had a intelligence, you know. Knowed what de move was [what to do next], and where de place was, and how de go, de shortest cut. All dat. And could mind everything. By and by she got older. When she got old, after she got sick, got better--I suppose she had a stroke or something--she had no memory. She didn't know, she didn't know when she passed along be de garden gate. Didn't know when she was home. [Narrator is sad here.] Give out. She'd go 'cross de harbour, come over here. She'd go in Martin's Cove if you didn't guide de lines [reins], instead a comin' here [home], you know. And you could depend on her [when she was in her prime]. If you get de Winterville and come down across Friday's Bay, you could depend on her comin' home if der was a blindin' snow storm. She'd come on regardless a de snow, de track [path]. She knowed where de make de grade.

Without further comment he goes into the following story:

[8]

Next marnin' [after transporting the doctor from Cod Harbour to Seatown] I come back. Come up, come up de hospital and went up now de get some medicine. So went up and I got de medicine... and 'twas cold, bitin' cold, wonderful cold and I had on dose old logans [boots with rubber soles and leather legs], you know, dose logan boots. And dey was... you know ya feet 'd get cold on [in] 'em. Dey wouldn't big enough.

So, I goes in to Mr. Windsor's [merchant], went down de Windsor's now de see if I could get a pair a skin boots [with leather leg and leather sole]--skin mogs ya call it. So... dey had a pair der. Dey was only big bottoms, ya know, but dey wouldn't up to... anyway... I disputed de boots [disagreed with the size] and I asked Mr. Luke [the merchant]--I was in de office--and I asked, I said, "Ya got ne'er pair skin mogs de sell me... give me." He said, "Yes." He said, "I got a pair skin mogs somewhere." He said, "I don't want 'em." He said, "De winter is gettin' gone now," he said, "and I don't need de mogs." He said, "Only walk out here [from his house to store]." He said, "I, I'll sell ya de mogs." So he said, "I got two pair." So... dat was all right.

I had de other pair captured [bought] out der but I didn't like 'em... in de shop and goin' de get 'em now fer four dollars. Anyway he, he, he decided de sell now he had--hees mogs--and he come out, and he come out and sold me de mogs. He come de sell de mogs and now, but I, he come out de make de deal on de mogs and I had de mogs bought, de skin mogs bought... now, five dollars. Rog Keeping [clerk] after selling de mogs 'cause he [Windsor] put 'em out [for] anyone want 'em, de sell 'em. [Narrator laughs.] He come out now de show me de mogs and he was goin' [planning] de get a better price than dat. But he put 'em up der fer sale and I, I had de mogs bought--bought de two pair now. I bought one pair de vamp down [put socks in] now de get club soled, see, dose dat he had. And he comes out... I had on dose other ones, had 'em on--me logans hove out on de slide and had on does other ones. You could get

four or five pair socks in 'em. And Luke said, "You got a pair mogs now." "Yes," I said, "I got... I got two pair." And... he said, "Well, where did ya get de others?" I said, "In shop. Bought 'em off Rog Keeping." I said, "'Tis your, your mogs, what you give 'n de put out der de sell." My son! He rose up. Not fer five dollars. "Well," I said, "I got 'em bought, and goin' de hang 'er tough [keep the boots]." Well, he, he didn't like it. He loss hees mogs. He didn't intend de sell 'em. He think 'twas goin' de be cold weather. [Narrator laughs.] Anyway, I had de mogs bought and had 'em carried out on de slide... and tied up. And anyway, I told 'n [Windsor] if they was too small I'd bring 'em back... you know, fer fun. Anyway, after a bit he said, "You can go on with 'em." And I had dose two pair mogs. But dey was some good. 'Twas a good, 'twas a good outfit. Yes.

Well now, dat was... one a da... same winter poor Ada died. (MUNFLA, C863)

The following comments were made after the story:

Collector's

Wife: Who was poor Ada?

Narrator: Albert Long's wife.

Collector's

Wife: Oh yes.

Narrator: That was the year that Rex was born.

Collector's

Wife: Yeah.

Narrator: Yul. Well now, that was de coldest night dat ever I crossed Twillingate Bight, ever in me life and one a, a de darkest till de moon got up. And 'twas still dark on slippery ice, you know, crossin' de ponds. But de harse was some known boy, Molly was. She was out-standing pony.

Samuel told this story immediately after telling the one about carrying the doctor to Seatown. It is a part of the same experience. He does not mention the doctor afterwards.

He spent the night at Seatown and went to the hospital the next morning to get some medicine. Since the hospital was not easily accessible to people from Cod Harbour (it is about six miles away by boat in summer and about twenty miles by horse in winter) anyone who went there usually had to get medicine either for himself or someone else in the community.

Samuel is dissatisfied with his present boots--logans have a leather leg and rubber sole--and he is planning to buy a pair of skin mogs. These boots are all leather and extremely lightweight.

Although he knows the Seatown merchant, Mr. Windsor, he shows himself to be a shrewd man and outwits the merchant. The store's clerk, has a pair skin mogs on display to sell but this is unknown to the merchant. Although these boots are too large for Samuel, he buys them (one can wear several pairs of woolen socks in skin mogs and so make them fit).

Next, Samuel goes to the store office and asks the merchant if he has either pair of mogs to sell. He did, but apparently they were not on display. Samuel buys a second pair of boots, because they were cheap--mogs usually cost about ten dollars a pair--and he wanted a pair of mogs that were of the right size. The merchant had two pairs of mogs and is willing to sell one pair. He told Samuel that, "the winter is gone now . . . I don't

need de mogs." This is evidence that he wants to do Samuel a favor. Samuel buys the second pair of boots, and the merchant seeing the mogs on Samuel's feet says, "you got a pair mogs now." Apparently the merchant intended to get a better price for the first pair of boots. Samuel does not try to conceal the trick which he played on the merchant and appears delighted to have fooled him the way he did. While he was getting the better of the merchant he may have thought of how he had fooled the doctor (in the preceding story) since it happened the previous night. On discovering that Samuel had both pairs of boots, the merchant said he thought there was going to be cold weather. This is an attempt to get Samuel to return one pair. Samuel said that if they were too small he would return them. He admits that it was only said jokingly since he had no intention of returning the boots. But it is also an attempt to smooth over the trick he has played, to soothe the merchant by easing the situation.

The following comments were made before the telling of the next story:

Collector's

Wife: She [horse] died from old age did she?

Narrator: She died at twenty-two. No, that's de age of 'em. She was a good horse, my son. She wouldn't work on Seatown Island though.

Collector's

Wife: No!

Narrator: No. Wouldn't work fer Windsor's. That's who I bought her from; foal, you know. And Windsor had her one winter when I went the ice. He'd feed her.

[9]

Then dey [Windsor's] fed her [Molly, the horse], dey kept givin' her half a gallon a oats to a meal. [Collector's wife: That enough?] Oh, dat was too much, see, fer a harse, a gallon and half. [Collector's wife: Not doing nothing.] And not doin' nothing and she was on her high horse [excited because she was over fed and under worked] all de time and when dey put her in [harness], she was destructive. By and by dey couldn't do nothing with her.

And I come home from de ice [sealing]--he [Mr. Windsor] send [sent] up de me de come down... and... bring her up--I couldn't get her up 'cause between open and fast [salt water not completely frozen over]. I said, "Let her go [roam loose], let her go on Seatown Island, I'm not goin' de pay fer her feed. He said, "We can't use her. She's mad. You catch her." I said, "No. Der's no trouble de catch her." Anyway, de harse was out... in de garden. I said, "Let her go." He said, "Can we get her when we wants her, when de coal comes? We goin' de haul coal with her or break her neck." Now, he had de feed her, see [therefore they want to get the worth of their money]. I said, "You can haul coal with her, you can do as you like. Harse is yours now... 'til I takes her. I'll come back fer her when I wants her." [He said], "We can't catch her if, if we lets her out." I said, "Yes, you can catch her anywhere." He said, "You come out and catch her." [Narrator said], "No, I won't bother." So I went out and spoke to her, but she wouldn't too fond a me, me, you know. De harse, I seen dat she was nerved up [frightened], you know. And I told 'n, "Cut off de oats, don't give her no oats... she don't want no oats." Dat would ruin her [make her too wild].

Anyway, finally... he let her out... and she swung her tail over her back and she made fer Bluff Head Cove and she took to de water. And, Doug Moore went out and drove her ashore. And she took to de water three times... now de cross Seatown Bight from [to] South Harbour [a distance of three miles] on rough ice, you know, drivin' in. He had de drive

she 'shore three times, three different days. She come up and took off. Had de go out in punt and turn her in. She was goin' de swim de bight [area of salt water] and get on a pan a ice... that was, she was, anyway, she was down der [Seatown] all summer and he spend, every now and again he'd [Windsor] give Teddy Sutton a dollar de catch her. Now he used to shoe [put shoes on] her, see. He never caught her. And he wanted me de come down de catch her. And I told 'n I wouldn't catch her. I wouldn't think a de like, come down catch de harse. Dey could catch her, dey could work [use] her. If dey couldn't catch her, she could run wild. I catch her when I want her. I wouldn't comin' down de catch de harse. Dat was hees luck [job]. I didn't care what dey do with her. I said, "You can catch her or you can do as you like, but not shoot her or not hit her." Well, he was vex with me, you know, in one way, you know, but 'twas only fun.

So by and by de fall come, I was goin' down fer de harse. I went down dis day, went down in boat, me and Reub, took skiff and went down. Had a rig [outfit] de get her aboard. You know, skids and dat ... fer de get her aboard de skiff. So anyway... went down, got Lindo, Lindo Stone brought me up [across] de island. Wallace Gulliford, you know, he was der. He got in de car and went over too. Went up de island and here was Molly up der in Loveless's Cove. And I seen her up der on de bawn [grassy area where nets are mended] and I sung out to her. She slewed [turned] and she looked at me. She walked down a bit and then she slewed broadside and begin de stick up her ears. A man walked up along side a me--Skipper Andrew Moore, that's Paul Moore's father--he walked up. He said, "That your harse?" I said, "Yes." [He said,] "He's wild brute." I said, "Yes!" [That so!] "Yes," he said, "no one can catch her." He said, "we've had twenty men tryin' de round she up, sometimes... and whoever catch her would get a dollar, but," he said, "haven't been able de round her up. Windsor been wantin' de catch her de work on de coal, you know, put her in drag"[harness and cart]. Anyway, I said, "She's not like dat. I had no trouble de catch her," I said, "sir, when I wanted her." So, I walked up and she swung around and went up through de mash [marsh], snarkin' [snorking]. By and by she slewed back and looked at me, you know. And I stopped and talked to her and, yes, he said, "Boy you'll never catch her. She's gone wild, you know." [Audience laughs.] He

said, "I think she's mad. I think dat harse is gone wild. I don't think ever she a come back to her sense." He said, "Dat harse, I sees her goin' around," he said. "Comes out over dem bogs," he said, "right vicious." Anyway, I said, "She's not wild, boy... she's all right." So, I dodged up long side of her and I said, "Here Molly, I got a drop a... I got some lassie [molasses] bread fer ya." [Collector's wife: That true?] I had molasses bread in me pocket fer her and I went up and she took, she come down long side a me and [I] hold out de lassie bread and she come in long side. I put de halter on her and... she eat her lassie bread and she dodged... I come on up de Windsor's wharf. She wouldn't go down de wharf. [Collector's wife laughs]. Wouldn't go down der, sir, wouldn't look at it. [Collector's wife: That's where they used to take her de work, I suppose.]

Started down der, see, de hoist her, de, de hoist her, hoist her down now. And she wouldn't go down on de wharf. So what can I do? And couldn't get her down der. So I told Reub, I said, "You skull [row with one oar from the rear] de skiff over here agin Tallman's Point and I'll probably get her aboard da way." So, he poked de skiff over, got her over agin Tallman's Point. I went down on de point. And now had skids der de walk her aboard. Had dose skids, Gosse's skids aboard, see. And, I walked aboard de boat, I walked out, you know. De boat was out long side--she knowed de skiff, she knowed, Larry, just as well as she knowed me--walked out and when I was in de boat, time I was in de boat, she was in her [the boat]. In over dat boat just de same as, just de same as a cat. When I, I stepped, I jumped in ya know, and boat was big, see, 'cause she was 34 foot long and deep boat, you know. And Molly went up, sir, up with her fore hoofs and went in over de boat, bang, down in de mid ship room, bang, with me. [Audience laughs.] Time I got back in de engine room she was der.

Now! [Just imagine!] Men on Windsor's wharf was sayin', "Look, look, look, look [says this rapidly], harse jumped aboard de boat!" We with de skids now goin' de haul ashore. 'Fore I got aboard de skiff, she was aboard.

And come on up here [Cod Harbour] now and when we come in here, de harbour de land de island [a little peninsula jutting out into deep water] now. How we was goin' de get her out a de skiff we didn't know. Come down here agin Danny's, and Alice

[Narrator's wife] come down now. Alice walked down now, you know, went in agin de island. She walked down... and...she had... a bit a lassie bread and she said, "Hello Molly." And I, I hauled de skiff in long side now goin' de get dis skid fer her [the horse] walk upon dis skid de step ashore. And when I stepped out over de gunwale [of the boat], my son, she was out over de gunwale--just as quick as a light. Steps out, you know, and runned up and rammed her nose down in Alice's bosom fer de melassie [molasses] bread. And she [Alice] took her hold be de halter and dodged on up [home] here just de same as de moot [mute] a de mouse [quietly]. And I said, "Tie her on now when you brings her up, tie her on. I wants de talk de her." Anyway, I talked to her. And I untied her, see, took de halter off her, here in de garden. I never got me hand on her no more. She was like a wild moose here in de garden. Let her out and guide her over de stable. She go over here de stable and I had her here a fortnight after de snow come and wouldn't able de touch her in de barn and couldn't land [go] long side of her.

Well now, I didn't know what come over her. I thought, I said, "She is gone foolish." [Audience laughs.] And I done everything in de world with dat harse. I kind [rubbed] her, let her out and turn her, turn her [let loose] over here in de garden and she bide here all day and wouldn't allow me de catch her. Eat, but wouldn't allow me de put me hand on her. I couldn't get a nite [near] her. She swing round and no one couldn't get long side a her.

So Sandy Lee come down here [to narrator's house] one night, he and hees wife. And Sandy said, "How is Molly? How is Molly gettin' along, Samuel?" And I said, "Molly is turnin' out de be a bad harse, boy." He said, "Why? What Molly?" And I said, "Yes, I, I brought her up from Seatown but I can't land me hands on her [go near her]. She won't... can't catch her, haven't got de halter on her and I been feedin' her dis fortnight in de barn." I said, "Now when I opens de door, she's gone through like a bullet. Come on over here in de garden de get her breakfast and," I said, "I can't catch her." He said, "Can't catch Molly? I said, "No, can't, can't... I said, "She's in de barn now over der, but," I said, "I can't get up de get de halter on her. And when I goes up she'll slew around, you know, and show me de hinders, and wouldn't kick, but pin me [Hold him against the wall] you know. And I couldn't grab her, see, couldn't do nothin' 'cause she's,

she's likely to bate ya de pieces."

Anyway dat was it. He said, "Let's go over [to the barn]." And I was lookin'." "And I don't think," he said, "Molly is afraid a me. She's afraid a you, must a done [something to the horse]..." I said, "No I didn't, only I caught her down Seatown and brought her up and she was good enough. But," I said, "she was a bad harse down der when dey had her." Me and Sandy went over and went in [the barn] and I said, "look out now Sandy, you be careful." And when Sandy opened de door and went, Sandy said, "Hello, Molly my dear," and he walked right on up der and she looked back at 'n and he walked right up and put hees arms around her neck and kind her down and talked to her--you knows how he was with a harse, Sandy--you know he kinded her down and I stood up and looked at 'n. And he said [to the horse], "What's dey sayin' about her?" And she looked at me so sincere and I, I dodged on up and put me hand on her rump and dodged on up along be her. I had no more trouble dan dat after. (MUNFLA, C864)

Comments at end of story.

Collector's

Wife: Never no more!

Narrator: No, da was all. If he [Sandy] hadn' come down I'd had all kinds a trouble with that horse. He used to have her up there, feeding her and wonderful kind to her and she knowed 'n say. I was a bit 'fraid of her. Anyway das how she was treated. But when she got old she lost her memory, last winter [that he had her] and went out [to the barn] and she got paralyzed. Went over and she paralyzed and de next stroke she had she passed out. Frank was going to shoot her. I went over and she'd hold up her paw you, to me, hold up her hoof like that. Went in [the barn] and spoke to her and asked her how she was and she looked up and hold up her hoof like that. [He illustrates]

[Then he said that he had his dinner and after dinner she died suddenly.] Da was so good as a fortune, never had de shoot her. But she was a good faithful horse, wonderful animals. And that was de end of her days.

From the beginning of the story the narrator's knowledge of horses is evident. He knows, for example,

that a half gallon of oats per meal is too much and is perturbed by what is going on. Although the man who has borrowed Samuel's horse is a merchant and merchants have much control over people's behaviour, it makes no difference to the narrator. His opinions are strongly expressed and he is definite, especially when he opposes the proposition of going to Seatown to catch the horse. The story shows the narrator's strength of character. He will not be bossed around by anyone, and points out that the merchant was vexed, but that "'twas only fun" [meaning that the merchant was not really vexed].

Here also is another example of a man and his brother working together at a specific job. If the narrator had asked another man to go to Seatown with him he would not only have offended his brother but the person asked would wonder why Samuel's brother did not go. Kinship, then, dictates many patterns of behaviour within the community.

After Samuel is told that his horse is "a wild brute" he sets out to catch her. All along he has maintained that he had no trouble with the horse and shows confidence. He praises his own capabilities and now must prove himself, which he does. He knows from experience that his horse is fond of molasses bread.

When he says that his horse would not go down on the wharf, laughter is evoked from a member of the

audience. In this context he is talking of the horse as if she were a human being and he is amazed that an animal with such intelligence, as he attributes to it, should refuse to do a reasonable thing. When the narrator says that his horse "knowed de skiff . . . just as well as she knowed me," he conveys once again the almost human relationship between man and animal. The horse wanted to go home.

After saying that his horse jumped aboard the boat like a cat, the narrator feels a need to explain in detail the almost impossible which had been performed. Then he elaborates to the point of exclamation, e.g., "Now!" [just imagine] on the feat. He refers to men on the wharf who are also amazed. Probably he does this to substantiate the event.

Samuel's wife also has a close relationship with the family horse. When Samuel describes the situation about his wife he talks in a low, soft voice. All the details are told as if what happened was purely natural, e.g., how the horse acted when she got ashore.

When Sandy visits Samuel, we get a conversation between two men who know and like horses. Sandy suggests that Samuel has done something to the horse, but Samuel has not. Probably the horse was frightened on Seatown Island, since horses are sensitive to strange people and places. Sandy admires the narrator's horse but in

Samuel, we can detect a feeling of helplessness. Although he has made a good start and impressed people with his horse, he now falls down. Sandy's greater knowledge--since he is more experienced with horses--is praised because it establishes the relationship between man and horse.

Samuel was talking about a trip to the ice aboard a large sealing vessel out of St. John's. The following story is about an incident which occurred during that voyage. He told me the story before, but I was unable to record it. This time I asked him to tell it.

[10]

The cake, see. They [some crew members of a sealing vessel] was bakin' a cake, der was a crowd bakin' a cake, see, and der one, der was a crowd bakin' de cake. Dey was havin' a bit a... rehearsal [good time], a party, you know, fellers I knowed... Pat Costello and Henry Walsh and a big crowd of 'em, you know, dey was in on dis and I was up der, I was on watch, upon de prowl now, our watch on [on the look-out aboard ship].

Anyway... dey had dis mighty cake mixed up de carry in der lunch bags [while hunting seals on the ice]. Der was no share fer me. Crowd made dis cake, you know. Anyway, I said to meself now... dey was goin' around. Dey had all kinds a fruit. Dey got it from the after [stern] cook, you know, dis fruit dey put in der cake and everything. He was on, mindin' 'em [looking after them]. And rigged out I suppose now. Dey was able de cook now and you know, the feller was in charge was able de put off [make] a good cake, you know. He was a cook. And he had 'n all put in a, in a big pan 'bout as big as dat mat [indicates mat on the floor]. [Audience laughs.] Big as dat mat [about 2' X 3'], pan was dey had 'n [cake] in. And... he was 'bout as thick as dat [demonstrates] out over de pan, you know. [Collector's wife: Oh, my gosh!]

And dis pan was in de straps [pan strapped in oven], see, and she was in sideways. 'Bout de size a de mat. Anyway, when he, he was ready, you know, and Uncle Cornelius Noel he went out de galley. I told 'n, boy, I went down and I said Uncle... Leonard Pittman wanted 'n, you know. Ben Hyde, dey was in trouble back der with de water tap, see. And he scravelled [hurried] on back and I rammed [went] in. I knowed handy 'bout [where the cake] was, see. I rammed in and out cake [took cake out of oven] and slammed [put] 'n degether [together] like dat [illustrates] and, and grabs 'n in me oil, oil, under me gallabelder and I gone around me stomach, you know.

I was gone over de barrack head [nose of ship] now like a bullet with de cake. [Audience laughs.] By and by when de prayers was over down in de fore-castle dey come, see, look, cake gone! I was out on jib boon now... with de cake in de jib and eatin' 'n, see, and he [cake] was as light as sponge and hot as fire. [Audience and narrator laughs.]

Couldn't tell de other fellers, see. I had more buddies but it got as serious, see, I couldn't tell no one. Well boy, 'twas a wonderful thing and I was gnawing off a dat fer a week and couldn't give no one a bite. Go up night time and get a bite a dis cake. Well, sir, boy dey get me if dey knowed I had de cake and dey blamin' one another, you know. Never knowed I had 'n. I helped 'em look fer 'n, see. [They used to say,] "He was a crook, da was a crook." [in reference to who may have stolen the cake] But I told Henry Walsh and them afterwards, you know, after we come in [ashore] one time. That was de cake, what happened to de... But dey seen 'n, see, when de jib, when dey hoisted, untied de jib de hoist 'n up. I couldn't make away with [eat] 'n all, see, couldn't lug 'n on ice in me scrawn bag [lunch bag], see, 'cause de other fellers 'd see 'n, see.

Dis is de part about it. And I had de eat 'n on me own. And eat 'n. [Collector: How did ya eat 'n? Where did ya have 'n stored in de jib?] Out, out in de outside jib on de Terra Nova. Had 'n carried on de outside jib, you know. And I'd go out der, crawl out der in de night, run down der, run out der and [Narrator mutters here and makes gestures], and have a look around, haul 'n in, bring 'n down, haul 'n in, shove a bit in me pocket and go and eat it. And I'd get a good feed off a de cake. I was doin' all right, but before I had 'n

half gone, dey had de jib, de bosun had de jib over hauled, see, untied [Narrator laughs] and hoist 'em up de dry 'em, de shake de snow, de glitter out of 'em, see. And I only had 'n just rammed in de furl [roll of canvas]. Go out and haul it out when I like. But I couldn't afford de put it in me scrawn bag, but I could put it in me pocket, you know, and haul it out and eat it when I was clear de other fellers. But I couldn't afford de put it in me scrawn bag, see, not fer de other fellers de see. We had a feller named Henry Loveless der in our square [room on ship], see, and he was a real pick pocket. He knowed everything, you know, and he'd tell on ya, see. He was a St. John's feller, belonged de Boxcart [a section of St. John's].

Anyway... worked all right and by and by de jib went up and I was back to de wheel and looked out on de quarter [side] and here was me cake [Narrator laughs] God! Der was another feller be de name a Mr. O'Reilly be de wheel and he said, "Look, look, look, der's de cake," he said, "dat dey lost." [Collector's wife: Where was it, on the deck like?] On de ice, passin' along on de ice, you know, on de slob. Cake all fell de pieces. Didn't know what 'twas. Thought 'twas a bird's nest first, dey did [Audience and narrator laugh], you know. Because not too many of 'em seen 'n, you know. No, only de crowd was hoistin' de jib, de crowd was up der, sot 'n up, because dey sot 'n with de donkey [hoisting engine], see, de jib, you know. Untied 'n out der, never kicked 'n abroad [open] at all 'cause heavy canvas on jib de Terra Nova. [Narrator laughs.] We be on de quarter, see. [Narrator laughs.] Happened--das de funny part about it--we was back on de quarter when de, when de cake passed along. All bate de mummy [pieces], see. [Audience and narrator laugh.] But he was full a fruit, see boy. He was a wonderful, 'twas a wonderful cake. I got a wonderful kick out of it. If I'd been caught I'd had me neck twist. [Collector: Yeah.] Yes. [Collector: No one ever caught ya?] Nooooo, I didn't trouble, see no. I was like buddy said fer Abner [a comical man from the community and the subject of some humorous stories related in this thesis] with hees basket, I didn't trouble. If I got caught, I got caught, dat was all right then. They couldn't eat me. I could eat de cake. [Narrator laughs.]

Well, see, 'twas funny. But I never told it, you know. I didn't, I had de cake, and when I seen it got hot, you know, when I seen how 'twas goin'

you know, and how dey was goin' de put it... you know. [If] dey had found de man he had de go 'fore court [only joking here], you know, 'twas goin' de be a court case. Someone swiped 'n out a dat galley, you know. They had a man in charge de galley... and it got out... you know. Got a wonderful kick out of it, you know. By and by be shouting out more about dis cake, you know. Who, who, who swiped buddy's cake, you know? Das what was goin' around, see. Wonderful goin'-on, see. Like Rudel Johns [a Cod Harbour resident], wonderful goin'-on in de States. [alluding to problems in the United States.]

Just de same I got a wonderful kick out of it on me own, you know, but couldn't tell me buddy about it, see. And me buddy was Henry Brown belong de... belong de Brown's Harbour, Trinity Bay. And I'd love de tell 'n, see, but... but I couldn't tell 'n... because, but he wouldn't told, but he was de only brave, he'd a been dat glad he been out [on the jib] and got some of 'n, see. And dat's where de word started, you know. But I didn't. I let 'n go on. But I only had 'n three or four days 'fore dey had 'n out de jib, see. But I got a, I had me, I had me full belly oh, but he was pretty hot de first night. Second night I never went out de venture 'n. You know, she was up on ninety [the situation was tense] da day. My son, der was detectives [He is joking here.] goin' around everywhere, see. You had de hands off. Had de go back [to the cake] when it quiet off. [Audience and narrator laugh.] And when de cold off period got over [when people stopped looking], you know, go back. [Narrator laughs.] By and by 'twas shake out dis old jib.

Da was de same year de Marguerite [schooner] was loss. In de 'fore top, skipper Andrew Pitcher was up in de barrel and he come down on deck, bang, in de barrel. Thought he was killed. But he didn't, he only broke, he broke hees handwrist. Yes, and dat was de same day me cake went [on the ice]. (MUNFLA, C866)

Collector's

Wife: That was the best cake in the world.

Samuel:

Yes, he was some good. He was well baked. [The narrator now tells about the size of the cake--big as a mat on the floor. Those who took part in the making of the cake were all Roman Catholics. Samuel wanted to be in on the making of the cake, but was not.] Cook

was a Catholic and gave 'em raisens. I knowed 'em all. Anyway I says to meself, I'm goin' de have a meal off a dat cake. Didn't intend take 'n all, see. The cake was some hot. I was cooked, I was almost baked and he wouldn't right ready, you know, de grease was workin' out of 'n where dey had 'n in a pan. I was rigged out fer de take de cake. I was determined de have de cake, at all cost I was goin' de have dat cake cause dey wouldn't goin' de give me a lick on to it, see. But dey never suspicioned me... 'Cause I took it wonderful serious. Good enough fer ya, ya buggers, why didn't ya give me some, I said well planned. Das de score de ice.

Sealing was an important part of Samuel's life. His discussion before the story gave much uniform information about life aboard a sealing vessel and the process of killing seals. However, I selected only one humorous story for this study.

His stealing of the cake took place on one of the large sealing vessels. She was 400 tons and carried about 120 men.

When I asked Samuel why he went to the ice, he said, "Well, there was two months [March and April] you wouldn't doing nothing. You had ya wood [for winter and summer] and you had ya freedom [to do as you liked]." His lowest income for the two months was \$81.00, and the highest was \$89.00. He said that, that was as good as \$300.00 a month now. Tobacco was only \$1.25 a pound.

He knew I had heard the same story before, and this seemed to restrict his narrative style. I get the feeling that he saw himself as he thought I would think

of him, somewhat of a fool for retelling a story in such detail. The second telling was not as detailed nor as dramatic as the first.

The story begins very slowly. I had asked him to tell me the story about the cake and he repeats what I say when he begins his story with, "The cake, see." Even in that short sentence, I detected reminiscence.

The group which made the cake got special treatment from the cook, but Samuel was not one of them although he was near enough to know what was happening. Left out, he asserts himself and instead of being offended, decides to outwit those who do not invite him and his close friends. Those who bake the cake are Roman Catholic; Samuel is Protestant. Probably, this is one reason why they are anti-social toward him.

We see the narrator's skill in his maneuvering of the situation. He lies to get others out of his way. He is daring enough to steal the cake and picks a good location in which to hide it, in the jib, since usually there is nobody in that area. He is shrewd enough to detect the seriousness of the situation, and does not tell anyone what he did; nor does he bring any in his lunch bag on the ice. Moreover, he does not go to the jib to get cake on the second night for he knows the situation is "hot." Nevertheless, one gets the impression that if he was caught, he would have been able to take care of himself.

Gesture is at a maximum in this story, and it is partly as a result of gesture that we understand the action.

It is evident that he got a great sense of enjoyment and satisfaction from what he did. He says, "I got a wonderful kick out of it." When asked by the collector if he got caught, he is very quick to reply, "No." To have been caught would have been defeat. Escape was success.

On two occasions Samuel documents a statement by local sayings attributed to different people in the community--"I was like Buddy said fer Abner with hees basket, I didn't trouble," and "Like Rudel Johns, wonderful goin'-on in de States."

CONCLUSION

It has been seen that the telling of personal experience narratives is a dynamic part of the people's communication system in Cod Harbour. The narratives deal with the high points in everyday experiences and are thus an ongoing process within the culture. These factual narratives, unlike some of the traditional narrative genres are ones which everyone believes.

The dramatic art of the storyteller is as important--and in many instances more important--as the story itself. Everyone in Cod Harbour recognizes a good teller, and often I have heard it said that, "'Twasn't the story, see you, 'twas how he told it." Hence in the study, I have tried to show that people have varying degrees of storytelling ability. My principal narrator, is an example of a teller with great artistic skill. However, as we have seen, it is a combination of a narrator's personality and dramatic skill which makes him fully accepted as a real storyteller by the community.

If the reader has experienced difficulty in comprehending the narratives, it is likely in large part, because the narratives are intended for those within the

culture. For a full appreciation of these narratives, it is necessary for one to have a more thorough knowledge of the culture than I was able to supply; he needs to experience it himself.

An encouraging factor illuminated by my research, is that such narratives are not restricted to any particular class or age group.

The narratives discussed apparently have traditional form, but, for the most part, they are not themselves traditional. In fact, they provide a type for researchers who are interested in folklore as a communication process utilized by people to fulfill various manifest and latent functions. Despite the trend of most folklorists to concentrate on traditional material, I suggest we shift our course, if only temporarily, from the traditional and see what else is of folkloristic value in a culture.

APPENDIX

INFORMANTS	SEX	AGE	RELIGION	EDUCATION (grade)	OCCUPATION
1	male	29	United Church	8	Fisherman
2	male	35	United Church	8	Fisherman
3	male	51	United Church	3	Fisherman
4	male	58	United Church	10	Fisherman/ Carpenter
5	male	58	United Church	4	Fisherman
6	male	58	United Church	10	Small Merchant
7	male	60	United Church	7	Fisherman
8	female	60	United Church	11	Housewife
9	male	58	Anglican	4	Fisherman
10	male	64	United Church	8	Fisherman/ Captain
11	female	62	Salvation Army	10	Housewife
12	male	69	Salvation Army	3	Fisherman
13	male	70	United Church	6	Fisherman
14	male	80	United Church	5	Fisherman

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